Xbxxo
Retrospections
of an
Active
Life

3 vol set

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bwb_T5-CPV-422_1

RETROSPECTIONS OF AN ACTIVE LIFE

A. D. 1817 John Bigelow A.D. 1907

RETROSPECTIONS OF AN ACTIVE LIFE

BY

JOHN BIGELOW

VOLUME I

1817—1863

NEW YORK
THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO.
1909

Copyright, 1909, by
THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO.

TO

JANE POULTNEY BIGELOW

MY WIFE AND

MOTHER OF MY CHILDREN

THESE VOLUMES ARE GRATEFULLY

DEDICATED

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I	Juvenilia, 1817–1830	3
II	Academic and Collegiate Life, 1830–1835	26
III	Law Student and Lawyer, 1835–1848	37
IV	Exchange the Bar for the Press	73
V	The First Triumph of the Partisans of Free Soil, Free Labor, and Free Men	140
VI	Excursion to Hayti and St. Thomas, 1853–1854	146
VII	Intensive Fermentation of Sectional Trouble at Washington	160
VIII	First Visit to Europe, 1858–1860	181
IX	Rebellion Initiated	295
X	The Crisis of Popular Sovereignty	327
XI	Consul at Paris, 1861–1864	371
XII	Operations of the Confederacy in France	482
XIII	The Crisis of the Confederate Insurrection Foreshadowed	527
XIV	England's Opportunity?	544
XV	Operations of the Confederates in Europe	588

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

John Bigelow, A.D. 1817, A.D. 1907 . . . . . *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

John Bigelow, A.D. 1838 36

William Cullen Bryant 72

Charles O'Conor 84

Charles Sumner, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 112

Martin Van Buren 116

Charles Sumner 158

Béranger 214

John Bright, Richard Cobden, Michel Chevalier 244

Victoria, Queen and Empress 266

William Ewart Gladstone 272

William Makepeace Thackeray 278

Samuel Jones Tilden 290

Sir William H. Russell 342

Abraham Lincoln 366

General Winfield Scott 388

PRELUDE

The title of the work here submitted to the public has seemed to my publishers to require some explanation. I prefer to explain rather than to change it.

I could not dignify it with the title of Reminiscences. That would be paying quite too great a compliment to the memory of any man of my age, however unimpeachable his character.

Memoirs and Memorabilia for the same reason would be a scarcely less presuming title. I have attempted to give only what navigators would term the headlands of what in our day seems to be regarded as an unusually protracted life. For those headlands I am prepared to give more or less contemporaneous vouchers. They are therefore strictly retrospections and in no proper sense recollections, though calculated naturally to awaken memories confirming them.

The nearest to any qualification of these statements that I feel called upon to make will be found in the first few pages devoted to my youth, and before I had entered into formal relations of any kind with the world as a publicist.

> I begin
> My story early—not misled, I trust,
> By an infirmity of love for days
> Disowned by memory, ere the breath of spring
> Planting my snowdrops among winter snows.

Happily these Juvenilia have been guarded by my memory more faithfully than many of my later experiences of life. Were it otherwise, neither the events themselves nor the limited space they occupy can greatly concern the reader. Yet they also deserve a brief explanation.

I may presume that those of my readers who are fortunate

enough to be grandfathers are familiar with the clamor apt to assail them at their firesides on the arrival of what Longfellow so happily baptized as "The Children's Hour."

The Juvenilia consist entirely of stories told by me in response to such appeals. One of my daughters who heard them took the trouble to write them down for the future edification of her own child, one of those "children's children" who, according to Solomon, "are the crown of old age." When I contemplated printing a compilation I had then long been working upon and which was projected to cover only the period of my official service in France from 1861 to 1866, inclusive, my daughter told me that my Juvenilia ought to precede such record. I was at first quite indisposed to seriously consider her suggestion, being too well aware that a daughter's judgment of a parent's career was not a measure by which the interest of the public in it could be safely estimated. I knew also that what a boy may do in his teens may be made sometimes available in fiction or poetry, but is rarely of much if of any value for historical purposes. Besides, I shrank from any attempt to appraise the historic value of my own schoolboy days.

These reasons, however, did not weigh with her as I had thought they would, and much experience has taught me that a woman's instincts are not unfrequently more trustworthy than the wisest man's reasons. The contrast between the conditions of American life now and those of nearly a century ago, she naturally appreciated more sensibly than I did. It certainly proved to her, and therefore might prove to her own and future generations, not only surprising, but to the younger class of readers as interesting as any part of the story of my maturer years.

In those days the "gray goose-quill" was the universal implement of the ready writer. The pen of steel or gold was a secret of the future.

There were no telegraphs or telephones, defying time and space.

Neither steam nor electricity as a power had entered into successful competition with the horse or the ox.

The oceans as yet were vexed only by the same capricious elemental and mechanical forces as those which wrecked St. Paul some nineteen centuries before on the island of Melita.

We are already beginning to navigate the air, and with greater speed than anything but birds had then ever attained in locomotion either by land or water.

Our houses were lighted at night only by tallow dips.

The most powerful explosives then known, for purposes of either war or peace, would prove about as valueless for the protection of a city or for resisting a siege at the present day as a pair of spectacles.

Were our commercial metropolis by a sudden dispensation of Providence deprived of the resources with which science and the industrial arts have provided it since John Quincy Adams became President of the United States, the hundreds of thousands who now flock thither every morning from its territorial circuit of forty or fifty miles would be obliged to consume two days in a journey which now occupies habitually less than as many hours. As its population never has a supply of provisions on Manhattan Island for more than three days, only those who could get on foot to some source of supply elsewhere could escape starvation, inasmuch as all the available means for the transportation of food would not suffice for the population of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel alone for a single week, if for a single day. Those who failed to make a timely escape would have neither water to drink nor fire to cook with; the total of the only fuel then used or known in the city would not suffice to cook a breakfast for its inhabitants. Soon after sunset the city would be in total darkness, except in the rare cases where an old flint-lock musket had chanced to have survived its usefulness as a weapon to anticipate the arrival of sulphuretted matches. Nothing but provisions would have any value, and most edibles would be worthless for want of

fire and water to prepare them. No newspaper could appear to tell what had happened or how to reorganize life upon the new conditions, so completely has the machinery for printing and journalism changed in the last threescore years and ten.

To crown all, one at least of our compatriots is believed to have achieved the unrivalled distinction of being the first human being who, so far as is known, has ever visited the Northern Pole of our planet.

These facts naturally awaken, as they should, in the heart of every loyal patriot the question whether the base-line which measures the distance between our country when it first came within my field of vision, and its condition as we find it to-day, indicates that we are as a nation advancing into Canaan or retrograding into Egypt. Do the searchings of the national heart betray the greater solicitude about the deliverances from Mount Gerizim or those from Mount Ebal? God only knows, but He lets us hope.

The volumes of these Retrospections now in press will embrace the period from 1817 to 1867—the close of my mission to France and the termination of our discontents with her Imperial Government, which were among the unhappy sequelæ of our domestic troubles with slavery.

Should I not be spared the strength to continue these Retrospections through such subsequent portions of my life as it has pleased the Master thus far to indulge me, I feel reasonably confident of leaving the documentary materials for them in such a condition that they can be delivered to the public when, if ever, they may be called for.

RETROSPECTIONS OF AN ACTIVE LIFE

RETROSPECTIONS OF AN ACTIVE LIFE

I

JUVENILIA

1817–1830

IN my father's copy of Scott's Family Bible now in my possession, I find the following records in his handwriting on the blank pages reserved in it for the more vital incidents of family histories:

Asa Bigelow was born Marlborough Connecticut January 18" 1779 and Lucy Isham was born in Colchester Connecticut September 22 1780 and married February 18, 1802 by the Rev[d] Salmon Cone of Colchester.

Under the Rubric of Births will be found the record by the same hand of the very first event of my life in a world in which, at the time of this writing, I have spent over ninety-one years:

John Bigelow, Bristol[1] New York
November 25 1817.

The copy of Scott's Family Bible from which these entries are taken was "Woodward's Second American, from the Second London Edition, improved and enlarged. Philadelphia, 1811."

[1] This name was subsequently changed to Malden, that of Bristol having been appropriated by too many other places to entitle it to a post-office. My father was a successful petitioner for the change on the condition of sending the Postmaster-General a name free from that objection.

This Bible must have been acquired at least nine years after the marriage of my parents and after the birth of my oldest sister and oldest brother. It is a bulky quarto in five volumes, distinguished by the absence of any pagination except of the prefatory matter of the commentator, xvi pages. It was the only Bible that I ever saw my parents use in our family devotions or at other times until they had reached an age which made its weight too great a burden, when it was replaced by one of the New York Bible Society publications, "without note or comment." The Commentary of Dr. Scott contributed considerably more than half to the avoirdupois of his five bulky volumes. I remember being frequently called upon to read from it to my mother in my early life, when I was obliged to divide the support of it with a chair or a table. Though it bears the usual marks of age and the unusual marks of faithful usage, and though the faithful Rector of Aston Sanford's commentaries have suffered as much in popular estimation as my volumes in which they were recorded, still by their associations they remain to me the most precious book in my library.

The next succeeding event of my life of which I have any knowledge was when I first "found my legs." I strolled away from home to a house my father was then building, and which subsequently became my property, in the northern part of our village. I don't know how I found my way to the new house, which was about three-quarters of a mile distant, as I had never been there and of course was not accompanied by any one. I could have been hardly two years old. My sister tracked me and brought me home. I only learned this adventure from her, for I was quite too young to have any recollection of it.

Not long after and while still too young to remember the fact, I made another effort to gratify my curiosity, equally to the terror of the household. My mother missed me one day and not finding me after a search in my customary repairs, sounded an alarm through the village and sent to my father's wharf and store for my eldest brother to help look me up. After a couple of hours of considerable anxiety, none the less serious because our homestead property ran down to the river, where all little children have a propensity to amuse themselves when they have an opportunity, my brother at last discovered me, laid away peacefully on some of the projecting

boards of an enormous pile of lumber twenty feet high or more, in the lumber yard in the rear of the store. When the lumber was piled, boards had been projected, as is the custom, a couple of feet apart all the way up, to serve as steps for men to get to the top whenever any of the boards were wanted for use or sale. My brother found me lying stretched out fast asleep on one of these projecting steps, some fifteen feet from the ground, where I had evidently stopped to rest a little on my way presumably to the summit.

When I became able to read Horace with pleasure, this story became indelibly associated in my mind, and very naturally—if I may compare great things with small—with the account which Horace gives of losing his way when a child upon Mons Voltur, and being found there asleep under a cover of laurel and myrtle wreaths which the wood pigeons had spread to shield this favorite of the gods from snakes and predatory animals.

When I was between five and six years of age one of my brothers wanted to take me with him to school—he was about two years my senior. I was accordingly properly equipped, and off we trotted to the school-house, about three-fourths of a mile distant. It was a little, plain wooden house, consisting of a single room and a little hall where we hung our hats and coats. As nearly as I can recollect, that term of my academic education lasted only one day. The only incident of my experience which I can recall was that the teacher, a somewhat austere gentleman, opened the school exercises with reading a chapter in the Bible, and then fell upon his knees—in which the rest of the school followed his example—to pray. As this was a ceremonial the manner of which in some way or other struck me as unusual, I remember feeling the impulse, almost uncontrollable, to rise and say to the teacher that I did n't know how to pray that way. Happily it was soon apparent that nothing especial was required from the pupils on the occasion but to get on their knees. I was prudent enough to hold my tongue, though I kept my seat.

Soon after this adventure, my father was persuaded by an old friend, a physician who resided at Sharon in Connecticut, to send my brother David and myself to a school, which the physician represented as of a very superior grade and character, then flourishing in that place. My father's head clerk

was charged to take us across the country in our carriage, and deliver us into the charge of a Dr. Rockwell, one of the leading citizens of the place and a leading deacon of the Presbyterian Church of that village.

The day following our arrival, we found our way to the school-house. It was kept by a man of the name of Close. The pupils were all many years older than myself or my brother, and there was no class in the school for children of my age. The teacher asked me a few questions on the day of my arrival, and soon ascertained so completely the extent of my ignorance that he never meddled with me again during the term. I was indebted to this excursion for an opportunity of learning how to swim, which I might not have had at home, as my father seemed from my then point of view to be under the impression that the only purpose of the Hudson River was to float his sloops, and drown imprudent little boys who went to bathe in it.

I do not remember to have made any progress at this school in any department of literature or art that was taught in it, or that any effort was made by anybody to help me to make any. I do remember, however, with gratitude, the cherry and apple trees which I visited sedulously, and also the apple-pie, cheese and gingerbread with which we were entertained on Sundays between the churches, no cooking being allowed in the family of our pious host on the Sabbath day. I have never eaten better pies nor as toothsome gingerbread since, always excepting such as were made by my mother.

The way I came to learn there to swim was somewhat accidental. There was a creek of very fine pure water within about three miles of Sharon, and one day there was to be some kind of a gathering of a social character in that quarter, and all the young men in town were repairing thither. I thought I had nothing better to do that day than to do as others did, although no such young company was invited. I managed to get on one of the wagons that were going, for I did n't take up much room in those days. I had n't any idea where they were going, nor have I now any idea of what they went for; all I know is that some of them went to swim in this stream.

Of course I did not by my example rebuke their conduct. On the contrary, I was one of the first to get into the water with them. All I remember of that hydropathic experience is that

before I left—we were in the water a couple of hours—I could keep afloat, could dive, and had contracted a taste for the water which I uniformly indulged thereafter whenever I got an opportunity; also that I came near being drowned by a larger boy shoving me under the water just as I was rising after a dive, and when entirely out of breath.

At the end of the term and on our return from Sharon we crossed the river at Kingston, and did not reach home until long after dark, very tired, hungry and sleepy. Our reception was everything that it should have been, and I now feel again the joy that I experienced when my mother folded me in her arms. One other incident on that occasion impressed itself upon my memory. My mother, in fifteen or twenty minutes after our arrival, brought me a tumbler in which there was some rum and sugar, nutmeg and water, and recommended me to drink it. I took a mouthful of it, and I thought then to myself that I had never tasted anything quite so good. My mother pressed me to drink the rest of it, but I said no, I didn't want any more. The fact was, I was ashamed to drink it for fear I should be chaffed about my taste for what my dear old friend Huntington in Paris was wont to describe as "arduous sperits." This was about the period of what might be called the temperance invasion of our county. Every store had been in the habit of keeping for sale rum, gin and brandy. Whenever a customer came in from the back country with a load of wood, or bark, or grain, or any other commodity to sell, or made any purchases, it had been throughout the State and nation I suppose, at Bristol at any rate, the uniform custom to offer him "something to drink," which usually consisted of rum or gin.

My father and his two brothers-in-law, Charles and Giles Isham, were all members of the Presbyterian Church. They together built the edifice in which they worshipped. They had long been sensible that they were more or less accessory to the indulgence and cultivation of a demoralizing habit. They welcomed the temperance reformer when he appeared, offered him the hospitalities of their house, and with all their respective families signed the pledge, and with example and precept made the temperance movement popular throughout the neighborhood. I can remember when on my father's sideboard[1]

[1]That sideboard may now be seen standing in the dining-room at "The Squirrels."

always stood two or three decanters of different kinds of intoxicants, and the uniform habit of offering them to those who called, at least to business guests.

All these decanters, at the time I am speaking of, had disappeared; and by common concert between my uncles and my father, who owned the only stores in the place, all intoxicating refreshments were banished from their premises. The manner in which I had been accustomed to hear the indulgence in "liquor," as they used to call it, denounced, and the reproaches heaped upon the few individuals in the neighborhood who were not quite ready to join the reform party, had left such a strong impression upon my youthful mind that I was ashamed to betray the pleasure which I received from the refreshment my mother gave me, lest I should be laughed at or twitted for enjoying it so much.

When my mother came to look over our clothes and personal condition after our three months' experience at the New England academy, she very wisely concluded that we were both quite too young to leave home, and we were again happily sent to our local district school. Our experience there was not particularly memorable in any respect, except what I feel it but just to say, that it was the only school I ever attended—and it was subsequently my fortune, or misfortune, to be sent for two years to a high school in Troy, and to have been a student in two colleges—that it was the only school in which I was conscious of having received any thorough or conscientious instruction from my teachers. If any of my academy or college mates still survives I doubt if one can be found to place a more charitable estimate upon those educational opportunities.

By the time I was seven years old, and even earlier, I was required to drive from six to eight cows to pasture after they had been milked. The distance to their favorite pasture was about one mile, and as I was early taught that cows should not be made to run, of course it was a somewhat leisurely walk that occupied, going and returning, about an hour—an hour that I think I may say was not altogether wasted, for it gave me a habit of ruminating and reflecting and observing which brought me closer to nature and was not only very pleasant but ripening. On my return I went to school, where I generally managed to arrive a little before the teacher and get a lit-

tle play with the other boys. I always went home to dinner at twelve, and remember with pleasure stopping in the berry season at the boundary walls of our place, which were overrun with wild raspberry vines, first culling a few stalks of timothy grass on which I would string as many raspberries as would suffice for my dinner, and then going in and getting my bowl of milk and bread at discretion, eating the contents pretty rapidly and hurrying back to the school-house for a little more play before school.

One of what Dr. Franklin calls "errata" I ought here to mention. My mother insisted upon our wearing our shoes in summer as well as winter. The only reason she had for her tenacity on this point, so far as I was aware, was that if we went barefooted we would make our feet sore so that we could n't put on our boots on Sunday for church. As I was not quite as anxious to go to church as to go barefooted to school, I occasionally slipped off my boots and stockings when I got to the outer gate and resumed them on my return. It was not precisely a nice thing for a little boy to do, but it taught me one thing of importance, I think, when I myself became a father—never to impose any unnecessary restrictions or commands upon children, nor to require of them anything the reasons for which they were not made to comprehend and recognize the propriety of, at the time.

One Sunday morning in July when I went with my cows to their pasture, it occurred to me to go into the lot with them, where wild strawberries in their season were very sure to be abundant, large and sweet. This pasture lot was known as the swamp lot because part of it was swampy and part of it was a thick, virgin forest through which ran a stream which finally emptied into the Hudson at Saugerties. This lot had acquired a rather unhappy notoriety for the number and venomousness of its reptiles. I walked some distance with the cows into the woods, until finally I remarked an old stump around which were some large and tempting clusters of strawberries running the risk of going to waste. I approached it and bent down to pick some of the fruit, but before touching it I was struck with horror at the sight of an enormous copperhead snake all coiled up with his head erected and perfectly ready for business. I presume I must have run and jumped over the fence into a clearing, but so far as I can recollect I flew without

touching the ground or the fence and took my way home at a livelier gait than ever before, resolved in my own mind that I would never go strawberrying again, in the swamp at least, on Sunday morning, the breaking of the Sabbath being the greatest sin I had up to that time ever heard much of.

By the time I was eight years old I assisted my elder brother in the milking, and we were usually in the barnyard at this work at all seasons of the year before seven o'clock in the morning. About the same time I remember with what pride I yielded to the request that I would ride the horse for the plough. It was indeed, I think, in that way that I took my first lesson in equitation. I remember also very distinctly that on the second day of this experience I did not find my seat in the saddle quite so pleasant as it had been when I began. I did not apply for the situation again until the lapse of a few days.

Following the ploughing soon came the hay-making season. It then became the duty of my brother and myself to spread the hay after the mowers, later in the day, when partially dried, to turn it over, and at night to rake after the men who pitched it up into cocks. The next morning if the weather was fair we spread it out again and turned it over so that it might be dry enough to take into the barn or to stack in the afternoon. When the teams came to haul it in it was our duty to follow them and rake up the droppings after the pitcher. Before that season of haying expired I had also learned to swing the scythe, which was then the height of my ambition, and when some of the men remarked that I did it very nicely I felt prouder than I should now at receiving the decoration of the Legion of Honor.

This haying was, with us youngsters, a very gay season. The sailors from our sloops—for my father had two or three plying between Bristol and New York—were occasionally invited to come up and help the farm-hands, and the competition between them in swinging the scythe or in pitching the hay was a source of constant amusement to us as well as to the men. But the moment of intensest joy every day I experienced at about twelve o'clock, when we all assembled under the convenient shade of a majestic hickory tree, and the baskets of lunch were opened and their contents spread out on the grass by my father, who sat as the dispenser of their luxuries, and of the big three-gallon jug of water from the spring sweetened with

molasses and sometimes toned up with a little sharp vinegar. I have sat at many fine tables, and tasted of many of the delicacies which have made their cooks famous, but I have never known elsewhere the joy that I felt in eating my share of these rustic meals. Though the fare was of the plainest, and of course as cold as the weather would permit, our appetites made every mouthful a delicacy.

My father, as I have said, had a country store by the riverside, and several sloops, all of which were built on his premises and which plied between Malden (as it came to be called instead of Bristol) and New York. He had besides a farm of about one hundred and fifty acres.

In his store he kept supplies of every nature required by the people living within travelling distances—dry-goods, groceries, hardware, tools, some medicines, stationery, molasses, vinegar, potatoes, in fact everything for which there was a market in our neighborhood. He bought in turn whatever the people had to sell, most of which he shipped to New York for a market. Much of their produce his captains sold for his customers, simply charging them the freight. In those days the chief articles that he shipped were bark, lumber, leather, wood, butter, hay and sometimes grain. In return he brought supplies for the store, and hides which were sent up to be tanned into leather in the Catskill Mountains at Hunter, Lexington, Hainesville and the neighborhood, where there was an abundance of hemlock forest, the bark of which, in those days, was then used exclusively for tanning hides. These hides had to be transported by land eight or ten miles to the tanneries, and when tanned the leather had to be carried the same distance back to the wharf, and constituted one of the most profitable articles of freight for our sloops. Soon after the time of which I am speaking, and as the supply of hemlock bark was nearly exhausted, a chemical process was discovered by which hides could be tanned far more economically and expeditiously than by the use of bark. Of course the tanneries were then soon abandoned, and bark had no longer any market value. Almost simultaneously it was discovered that the Catskill Mountains and their foot-hills were a pretty continuous and solid mass of stone deposited in layers which adapted them for paving-stone. The purchase and transportation of this

stone at length supplanted pretty much all other kinds of business at Malden.

While my father conducted the business of his farm, store, and sloops, he and his family lived almost exclusively upon the produce of his farm and garden. He kept cows, horses, poultry, pigs, oxen and sheep, and he raised all the fruit and vegetables and grain which were consumed in the stables or in the house, besides raising quite a surplus for sale. The stream which I have spoken of as passing through the swamp lot operated a grist mill about two miles off, where our corn and wheat were carried to be ground, and from it were made the bread consumed in the family, and the "stir-about" for the pigs and chickens and cows and turkeys and hogs. Of these latter we usually killed from six to eight in December, and the impression which that slaughter left upon my youthful mind was far more profound than any account I have yet read or heard of the carnage at the siege of Santiago.

There were no butchers in those days to bring us meat, nor shops from which to buy it. It could only be had from a farmer here and there who chanced to raise a little more stock than he required for his own use, or was brought from New York.

Immediately following the hog-killing came the making of sausages. First the meat had to be chopped in large wooden bowls. This was a process in which we were sometimes permitted to take a hand. When finished their long links were taken to the garret and hung across cords, high above the reach of rats and mice or the heads of visitors, where before the following morning they were frozen solid. From that time until March, every morning one or more of these frozen links were very sure to be sent for, put into the frying-pan, and of these, with cakes from buckwheat grown on the place, flavored with the gravy from the sausage instead of butter usually, and made yet more toothsome by the good old-fashioned New Orleans molasses, the like of which has not been seen now for many years, with a cup of very weak coffee, we made our breakfast. I say that no such molasses has been seen for many years, for the modern process of extracting the sugar from the cane-juice impoverishes it to such a degree that the molasses is not at all like what was used in those days, and is otherwise unfit for the table.

Soon after the hog-killing came the time for making candles. We had no electric lights, no gas, no oil even, but every family who had the material for it was accustomed to make the candles which they required and depended upon, for artificial light. That process was always a very interesting one to me, and needs to be explained to enable the readers of this generation to understand how much families had to do to secure one of the greatest comforts of life for which they now are required only to touch a button.

Our kitchen was the largest room in the house. The fireplace was so large that it would take a log of a length and weight requiring at least two men to lift. There was no stove coal used or even known to exist in the whole United States, so far as I know, at that time. Wood and corn-cobs were the only fuel which I had then ever seen used. Corn-cobs were used chiefly by us for smoking the hams cut from our hogs; and for that service a little house was built apart from the main building sufficiently large to hang and smoke fifteen or twenty hams at a time, the smoke of burning cobs being thought to give the hams a special flavor.

When candles were to be made, a great iron caldron was first provided, capable of holding eight or ten gallons. This was filled to a proper extent with tallow taken from the animals and put over the fire until its contents were melted. Meanwhile a bundle of smooth, straight sticks, about two and a half feet long and about as thick as one's largest finger, had been provided, on which all the female part of the household was engaged in tying strands of wicking about fourteen inches in length, about two inches apart one from the other; and when all the sticks were wicked each one in turn was taken up by the projecting end of the stick left without wicking to serve as a handle, and dipped into the caldron of tallow to the length of the wick, immediately taken out and restored to its place on two rails which had been placed in the kitchen for the temporary support of the wicks to be developed into candles. As soon as the tallow on the wick had become hard, it was dipped in again, and when that became hard the process was repeated, and so on until the candle had attained satisfactory proportions. This process was pursued, of course, with all the bewicked sticks, and there were usually in the kitchen four or five pairs of rails its whole length to support these wicks, just separate

enough from each other to admit of the passage of the attendants. The part of the wick by which the candle was supported on the sticks was not submerged in the tallow, and when the candles were finished and hard—they were generally left over night for that purpose on the sticks—they were slipped off of the sticks, clipped at the end to make them easier to light, and then put away in boxes for use.

I remember when my father sent home from New York a pair of glass lamps with wicks and oil for them, the event made a far greater sensation in our household than the introduction of electric light at The Squirrels nearly seventy years later.

I must not omit to tell you that all the candles that I ever saw made in my father's house were made by my mother, my elder sister, the one female servant at that time attached to our household, and such aid from the farm-hands as was required for handling, heating and filling the caldron.

In those days I do not recollect to have seen a cake of hard soap in our house, except what my father used for shaving. We made all of our soap for laundry and all other purposes, so far as I can recollect. There stood in the wood-shed a large cask of about the capacity of a hogshead, but about twice as large in circumference at the top as at the bottom. This was filled with wood ashes from our own fireplaces. We made no other kind. Into this cask a pail of water was poured several times a day, which, after percolating through the ashes, came out at a spigot in the bottom of the cask as lye. This lye was then thrown into another cask which had been gradually filling for many weeks perhaps with the fat that came from the bullocks and pigs not otherwise consumed in the house. I think this mixture was subjected in some way to a high temperature, and its impure ingredients which rose to the surface were skimmed off. The result was what was known in those days as "soft soap." It was not until some years later that hard soap was used in our house or in the neighborhood for laundry purposes.

Most of the bedclothing of the family was made in the house. My father usually kept a flock of from thirty to fifty sheep. Their wool was spun into yarn by the females of the household, and then sent out to be woven into blankets and cloths. From the wool thus woven all our flannel underclothing was

also made. Our undershirts were dyed at home with coloring matter extracted from the goldenrod which it was the business of us youngsters to gather in its season. The every-day suit of clothes which I wore when I went first from home to school in Troy was made from this cloth by a tailor brought into the house for the purpose. My youngest sister went to school in a dress made of cloth woven from goldenrod-colored yarn. All our stockings were knit in the family, and mine invariably came to the knees.

The cellar was, as it were, the very stomach of the house. In one corner was a large bin with about the capacity of the hall room of a twenty-five foot New York house, that was pretty nearly filled with potatoes taken from the garden; and these not only supplied the family until the new potatoes came in, in the following July, but it also furnished seed for planting three or four acres in the spring, besides much most welcome nourishment for the pigs. It used to be our duty to pick out from time to time in the course of the winter all the potatoes smaller than a hen's egg, and they were thrown into the large caldron I have told about, holding eight or ten gallons, and sufficient water added to boil them in. When properly cooked they were thrown into a large barrel, mixed with corn-meal, and distributed to the pigs at discretion.

Next to the potatoes were bins piled up, one with turnips, another with pumpkins, others with cabbages, beets, carrots and whatever other winter vegetables the garden for the season afforded. The potatoes were carefully covered with straw to exclude the light, which, if allowed to fall upon them, gradually made them bitter and unfit to eat.

In another corner of the cellar was usually collected what to us seemed a mountain of apples of various sorts, which occasionally we were told to look over, to pick out any that were decaying. There were also stored there four or five barrels of cider which had been made in September and October, and two or three barrels of vinegar, and as many barrels of pickled cucumbers, and of course two or three barrels of pork. In the garret, I must not forget to mention, the floor for about ten feet square was strewn with hickory nuts about four inches deep, and beside them another square of the same dimensions covered to about the same thickness with butternuts, all col-

lected from the farm. On winter evenings when a visitor came in, whether for social or business purposes, and often at other times, one of us boys or more were sent down into the cellar to bring up a basket of apples, a capacious pitcher of cider, and then to the garret for some nuts. From the wood piled up for the night near by we selected a hickory log sawed at one end, which we stood up between our legs as we sat on the floor and cracked the nuts. We did our share also in eating their contents. My father was fully entitled to the highest compliment that country people in those days knew how to pay to a good husband—he was a good provider.

We were fortunate enough to have no physician living within two miles of us, and he was not so dangerous as to make us afraid of him. He had, so far as I recollect, but two weapons with which to kill or cure—the lancet to bleed with, and calomel to cure any other complaints for which bleeding would not answer. He vaccinated us, when I presume he injected into my constitution the only poison with which it has ever had to contend. I do not remember to have been sick during my childhood but once, and then my brother and I had what was called *erysipelas,* or measles, probably a result of the vaccination. We sent for no doctor, but I recollect the occasion rather as a holiday than otherwise. My mother spread a sheet on the kitchen floor, and by the side of it placed a large wooden bowl filled with corn-meal which we threw over the parts that itched, instead of scratching, which she discouraged. I had no other consciousness of being ill than the itching which I managed in that way to relieve, and within a day or two we were again at school.

Our doctor, whenever he came to see us or any one in the village, rode upon a little, old, white horse, astride of a pair of saddle-bags containing all the tools which he required or had learned the use of. Hence the members of his profession were not infrequently though irreverently referred to by the vulgar, not as the doctor, but as "the saddle-bags."

Over the kitchen fireplace had been built in the wall a closet about four feet high by two feet broad. In this my mother kept all the little nostrums, mostly herbs, which she thought she had found useful in dealing with the physical ailments of her family. One day, curious to know what this closet contained, I rashly climbed up on the high back of an old-fashioned

chair to look into it. While gratifying my curiosity I disturbed the balance of my chair, and down I came, striking the side of my head on an andiron close to my left eye. The cut was a pretty severe one, and the scar from it was visible for more than thirty years.

Near to the store my father had what was called "the shipyard," where were built and repaired sloops for himself and others. When the workmen went to their dinners they were apt to leave their tools where they had been working. One day I was playing around in this yard—I fancy I must have been barefooted—while the men were absent, and one of my big toes struck against the blade of a broadax with which some of the workmen had been hewing timber. It nearly deprived me of that toe, but not quite; it hung down, and there seemed to be nothing to do with it but cut it off. However, I was taken home, and my mother put the toe again in its place, bandaging it up with a linen rag on which she pasted some balsam taken from a tree which grew near the house and which was always relied upon for the healing of all kinds of wounds. The toe rapidly healed up, and I was hopping about again as usual in a few days, but the toe never quite resumed its former shape, though it has since, so far as I know, always toed the mark as faithfully as any of its colleagues. As it was not until more than half a century later that physicians were received at court in England, perhaps this lack of reverence for the faculty came over to us with the common law. In neither of these cases did my mother invoke the resources of "the saddlebags."

I have said that my parents were Presbyterians. They were more than that: they were New England Presbyterians. They were more than that: they were Connecticut Presbyterians, and they meant to be just as good as a Connecticut Presbyterian can be. They were very strict about keeping the Sabbath. They ordinarily commenced their Sabbath Saturday afternoon, and not infrequently tried to make us remember that the Sabbath had commenced before our half-holiday had expired. They were not ascetical at all; on the contrary, they were always cheerful and sensible. They had, however, been brought up to distrust the influence of worldly pleasures and to estimate the moral efficacy of self-denial at a much higher figure than their own—or anybody else's—children ever did.

The first church I ever attended was the Lutheran Church at a place about two miles back from the river called Kaatsban. It was built of stone before the Revolution by the Hollanders, who, with their descendants, constituted the majority of the population in Ulster County at the time of which I am speaking. The bread of life was broken to them by a venerable-looking pastor with a remarkably high and voluminous white cravat around his neck, who was in the habit of preaching one Sunday in Low Dutch, and the next in the English language. Unfortunately for him, he chose to exert his influence, which was pretty absolute among the Dutch members of his flock, to oppose the charter of a turnpike road which should shorten the distance considerably between the river at Father's landing and the tanneries in the mountains. My father was discouraged by this conduct from attending the church any more, and of course from contributing toward its support, and incontinently set to work to induce his brothers-in-law to unite with him in building a church in Malden. This was soon accomplished, and the Rev. John N. Lewis of Brooklyn was the first pastor. He was a son-in-law of Colonel Edwards, who at that time was the largest tanner of hides in the mountains, and a connection of the famous Jonathan Edwards of Northampton, Massachusetts. There was usually a service three times a day on Sunday which we youngsters were obliged to attend, besides a prayer-meeting in the middle of the week, not to mention other occasional ceremonies. Of the preaching in that church, and of the religious instruction which was impressed upon me in those days, I only remember what were supposed to be the terrible consequences of a sinful life, and the implacable nature of God. I do not remember to have ever heard His attributes presented in a way to inspire any other emotion than of fear for what He might do to me. As that kind of theology was entirely acceptable to the chief supporters of the church, of course I supposed it was all right; but I never took to it much.

Before the church was built, and when for any reason we did not attend church in the afternoon, it was pretty uniformly one of my duties to read to my mother a chapter from Scott's Family Bible, and his Commentary upon it, which was usually several times longer than the chapter, and to me of course much less intelligible. This was dull work for me, because I never received from what I read of the Commentaries a single

shadow even of an idea. But the trial, as most trials in this world, was mitigated to me in some degree. I don't think my dear mother understood or at least took much more interest in the Commentary than I did, and it was with great pleasure that I would see her frequently, after I had read awhile, gradually close her eyes and fall off into a refreshing slumber, when I as quietly as possible joined my brothers. For that she never rebuked me, God bless her. On other occasions when sweet sleep refused to come to my relief, I would occasionally skip a paragraph, and, by dint of sundry judicious selections of skipable passages, would manage to shorten the doctor's Commentary, always without in the least impairing my good mother's faith in its logic or theology. Sometimes instead of the Bible it was "The Four-fold State" or the *New York Observer* that I was required to read. I do not remember the time when Father began to take in that paper, but it was never stopped during his lifetime nor until the Civil War broke out, when its sympathies with the Confederates compelled the Malden remnant of the family to substitute for it the *New York Evangelist.*

Speaking of our Sunday exercises I may here mention a first experience of mine when I was about seven years old. My father was in the habit in those days of smoking a cigar after dinner on Sunday in his own bedroom. I do not remember seeing him smoke on any other day. Over the mantel of the fireplace in that room, as over the mantel in the kitchen, was a closet let into the wall. In that closet he kept among other odd things a box of cigars. One Sunday afternoon my brother David and I were sitting by his side in front of the fire while he was reading the *New York Observer* to himself and smoking. Brother David, with an audacity which surprised me, reached up to that closet and took out of the box two cigars, proceeded to light one by a coal from the fire and then handed the other cigar to me with a light. I looked at Father, thinking that he might have something to say about this experiment of ours, but he affected, I think now, not to see what was going on. We were both very soon pulling away at our cigars with the zeal of all beginners, and so much absorbed was I in the new sensations we were experiencing that I did not notice till my cigar was half burned out that Brother David had left the room. About the same time I began to experience unusual

sensations which seemed to require sympathy; and I got up and went out, partly to look him up, but more immediately to find my way to the pantry, where I tasted by turns everything on the premises in the hope of getting the nasty taste of the cigar out of my mouth. I tried about everything there that had a taste, but the only thing that gave me even a momentary satisfaction was smoked beef. But that was only momentary. Meantime I grew pale and faint, and was rapidly reaching the point when life was to my mind ceasing to be worth living. Finally I decided to give up the search for my brother, to seek no more relief in the pantry, and to get up to our bedroom as speedily as possible: not that I wanted to sleep, but that I did not feel any longer able to stand. I crawled up the stairs and stole into the room, when what was my surprise to find my brother already there, groaning and uttering all the imprecations against tobacco that were in any respect suitable for use on the Sabbath day.

His experience with his first cigar was profitable to him, for it cured him of any taste for tobacco for the rest of his life. It cured me also for many years, but I regret to say not for quite so long a time.

The year following my return from Sharon, my brother and I were sent again to the village school, and here I may say my scholastic education practically began—and I was near saying, practically ended—though I subsequently spent two years at the academy in Troy, and four years in two different colleges. I never had such profitable instruction from any teachers as I received in my two years in this village school. Our teacher—his name was Woodburn—was an enthusiast in his profession; and no one, I think, ever sought more zealously to acquire knowledge for himself than this man sought to put knowledge into the heads of his pupils. He would come over to our house in the winter evenings and read to us Rollin's History until we were obliged to go to bed, and later got in the habit of appearing at the house before daylight in the morning, and calling us to get out of bed and come down to be crammed for our lessons. At last I remember my sister interfered, and said that I should not be called so early in the morning; it was making me ill. Her interference broke up these matutinal visits, but at the school every pupil felt the effect of his assiduity. I began Latin with him, and I remember the special privilege which he

extended to myself and one of my cousins, Samuel, the oldest brother of Cousin William Isham, of letting us, when the weather was fine, take our grammar out under the trees in the adjacent woods. We were learning, I remember, the different conjugations of the verbs. Mr. Woodburn would give us a verb, and tell us as soon as we had learned it to come in and recite it to him; and before the year was out, I don't think there was a regular verb or many irregular ones in our Latin grammar that I could not conjugate forwards and backwards as readily as I can now say our alphabet.

In those days, too, great attention was given to spelling, an art sadly neglected in these days. We had spelling lessons every day, but on Saturday forenoon we always had a spelling match. Our school consisted, as nearly as I remember, of about an equal number of boys and girls—thirty to forty in all. We were arranged in a line from one end of the school-room to the other, according to our rank as spellers. The teacher then put out a word to us from a dictionary, and if the boy at the head of the class could not spell it, it was given to the next, and so on until the pupil was found who could spell it correctly, and then the victor took the place in the class occupied by the one who first failed; and between the excitement of getting up in the class, and the mortification of having the girls spell words that we could n't spell, and the novelty of the game, so different from other class studies, it caused the mistakes and failures in spelling to leave a profound impression upon our minds; and I venture to say that none of the children who were exercised in that class were ever during their lifetime caught misspelling words in common use.

Happily for us, the district schools in those days received no aid from the State. The district raised the money among themselves in some way, and selected their teacher and paid him according to the number of pupils that they sent to the school. The position of teacher had not yet become the football of politicians; and teachers were not selected with a view of giving a living to a worthless dependent, but exclusively with a view to securing the best instruction that the people could afford. In those days such teachers came mostly from New England, as Woodburn did.

We used to be let out of school for ten minutes, perhaps twice during the forenoon, and twice during the afternoon, and

the amount of playing that we managed to do during those ten minutes is almost incredible. One of the amusements that I remember most distinctly is climbing large trees in the adjoining forest, crawling out on the branches, and the more daring of us hanging with our legs crossed over the branches and our heads down, and at other times getting out to the ends of the branches until they would bend down, and then dropping from them to the ground. Those were thought to be great feats, and no accidents ever happened from them during my time.

The school-house was on the top of the hill, and there was a gradual grade to the river; and it was one of the chief resources in winter to start with our sleds from the top, and go almost the whole distance without stopping, fully a quarter of a mile.

In the winter-time our journey to school would be thought by children nowadays a pretty difficult one, and often constituted an ample excuse for staying at home. The snow was often quite deep and would sometimes drift so high as to hide the fences. I do not remember to have ever thought of staying at home from school on account of the weather, though the school-house was fully three-quarters of a mile from our house, nor of ever esteeming it in the least a hardship or anything but a pleasure to go. I never had on my feet a pair of overshoes until eight or ten years after that time, and of course by the time I reached school my shoes in winter were full of snow, and I may say in many instances the rest of my clothing, for we never passed another boy, nor a man either if we could help it, without snowballing him, and being snowballed in return.

It is strange to see how early the opposite sexes attract each other. I could not have been more than nine years of age when I was attracted by a little girl at our district school whose mother had just settled in our village. She was what any child of that age who is in comfortable circumstances would be—unsophisticated and healthy, nothing more—but her dress was nice and she looked altogether well cared for and a little out of the ordinary in her attire. I remember, the morning succeeding that on which she appeared at the school, putting on all my Sunday clothes (for in those days there were nothing but Sunday dress and school dress) and coming to breakfast. My mother remarked the change immediately and said. "Why,

John, what have you been doing?'' Of course I had no answer to make.

''Go up at once and take those clothes off.''

I don't remember what I did exactly, but I don't believe her tone and manner were imperious enough for the emergency.

Our village never wasted, or, if you please, improved, much time in what are commonly regarded as amusements. It was hardly a joke to say that the principal gayety of the neighborhood was an occasional funeral; and yet our domestic circle was always happy and cheerful and contented. The only event toward which I can remember my father to have deliberately contributed, of which amusement was the only end and purpose, was to give Brother David a shilling or two, and let him take me with him to Saugerties on foot two miles off to a circus which had just arrived. We got off in the morning as soon as we had done the chores (''chars''). We did not let the grass grow till we got to the circus, and between the elephant and the lion and the monkeys, the day flew by,--only half of it, however, on angel wings; for, after paying for our admission, what was left for refreshments was not sufficient to make any sensible impression upon our appetites. Still we held on until near sundown, so fascinated were we with this, our first opportunity of studying the habits of beasts of prey.

Neither do I recollect my parents ever making to us children during that period of my life any presents, as such. I managed somehow to get playthings—sleds and knives and things that boys must have—but I had in some way or another to get them myself. My want of them was never anticipated; and yet no one ever had kinder parents.

Thanksgiving was a feast-day. We always heard a sermon at church in the morning, and then at dinner had all the family and as many of the collateral relations in the neighborhood as could come, with the parson and his family. Our dinner was uniformly of the standard New England Thanksgiving dinner type, of which a turkey, mince, apple and pumpkin pies were as sure to be there as the parson and his family. Quilting-matches and corn huskings for the young and tea fights for the elders were the nearest to anything like systematic gayety that was considered good form in Malden. A proposition to dance, or even to learn to dance, would have ruined the reputation of the individual who propounded it.

Among the Presbyterians in those days Christmas was not regarded as a first-class holiday. It was solemnized by no religious exercises. It was regarded as savoring a little of Romanism. However, we always had a family gathering on the day if the weather permitted. The only incident connected with those holidays which I can recall was the arrival of a cousin, quite grown up, and who was dressed in the height of fashion for that community, and having on what I do not remember to have ever seen before—a pair of white woolen pantaloons. We had in those days a favorite black watch-dog, who was worth on such a place as ours nearly as much as a man, so intelligent was he. For some reason which the dog never explained, he did n't take to this young gentleman when he approached the house. Perhaps he thought him overdressed. At all events he sought to prevent his entering by seizing him by the trousers. As the cousin was determined to go on, it resulted in tearing his trousers from his hip nearly to his feet. He came in, of course, very indignant at what had occurred, and mortified, no doubt, at missing the effect which he had anticipated from the perfection of his toilet. I remember, so wicked was I then, that his misfortune was mitigated to us in a very considerable degree by the reputation which the young man had earned in that pious community of being somewhat too gay and festive in his make-up.

In saying that we never received any presents strictly as presents, I perhaps have made an overstatement. On Christmas Eve we always hung up our stockings—at first by the sides of the fireplace, and later on the bedposts.

Of course before daylight we were up looking for our stockings, and we always found them crammed with something—usually things to eat: candies, nuts, oranges, apples, etc.

In those days the only mail we received came by stage up from New York to Albany one day, down the next. We had no daily mail; a steamboat had just begun to run, but it passed by on the opposite side of the river, and had not yet been employed by the Government as a postal agency. Correspondence by mail in those days was comparatively expensive; the postage between New York and Albany varied between one and sixpence and two shillings, or eighteen and twenty-five cents.

In 1824, and when I was still young enough to care nothing about it, Lafayette revisited this country for the last time and

was received with public honors. On the opposite side of the Hudson River from Malden was what was known as the Livingston Manor, and almost immediately opposite my father's house was the residence of Edward Livingston, and only a few rods below, that of Chancellor Robert Livingston, who had been Secretary of State and Minister to France. The latter invited Lafayette to visit them, and he was brought up in a steamboat—one of the three first built on the river. It bore the name of *Chancellor Livingston,* who had been the patron and friend in need of Robert Fulton, who planned and constructed the first vessel propelled by steam that ever vexed the waters of the Hudson River. It was attended by a large number of sailing vessels, and crowds of people, most of them coming all the way from New York. My father in those days had a sloop called the *Phœnix,* rather celebrated among the river boatmen for her speed. He rigged out this vessel with all the flags he had or could borrow in the town, and invited all the grown people of the neighborhood, without distinction of sex or color, to sail over with him to the fête.

I remember watching the *Phœnix* from our garden as she crossed, her deck black with people, and comforting myself for the lack of an invitation to join the party, under a peach tree which I that morning discovered for the first time had some fruit already ripe for my entertainment. I am bound to say that I took a far livelier interest in those peaches than I did in Mr. Lafayette or his party, for I have never since tasted better peaches than I thought them to be. The enemies of the peach had not yet discovered the North River.

II

ACADEMIC AND COLLEGIATE LIFE

1830–1835

LOOKING back on my life, I realize more and more how trifling was my share of influence in shaping it.

The marriage of my eldest sister to a gentleman from Troy and his establishment there in business gave mine a direction of which I little foresaw the importance.

Mr. Kellogg belonged to a New England family which had settled in Troy before he was born. Unlike most New Englanders of that period, he had become an ardent Episcopalian.

The more wealthy citizens of Troy at that period, so far as I had the means of judging, seemed also to be of that communion, and for the education of their children a few of them had established a school on the eastern hillside of Troy, called the Walnut Grove Academy. It is not strange that the propriety of sending me to that school under the guardianship of my sister was discussed in family council and finally adopted.

The preparations for fitting me out absorbed for a fortnight or more the energies of pretty much the entire household. The only feature of it which seems to me now worth recording is the fact that an entire new suit of clothes had to be manufactured for me from wool grown by our own sheep and spun in our own house, and made up by a tailor, one of whose legs was shorter than the other, residing in a neighboring village, who came to our house to do his part of the work of turning this cloth into garments for my use. Our village had as yet produced no tailor of its own. I remember with painful distinctness the instructions given to Mr. Snip by my father, to be sure to make the garments large, as I was growing very rapidly.

Our journey to Troy was an event. We embarked on board

of the *Chief Justice Marshall,* then a comparatively new steamboat in the as yet very youthful days of steam navigation. She usually reached our wharf, coming from New York, a little after dark. My mother had undertaken to be my escort. She had never yet put her feet on the deck of a steamer. In those days the steamers did not touch at the wharf, but the passengers were sent on shore in a small boat attached to the steamer by a cable long enough to reach from her to the wharf, and taken off in the same way—a somewhat scary and ticklish business to those unaccustomed to it, as the steamer was often kept under pretty nearly her full headway until the small boat had returned to her. I am sure my mother never expected to see her son again, and I was amused, when I jumped up the ladder to the deck of the steamer, at hearing her calling out to me in such an encouraging tone, "Be careful, my son."

The school was kept by Allen Fisk, a man of great personal dignity, who I thought, as I still think, was well qualified for the work in which he was engaged; but I was very soon to encounter the trial of my life. That suit of homespun clothes, which had been constructed with such a deliberate eye to future growth, for a few weeks made life a burden to me. At last some boy with a keener sense of the ridiculous than any of his fellows called me the *milkman.* I did not remember to have ever been made an object of derision before in my life; and though this epithet was applied to me only by one of the boys, I felt the mortification very bitterly and wondered why my parents should have exposed me to it. It really, however, did me no harm, for I found very soon that I could hold my own in the most advanced class in the academy very well; that my classmates were glad to have me coach them through their difficulties occasionally: while in the playground I had no superior of my age in any of the games that we played. There was a kind of gymnasium on the premises, in which I excelled, and when winter came there was a long hill rising up from the school-house, down which we used to slide. I came to be selected pitcher at baseball, because I had acquired a knack of throwing the ball so that it would fall down by the side of the bat instead of coming straight at it, and the batter would pretty invariably miss it, and if caught by the catcher would "put him out," as the game was then played. I was at once put into the class in Virgil, and Mr. Fisk attached consider-

able importance to scanning, about which he gave us excellent instruction from a grammar of which he was the author. I am now quite conscious that I was entirely too young to profit fully by his instruction in the Latin metres, but my ear for the rhythm of the Latin hexameters was such that I scanned it quite as well and more fluently than any other boy in the class. By degrees the boys got accustomed to my homespun garments, or perhaps I grew into better relations with them, and thenceforth they ceased to be a reproach to me. This would hardly be worth referring to here but for the illustration it furnishes of the dependence of the country people of that period upon their own resources for pretty much everything they consumed.

My schoolmates were the Warrens, the Garys, the Russells, the Olyphants, Le Grand Cannon, Partridge, George Gay, the latter the oldest boy in the school and at the head of his class in everything. There were others younger whose names I do not recall. Most of them were representatives of the richer families in Rensselaer County, and their descendants I believe are still wealthy, although I am not aware that any of them has ever attained any considerable public distinction.

Most of Mr. Fisk's pupils in my second year either went to college or into clerkships. I followed the college contingent, who, as they were all Episcopalians, were sent to Washington College in Hartford, an institution which had been established with the pretty distinct purpose of encouraging young men to enter the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It was, I presume, for this reason that its name several years later was changed to Trinity College.

A nephew of my brother-in-law, George Osborn, who had already been at Washington College one year, was very anxious I should join him there. That, rather than sympathy for the theological features of the institution, decided me to go to college and to that college in particular.

My brother-in-law, Mr. Kellogg, accompanied me to Hartford. I then lacked about two months of being fourteen years of age. Of course at that age I was not sufficiently mature or otherwise properly fitted to enter college in any department. I knew nothing of the world, nothing scarcely of books except such as I had had occasion to use in my classes. That, however, did not delay or prevent my admission. My examiners,

I remember, were Bishop Brownell of Connecticut, then the president of the college; the Rev. Horatio Potter, afterwards Bishop of New York; and the Latin tutor, whose name I have forgotten. The college was poor financially; there were only about twelve students in my class, some of them fourteen years my seniors, and not exceeding fifty in the college at the times I entered or left it. Consequently there was no great effort to make an exhibition of my ignorance by the examiners, and in half an hour after I went into the room feeling like an ox led to the slaughter, I came out with the assurance of the president that I was all right.

Two great events signalized my residence at Hartford: the cholera which broke up the college prematurely in the summer of 1832, and the visit of President Jackson with Vice-President Van Buren in the summer of 1833.

I was at this college until the last term of my junior year. If I were asked to state what I learned there for which I was beholden in any way to the college, I should be puzzled to tell. I remember to have read a considerable number of Scott's novels, from which I derived my first notions of history. I read, I think, every story that Miss Edgeworth wrote, or at least that was printed, without an exception, and from their teachings I think I received many indelible ethical impressions which were of incalculable value to me. From my teachers I cannot persuade myself that I learned much if anything, or that any of them were animated by the least desire that I should learn anything. Nor could I see that it made much difference to them or to me whether I learned my lessons or did not.

As an illustration, I returned two or three days late to join my class at the commencement of junior year. As a consequence, I missed the first two lessons in conic sections. I tried to master the lesson for the succeeding day, but very unsatisfactorily of course, being ignorant of the lessons preceding. I went to the next recitation, where no notice was taken either of my previous absence or my ignorance. I did not go into that class again through the whole of that term, nor was I ever called to account for my absence, nor any notice taken of it, that I am aware of, by the government of the college.

I am tempted to introduce here a letter which I found many years later among the papers of my father, which indirectly

appears to have had some influence in abridging my stay at Washington College. It was written by the professor of ancient languages, who also acted as college bursar. Though I had been a member of the institution already two years, it is worthy of remark that the writer did not know how to spell my name correctly, as will appear in addressing my father on this occasion.

WM. M. HOLLAND TO ASA BIGELOW

WASHINGTON COLLEGE,
HARTFORD, 11 January, 1833.

ASA BIGLOW, ESQUIRE;

Sir:

I beg leave to request your particular attention to the rules regarding the Bursar's Department in this Institution contained in the annexed circular. Seventy-four dollars were deposited with me by your son, John Biglow, on the 17 May last—since which period he has deposited no money in my hands: though his term bill for college expenses for the term ending on 20 Dec. last has been paid: His bill for the term commencing 3rd of this month was due on that day & as we take no bonds from students or parents we are obliged to request payment in advance—to which rule you will permit me also to ask your attention.

I do not write, Sir, because I have observed any habits of extravagance in your son—on the contrary I think him entirely discreet and frugal: but because a departure from our constant rule cannot in any case be conveniently made without an invidious distinction.

I can speak with great satisfaction of the amiableness & excellent understanding of your son, & I think he only needs to have the exuberant spirits of youth tempered with a few more years to be a credit & happiness to those who are interested in him.

I am, Sir, Respectfully, Your obedient servant

The faculty of the college at this time consisted of the Rev. N. S. Wheaton, president; the Rev. Horatio Potter, professor of mathematics and natural philosophy; William M. Holland, professor of ancient languages; J. S. Rogers, professor of chemistry and mineralogy; the Rev. S. S. Lewis, tutor and li-

brarian; and G. A. Perdicaris, teacher of the Greek language. There were also nominal professors of botany, of law, and of the Oriental languages, but there was no instruction given in those departments.

The following list of necessary expenses as given in the college circular will help one to realize the difference between the college expenses in New England in the early quarter of the twentieth century and the early quarter of the nineteenth.

College bills		$60		$60
Board, 40 weeks	from	50	to	70
Fuel, light, washing	"	16	"	30
Use of books, stationery, furniture	"	10	"	30
Taxes in classes	"	5	"	8
Total per an.		$141		$198

The circular continued:

In regard to all monies and expenses the following provisions of the college laws must be strictly complied with:—

To prevent extravagant or improper expenditure by the Students, all monies designed for their use shall be placed by their parents or guardians in the hands of the college Bursar, who shall superintend their expenses with a parental discretion. No Student may purchase anything without his permission. All necessary articles for the Student's use are to be paid for by the Bursar, who shall keep a correct account with each Student of all receipts and expenditures on his behalf, and shall receive a fixed salary for his services; and he shall charge each Student with three per cent. on all monies so disbursed, and pay the same into the college treasury. *If any Student shall receive any money which does not pass through the hands of the Bursar, he shall be liable to dismission from the Institution.*

My father did not approve of paying the money in advance to the bursar, probably because he did not know how many college students went away without paying their bills at all. Besides, as my correspondence with my father showed, he wanted from me an account of my expenses direct, rather than through the bursar. I regret to say that he was no better satisfied with my accounts than he probably would have been with the bursar's; for they were all too trifling to remember, and I probably regarded it as a waste of energy and of playtime to

keep an account of the trifling sums I had to spend. My father was quite right in requiring of me an account of my expenditures, but it was more his fault than mine that he did not get such an account. Had he begun when I was six or seven years old, as all parents should with their children, to give me a dime a week or fifty cents a month for pocket-money to spend as I pleased, but to be as regularly accounted for, I should have contracted a habit which would have made a compliance with his wishes no task at all. But he never gave me any pocket-money while living at home, probably because I had no use for any then and there.

If I owe anything to Washington College, it is the development of a taste for such intellectual pleasures as books suited to my age and instruction could give. I read a great deal for one of my age, and books that it is no harm to any one to have read, though not the kind of books suited for the exclusive intellectual diet of a boy. But there were no incentives offered in or out of the classroom by the government of the college to read anything, and I foraged in the libraries of the college at my own sweet will. I marvel now that the books I selected were all so entirely unobjectionable.

Our recreations were usually a walk through town in the afternoon, or a swim in a stream encircling the college building, called Hog's Creek, and down the steep banks of which we tumbled whenever free to select our own employments, and where I became quite renowned as a diver for pebbles.

I had been instructed by my parents to visit an old uncle who lived in Hartford with two maiden daughters, but as they never offered me any refreshments when I called, and boys are not appreciative of entertainment without nourishment, the relationship was not cultivated.

I spent three years at Washington College less one term. When the junior appointments were given out in the middle of my third year, I was extremely mortified to find that I was the only one in my class of twelve then in attendance who had not received an appointment. Under ordinary circumstances I might have attributed that indignity to neglect of my college duties, but I suspected other reasons.

It was my misfortune, or my fortune, to occupy a room immediately over the rooms of Professor Holland, our teacher in Homer, and whose influence in the college faculty at that

time was potential. My room was very much frequented by my friends in the same section, who came there as freely when I was absent as when I was present, I, whether present or absent, getting the credit for all the noise they made. Hence frequent complaints were made by the professor, who not unnaturally became a prey to the suspicion that the disturbance by which he was annoyed was not entirely involuntary on my part—a suspicion, however, which was entirely unjust. This suspicion may have been confirmed and aggravated by the following incident.

The room adjoining mine in the rear was occupied by a young man from Pennsylvania by the name of Natt, an inchoate theologue, who had recently recovered from the smallpox. I went in about eight o'clock one evening to chat with him, leaving directly before my own wood fire the armchair which I usually occupied, the hardness of which was ameliorated by a thickly wadded quilt which my mother had provided me with, spread over it as a cushion and a shelter from predatory breezes. I was sitting with my friend when we both detected by our noses that something was burning that should not be, and that smoke was coming through under the partition dividing his room from mine. I rushed back to find that a spark had snapped out from my wood fire, set fire to my coverlid, and the room so full of smoke that I could only endure it long enough to seize the blanket and drag it out into the hall. I then rushed downstairs for a pail of water. Meantime, not only the other students of the section had come to the scene of the conflagration, but Professor Holland also had left his bed and was there, after a very hasty toilet. When I arrived with my pail of water, of course I had no thought but to put out the fire, and not until after I had swung my pail beyond control did I discover that the water was aimed at, and would hit, the naked legs and feet of the professor. I had no time to apologize and secure his forgiveness for what he might and probably did suppose was an intentional indignity, the extinction of the fire of course absorbing all my attention. The worst of it was that some of the boys laughed when they saw the water strike the professor.

From that time forth I began to think I could pursue my studies in another college without parting with a friend in Professor Holland.

My elder brother David had recently entered Union College, where he wished to take a non-classical course; and in a note of which the following is an extract he made me feel that I should like to be with him:

"John, I wish you would come on here next term with me, as I think it will be better for you and for both of us. It is allowed, I believe, to be the best College for Junior & Senior years that there is; two Seniors came on last week from Geneva College, there are Seniors here from almost all the colleges. You will soon be a Senior, you know. It must be an elegant place in summer, I know from the appearance, as it is situated on a hill which overlooks the city, & has quite a large view of the country round. I think you would like it well."

My father, not without some hesitations, yielded to my wishes. I accordingly asked for and received an honorable dismission, and entered the last term of the junior year of 1834 at Union College, where I took my degree in 1835.

I had reason to congratulate myself upon the change. The faculty was a much stronger one all around, and among them were several men whose instruction was stimulating. Dr. Nott, the president, when he met us, was always edifying and impressive. Unhappily, his business cares allowed us to see him rarely, except on the Sabbaths. His occasional lectures to the class on Kames's "Elements of Criticism" received profound attention. Alonzo Potter, who was the practical head of the college, and whose wife was a daughter of President Nott, was also a teacher of mark. We never left his class without getting there something that seemed worth going there for. The Greek professor, Dr. Proudfit, was also a thorough Hellenist of the old school. We read with him the plays of Æschylus and portions of the New Testament. He was a very amiable man, and personally very much respected by the students, but of little account as an instructor.

The library of the college at that time was very meagre; in fact, the college could hardly be said to have a library, the collection was so insignificant. However, such as it was I was more indebted to it than to my instructors for whatever of knowledge I brought away from the institution. I remember to have found in it and read with great interest Lyttelton's "Dialogues of the Dead."

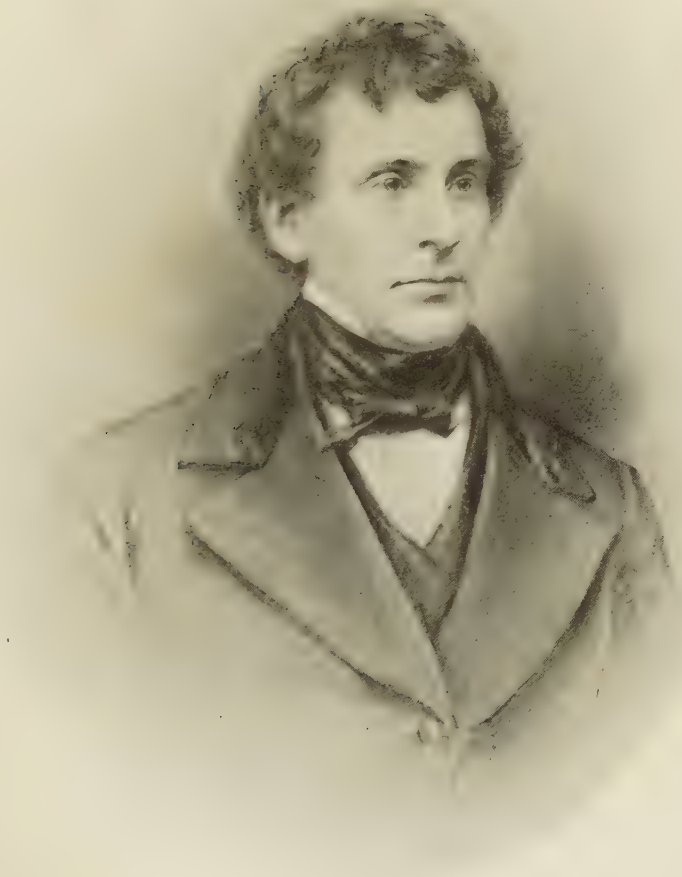
There was one incident near the close of my course at Schenectady which I will here set down for the lesson it contains to those who have to deal with the education of young people. My father had not been satisfied at all with the results of my residence at Washington College, and for his sake I was anxious to bear away from Union some token of scholarship which would please him. I was therefore scrupulously attentive in the classroom, and prepared myself for my lessons so thoroughly that I ranked *maximus* in most, and pretty close to that in all my studies. When I went home in the spring vacation I felt quite sure of an appointment of some sort for the commencement exercises at graduation, to which my class standing clearly entitled me. As a man's rank in college is fixed at the close of the spring term of his last year in college, the seniors were allowed unusual freedoms. Among them was a constructive privilege of lengthening their vacation a few days longer than was permitted to the lower classes, for the preparation of their commencement speeches, I suppose. I deemed this a privilege of which it was my duty to avail myself. The second or third day after the term commenced, I received a note from one of my classmates informing me that the appointments had been announced, and none had been assigned to me. It was a very acute disappointment. I started by the next conveyance for Schenectady, and at an early hour on the morning after my arrival, I called at the office of Professor Potter and asked if the report which had reached me was correct. He said it was, and proceeded to account for it by saying that the faculty had decided to give no appointments to any student who was not present at the opening of the term. As I knew this was contrary to all the traditions of the college, with which students are sure to be familiar, and felt quite confident that it had been adopted for this class for the first time in the history of the college, my imagination suggested many reasons for this procedure, none of which, however, could I reconcile with honor on the part of the faculty or with justice to the class.

I left the professor's room burning with indignation toward him and toward the institution. I was not unreasonable enough to suppose that there were not enough in that class of one hundred and thirteen, many of them some five or six years my seniors, who were much more likely to do credit to the

college at commencement than I was, then a stripling of but seventeen years; nor should I have felt surprise if I had been told that in consequence of the size of the class, and of my youth, it was difficult, even impossible, to make up a list of speakers suitable for commencement orators that would include me without enlarging the list so as to exceed the time which could be given to such exercise. This could have been said in a note or a circular to myself and the many others who had been similarly trapped, accompanied with a few words recognizing our rank and scholarship and claims to recognition when the honors of the college were being distributed. Even had Professor Potter simply said that, as there were many speakers in the class better qualified than myself to take part in the exercises of commencement, and as the number had to be limited, it became the duty of the faculty to leave me out, I never should have murmured; but the conviction that the reason assigned by the professor was not the true one was so strong that I have never been able to feel toward that institution again as my Alma Mater.

At the close of a letter received from Father shortly after reaching Schenectady, I was pleased as well as surprised to read the following postscript:

"N. B.—Since writing the above I have recd. a letter from Mr. Holland saying you were correct and that all debts were paid as far as he knows—& I give you his words:—'I take this occasion to say that we regretted losing your son from among our scholars. The last session but one he was here we were *not* well pleased with his deportment, and he has at all times a buoyancy of spirits which sometimes becomes troublesome—but for the last session he behaved well & studied faithfully and had a high standing in his class. With the hope he may be eminently useful in all situations, I am, &c., W. M. Holland.'"



A.D. 1817

A.D. 1838

John Bigelow

III

LAW STUDENT AND LAWYER

1835–1848

I SPENT the summer at home, much of the time deliberating with myself and with my people of what I should do next. I had no definite plan for the future. Only upon one point was I determined: not to go into my father's business. There was not more than enough for my brothers. Independently of that, I realized that during the last four years I had contracted tastes and conceived ideas which I knew could never be indulged, still less satisfied, in Malden. The alternative seemed to me to be a literary profession of some kind. What I had seen and heard of and from parsons did not attract me to the church. Doctoring I was ignorant enough to think an unpleasant business. The law seemed to open the widest horizon in our country and the one that offered most attractions. My father seemed disposed to encourage that preference. But where and how to prosecute it? There were no law schools in those days, in New York at least, and the profession had to be studied in the office of some practising lawyer for a term of years and until the student could pass an examination by the members of the bar appointed by the Supreme Court for that purpose. My family had few acquaintances with members of the legal profession, and with none whom I cared to be associated with. Finally, and through whose instigation I have no recollection, I applied to the firm of Bushnell & Gall, at Hudson, for the privilege of a student's seat in their office. Neither of the firm was known professionally or otherwise to any member of my family. I received a favorable reply to my application, and early in September, 1835, packed my trunk, went to Hudson, and matric-

ulated in their office as a student of law. Mr. Bushnell was one of the soundest lawyers then practising in the upper Hudson River counties, and I soon conceived for him great regard. He was a brother of the Rev. Horace Bushnell, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Hartford, Connecticut, whom many years later I learned to regard as one of the very wisest and most spiritual shepherds that the American pulpit has produced. His "Moral Uses of Dark Things" is alone enough to justify this estimate to all whose spiritual vision is sufficiently open to comprehend it.

Mr. Gall was Mr. Bushnell's junior partner and a much younger man. There were two students in the office when I arrived. One was Mr. Frank Marbury, who was to be admitted either that or the following year. The other, whose name I do not now recall, was an agreeable young man, but in delicate health. He died soon after his admission to the bar. It became my duty as the junior student in the office, which was a small one-story building adjoining the residence of Mr. Bushnell, to be at the office at seven o'clock, sweep it out, and make the fire. I returned to my boarding-house for my breakfast, and at nine o'clock I was again at the office, where I remained until dinner, which consumed an hour. I then returned to the office, and, with the exception of an hour for supper, remained until both the principals were ready to close up and go home, which was usually between nine and ten o'clock. There was no eight-hour limitation of labor law in those days, nor did it ever occur to me that these office hours were either unreasonable or irksome. Though my chiefs did not usually arrive before 9 A.M., I never tarried at night later than they did.

I remember the first book that Mr. Bushnell put into my hands to read was Reeves's "Treatise on the Domestic Relations."

I had not been many weeks in the office before the rumor reached me that Mr. Bushnell had been invited by Charles B. Butler, Esq., the brother of Benjamin F. Butler, who had been Attorney-General of the United States under General Jackson, to join his firm in New York City, and had accepted the invitation. This of course was a surprise to me and set me to thinking how I was to be affected by the change. I soon learned that Mr. Marbury was going with Mr. Bushnell as

managing clerk for the New York firm, and that there was no place in the New York office for a beginner like myself. Mr. Gall wished me to remain with him. To this I found myself disinclined, although I don't precisely know why. As far as I was concerned, I did n't seem to have any tastes in common with him, and when I rode with him, as I sometimes did on professional visits about the country, we had nothing to talk about with each other. I made up my mind that if Mr. Bushnell was going to New York I might as well go there too. In this my father fortunately concurred.

In the latter part of October I took leave of Hudson and engaged a passage on board of the *Chief Justice Marshall* for New York. Upon the recommendation of Mr. Bushnell, I found a place in the office of Anthony Dey and B. F. Bonney, which at that time was on the first floor of a building on the corner of Cedar and Nassau streets, which is now occupied by the Bank of Commerce. It curiously happened that the very first office I ever leased, after my admission as an attorney, was the very same room that Mr. Bonney and I had occupied while I was his disciple. Mr. Dey was a land-speculator and never much of a lawyer. Mr. Bonney, his partner, was a middle-aged bachelor, a good lawyer and a very hard worker. He was then comparatively unknown, but he afterwards became a leading chancery lawyer and was elected for one or two terms as a judge of one of our higher courts. I was not indebted to him, however, for any knowledge of my profession except what I acquired from copying the papers prepared for suits in which he was counsel. During the time I remained in his office I do not remember his ever asking me a question about any book I might have been supposed to have been reading, or his suggesting a book to me, or offering any suggestion looking to my improvement as a student of law or in any other respect.

It was while in his office and on the night of the 5th of December, 1835, that the great fire occurred which burned the Exchange and a mile square, more or less, of property in the lower part of the city. I was present in Wall Street while the Exchange was burning and had an opportunity of realizing what a remorseless and insatiable monster Fire may become. It was one of the coldest nights I ever experienced. The water froze in the hose and pipes almost as soon as it entered them. As a consequence, there was no weapon left with which to

fight the conflagration but powder. Numbers of stores were blown up to obstruct the spread of the flames. The suits subsequently brought against the city for the damage resulting from the destruction of these stores and warehouses was destined to furnish me with a very considerable proportion of my office work while a student, in copying the complaints and answers and testimony in that litigation.

The part of the city devastated by that fire was the center of the wholesale dry-goods trade in New York, which then left it and found a temporary when not a permanent home in Cortlandt and adjacent streets on the west side of Broadway.

The night was so very cold that I could not stay long to witness the spectacle, sublime as it was, for fear of being frozen, as I certainly should have been, I think, had I remained a quarter of an hour longer.

In the spring of 1836 I left the office of Dey & Bonney for a provocation which would hardly have been deemed sufficient later in life. I wished to change my boarding-place; to do so it would be necessary for me to pay for two or three weeks' board that was in arrears. Not wishing to wait until I could write home and get a remittance, which would have involved a delay of three or four days, I told my situation to Mr. Bonney and asked him if he could let me have the money, a matter of fifteen dollars. He said me nay, pretended he had n't got it. I felt so insulted by his refusal that I immediately looked around for another office. I earned for him as a copyist, every week I was with him, nearly if not quite what I asked of him as a loan, and I got nothing whatever from him in return but practice in writing.

I had no acquaintances when I went to New York and no one to consult with. I literally felt my way along as best I could, and finally drifted to the office of Robert and Theodore Sedgwick, where I finished my studies and took my degree as attorney at law a few months before I had attained the legal age of twenty-one. Our examination for admission was held at Albany. It was usual in those days for the class to give a supper to the examiners at the hotel. It was at this supper that some one had given a very loyal toast to "George Washington, the Father of his Country." Immediately after this toast was drunk, John Van Buren, who had been one of the examiners, evoked shouts of laughter by rising and proposing

the health of Martha Washington, the Mother of her Country.

It was during the last year of my studies, and in the trial of one of the suits against the city for blowing up warehouses in the fire of 1835, that Mr. Robert Sedgwick, the senior member of our firm, was stricken with apoplexy and carried home, never to reappear in court or his office. I had left the court-room only a few minutes before this melancholy termination of a brilliant professional career.

While yet a student I had made an acquaintance which was destined to exert an important influence upon my career. At the boarding-house where I was then stopping—it was in Grand Street, and a Mrs. Pettingill the hostess—there were three or four graduates of Cambridge University in our mess. One of these was Charles Eames, who had graduated at the head of his class. He was several years my senior, and was quite the most accomplished man I had then ever met. He was a member of a club of young men in the habit of meeting once a week for debate and social intercourse, which upon his invitation I was permitted to join. Among the members of this club, which was called the Column, were the late Edgar S. Van Winkle, Anthony L. Robertson, afterwards Vice-Chancellor, Daniel Seymour and Richard Lawrence; afterwards were added Parke Godwin, Dr. Alonzo Clark, William M. Evarts and William M. Prichard, and some half-dozen whose names do not occur to me now, but all of whom were much my seniors. We were in the habit of having a supper once a month, and we had, as the symbol of our club, a silver column about two and a half feet high, with a Greek lamp at its top, which was always lighted at our monthly symposia. Inside of the column was a compendious history of it and a list of its members, with a copy of the agreement by which it was to become the property of the surviving member.

As we severally matured and became immersed in more serious pursuits, we gradually put away childish things, and our meetings in time became annuals, and upon the death of Mr. Van Winkle, who was the archon, or chief officer, were finally discontinued. The silver column was always kept at Tiffany's, where it was fashioned.

In the course of time Mr. Evarts, Parke Godwin and myself became the only surviving members, Mr. Evarts having succeeded to the position of archon. When Mr. Evarts's health

had become irremediably broken, I suggested to Mr. Beaman, his son-in-law and partner in the law firm of which Mr. Evarts had been the head, that the surviving members, of whom there were then but three, should unite in presenting the silver column to the Century Association, of which we were all members, and so avoid some technical difficulties which might arise about proving the survivor's title to the column—that is, the death of all the members. I recommended that the archon, who had the official control of the symbol, should have it removed and placed *en dépôt* at the Century. Mr. Beaman approved of the plan, and undertook to secure Mr. Evarts's concurrence. The symbol, however, remained in charge of the Tiffanys until the death of Mr. Evarts early in March, 1901, when I revived the scheme I had formed some four years before to have the memorial column presented to the Century Association. An account of the ceremonial of its presentation, constituting an incident in what promises to be the longer life of the Century Association, will be as opportune here as anywhere.

As Mr. Godwin shared my opinion that the Century Association was the proper resting-place for the column memorial, I immediately took measures to have the transfer made. I waited upon the Tiffany Company, where the memorial had been born and stored from the time of its birth; expressed my wishes and what I knew to be the wishes of Mr. Godwin, and stated to Mr. Kunz (a member of the firm and also a member of the Century) the form of an instrument which I would prepare for the discharge of his firm from further responsibility for it.

That the board of management should not be taken by surprise by the proceedings which I meditated, I attended their meeting the last week in April and related to the members the history of the memorial and the circumstances under which Mr. Godwin and I had become its proprietors and the manner in which we proposed to present it to the Century.

Unfortunately, I could not count upon the personal cooperation I had hoped for from Mr. Godwin, who for a month or more had been too ill to see me or any one but his trained nurses and physicians. I sent him the instruments which required his signature, and expressed the hope that he would be able to attend and take part in the projected ceremonial. His

daughter, Miss Nora Godwin, sent back to me the instruments signed, with the following note saying:

"The doctor thinks that Father had better not take part in anything—so Father bids me tell you to go on with your proceedings as you think best on the fourth of May, and he will be present as a listener if he feels equal to it."

Mr. Godwin's absence was a disappointment to me, because I had proposed, during the evening of the next regular monthly meeting of the Century, to ask the president to suspend its deliberations for a half-hour, then and there to hold a meeting of the Column and go through the form of adopting the resolutions which I had prepared. In his absence, however, I concluded to have the resolutions purport to have been adopted at a meeting of the Column held at Mr. Godwin's house, and to have them signed by both the surviving members.

At the monthly meeting of the Century Association on Saturday, the 4th of May, after the routine business had been disposed of, I rose and requested the president's, the late Bishop Potter's, permission to make a special communication which I hoped would prove of sufficient interest to warrant me in detaining the members a few moments longer to hear it. I then stated briefly the origin and history of the Column, its organic relations to the Century by virtue of so many of its members having been founders of the Century, also the history of the silver memorial, which I had procured to have placed on the president's table, with its Greek lamp luminous from its summit; how Mr. Godwin and I had become its proprietors, and how, by the concurrence of Mr. Godwin, I was able to ask its acceptance by the Century. I then proceeded to read the following report of what purported to be a meeting of the Column held at Mr. Godwin's residence:

WHEREAS, we the subscribers, John Bigelow and Parke Godwin, members of the Century Association, are also the only surviving members of a club called the Column, founded in 1825, into which the said John Bigelow was elected a member in 1838 and the said Parke Godwin was elected a member in 1841;

WHEREAS, at a meeting of the said Column held in the year 1857, the Messrs. Tiffany, now known as the Tiffany Company, were invited to execute and did execute a silver symbol intended to be a lasting memorial of the Column and to be placed before the members at all

their future meetings, and which was first exhibited at the thirty-second anniversary dinner of the Column given at the Astor House on the twenty-ninth day of January, 1858;

WHEREAS, upon such symbol by order of the Column were inscribed the words following, that is to say:

1858

THIS

MEMORIAL

THE PROPERTY OF

THE COLUMN

WILL BELONG TO THE

SURVIVOR OF THE MEMBERS

WHOSE NAMES ARE

HEREON INSCRIBED.

THE COLUMN

4TH AUGUST, MDCCCXXVI.

WHEREAS, of the members of the Column, all of whose names are inscribed on this memorial, Parke Godwin and John Bigelow are at present the only survivors and have, by virtue of their survivorship, become the sole proprietors of said memorial, therefore

RESOLVED, That the aforesaid Tiffany Company be and the same are hereby requested to deliver the said silver memorial to the Presiding Officer of the Century or such officer of the Century as he may designate, and that a receipt therefor by the Presiding Officer and Secretary of the Century shall be a full acquittance and discharge of said Tiffany Company from any further responsibility to the Column or its officers for the said memorial forever.

(Signed) JOHN BIGELOW } Only surviving Members
PARKE GODWIN } of the Column.

The reading of these resolutions was followed by more applause, I believe, than had ever been heard on any occasion before within the walls of the Century. When it subsided I proceeded to read the following report of what purported to be the proceedings of another meeting of the Column held at the same place as the preceding and on the same day:

At a meeting of the Column held at No. 19 East 37th Street in the City of Manhattan, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

I

Resolved, That all the present and future members of the Century Association are hereby declared to be or shall upon their election to the Century Association become members of the Column.

II

Resolved, That the officers of the Century and their successors are hereby declared to be the permanent and only officers of the Column.

III

Resolved, That the silver memorial of the Column on which are inscribed the names of all its members, executed by the Tiffany Company in 1857–8 and now the property of Parke Godwin and John Bigelow, the only surviving members of the Column, be, and the same is hereby confided to the custody and charge of the Board of Management of the Century, or to such officer or officers as that Board may appoint; and that said memorial of the Column shall ultimately become the property of the last surviving resident member of the Century Association.

IV

Resolved, That the Column gratefully recognizes its obligations to the Tiffany Company for their generous care of this memorial for more than thirty years past, and for its production at the several meetings of the Column held during that period.

V

Resolved, The Column do now adjourn *sine die*.

(Signed) John Bigelow } Only survivors of
(Signed) Parke Godwin } the Column.

The applause which followed the reading of these resolutions superseded the necessity for any further remarks from me. The president, Bishop Potter, made some very felicitous remarks on behalf of the Century in accepting the memorial,

and upon his suggestion, I think it was, the subject was referred to the executive committee to properly acknowledge it, which was done in the year-book of the Century for 1901.

The following is a complete list of

THE COLUMN MEMBERSHIP

Name	Admitted	Died
Jonathan Lawrence, Jr.	1825	1833
Alexander S. Leonard	1825	1878
Thomas H. Lyell	1825	1855
Anthony L. Robertson	1825	1868
Robert Kelly	1825	1856
H. W. Havens	1826	1874
Oliver S. Strong	1826	1874
Wm. A. Lawrence	1826	1844
John Keese	1826	1854
Daniel Seymour	1826	1850
Edgar S. Van Winkle	1826	1882
Fredk. G. Foster	1826	1879
Ogden Haggarty	1826	1875
Geo. E. Hoffman	1826	1826
Chas. G. Havens	1826	1888
Jas. M. Cummings	1826	1834
John Rosencrantz	1826	1883
D. Carrington Taylor	1827	1868
Jonas Butler	1827	1856
John B. Finlay	1828	1869
Thos. H. Merry, Jr.	1828	1850
Barzillai Slosson	1828	1874
Jno. H. Gourlie	1830	1887
Richard Lawrence	1830	1881
B. Franklin Miller	1830	1837
Cornelius Dubois, Jr.	1831	1882
Geo. B. Butler	1831	1886
Alfred W. Craven	1831	1879
Jonathan Nathan	1831	1853
Cornelius H. Bryson	1833	1844
Augustus Schell	1834	1884
Alex. R. Wyckoff	1835	1849
Sylvanus Miller, Jr.	1836	1874
Chas. Eames	1837	1867
John Bigelow	1838	
Wm. M. Prichard	1838	1897

THE COLUMN MEMBERSHIP—CONTINUED

Name	Admitted	Died
Wm. M. Evarts	1840	1901
Alonzo Clark	1840	1887
Parke Godwin	1841	1904
Henry C. Deming	1841	1872
Cambridge Livingston	1842	1879
Chas. W. Foster	1842	1865
Chas. E. Butler	1842	1897
Chas. M. Leupp	1843	1858
Wm. T. Whittemore	1843	1891
Wm. Bayley	1844	1857
Edward Pierson	1844	1878
Melancthon L. Seymour	1844	1865

I little dreamed when I entered the Column I should survive all its other members.

Mr. Eames and I did not remain long the guests of Mrs. Pettingill. We took rooms together with a physician residing on the northwest corner of Broadway and Chambers Street, and from that time until Eames's marriage, some three or four years later, we always lived together. This companionship had many great advantages for me, for reasons which I have already stated; but it also had some pretty serious drawbacks. The only two worth mentioning here were, first, that he was the victim of an obstinate asthma which compelled him to fill the rooms pretty much every night with the smoke of burning nitre-paper. The other was what Jefferson attributed to Lafayette—"a canine appetite for praise."

While I was at Washington College, I had a roommate, an excellent fellow and good scholar, seven or eight years my senior, who was a victim of the same appetite. I speak of it as a drawback, and yet I don't know how much I owe to the influence of this weakness in them, for its discouragement, so far as it may have proved a discouragement, of any exhibition of such a taste in myself. I dare say I should be mortified to learn how much of a discouragement it had proved, but yet more to learn how much of the same weakness had survived this discouragement.

Upon reflection I must withdraw what I have said about my friend's asthma proving a drawback or a matter of regret to me, for it was really to this infirmity of his that I owe my

introduction to the study of homœopathy and my obligations to the ministry of that professional faith in my family up to the present time—obligations which every day's experience of what is going on around me has steadily increased.

Mr. Eames, finding that what were then called the regular faculty had failed to accomplish anything substantially to ameliorate his condition, had finally fallen into the habit of consulting with Drs. Hull & Gray, who in those days were quite the leading physicians of the Hahnemannian therapeutical system, which had then been but recently introduced into our city.

I am aware of but one other homœopathic physician then in practice in New York. His name was Channing, and he was a relation of the eminent Unitarian clergyman of that name in Boston. I used occasionally to accompany Mr. Eames when he went to consult with these physicians, for he consulted with all, and in the course of these visits I heard the principles of homœopathy pretty thoroughly and ably discussed. I had no special interest in the matter at the time; but I remember to have been much impressed with their statement of the objections to the use of the lancet, cathartics, and indeed to most of the so-called medications then in general use by the regular faculty, so many of which have since, I hear, been pretty much abandoned or exchanged for others, whether for the advantage of the sick or not I am not perhaps a competent judge. As I regard this as a very important event in my life, important to my family and many friends as well as to myself, I will here anticipate a little the course of events to explain how to some extent my faith in the Hahnemannian philosophy became strengthened and confirmed.

Not long after opening my office with Van Winkle, and while Eames and I occupied rooms with Professor and Mrs. Hempel in what was then called Amity Street, I, for the first time since my arrival in New York, felt the need of medical advice. I left my office at a rather earlier hour than usual in the afternoon of a bitter November day, and as I came into Broadway I met Ogden Haggarty, who was a fellow-member of the Column. In reply to his inquiries I told him I was not feeling very well and was going home. He recommended me to stop in at a certain house in Cortlandt Street, of which he gave me name and number, and take a steam bath, which was his favorite remedy for all his troubles and which he had found to be

a very effective one. People who have given little or no thought to their health, which is the case with most young men, are apt when ill to take the first advice that is offered them. I took Haggarty's, and in a few minutes found myself in a box enveloped in steam, where I sat from a quarter to half an hour. I was led to expect that before that time I would be in a profuse perspiration. Nothing of the kind happened. I was very hot, but I did not perspire. I then left the bath and walked home, a little over a mile. The weather, as I have said, was bitterly cold; the wind in the southeast. The heating I had received had prepared me admirably for what followed. Long before I reached home I was racked with pain in all my limbs, but mostly in the knee of my right leg, which caused every step I took to give me a pang. I went straight to bed. The kind of night I passed is not difficult to imagine—an acute rheumatism which seemed to increase with every breath I drew, and a swelling of the knee which made any motion of the leg agony. I groaned aloud in spite of every effort to control myself.

At this time Mr. Eames and I were members of a mess which we had organized in the house, forming a part of the university which had been occupied by Professor da Ponte, from whom we had formerly leased a floor, which we occupied until the professor's death. Besides ourselves in this mess was Dr. Alonzo Clark, who was already giving promise of the eminence which he subsequently attained in his profession; a Mr. Dwight, who afterwards married a daughter of Benjamin F. Butler; Daniel E. Sickles, who subsequently acquired various kinds of distinction; and one or two others whose names I do not recall. When Mr. Eames went to his breakfast he mentioned my illness to Dr. Clark, who was kind enough to come around promptly to see me. He examined my swollen knee, said I must have leeches put on or have it cupped at once, and I must send for my physician to give me some medicine. In spite of my pain I was amused at the suggestion that I should send for my physician, having never had any physician near me except to vaccinate me when a child. Where to get leeches and cups I knew not, nor had I any servant to send if I did; but when I found leeching and cupping the main thing the good doctor relied upon as my remedy, I bethought me of the discussion I had heard at Hull & Gray's office about the evils of bleeding and reducing the patient thereby; and I was hap-

pily inspired to ask Mr. Eames, as he was going out to his work in the morning, to stop and ask Dr. Hull to come and see me. About half an hour later the doctor was by my bedside. I showed him my exaggerated knee, and told him of the visit and advice I had received from my friend Dr. Clark.

"Oh," he said, "you don't want any cupping or leeching. I 'll fix you up very shortly." Thereupon he took out of a little box some of the small artillery of his school, mixed it in a little water, and gave me instructions to take a teaspoonful every quarter of an hour until it was all taken or I felt better. I followed his instructions. By noon I was comfortable when perfectly quiet. By dinner-time I was in fine spirits. When Dr. Clark called in the afternoon to see how I was, I told him that I was in the condition of Mother Hubbard's dog when she returned from the purchase of his coffin; that I had had no leeches nor cupping, and that I had been drinking a little water which had no taste that I could detect, but which had acted upon me like a charm. When I told him who had ministered unto me, "Oh," he said, "you 'd have got well anyway."

While on this subject I cannot expect a fitter opportunity of giving another experience which assisted in making the doctrine of *similia similibus* the law of my household. The lady who some eight or ten years later did me the honor to become my wife was afflicted by a swelling of her neck which threatened to seriously deform her. Her mother was, of course, very anxious about it. Her daughter had been in charge of an English physician whose popularity was based chiefly upon the fact that he was understood to be the medical adviser of the British consulate, which was enough in those days to make a blacksmith fashionable in New York. He had been treating Miss Poultney's trouble about three years—judging by the results, it would be perhaps more correct to say he had been cultivating her malady for that period; for it had steadily increased, and his bills, which were large for those days, were a serious tax upon the household exchequer. I had by this time learned enough of the medical systems in vogue to be satisfied that the school to which this physician belonged could not deal effectively with chronic disease of any kind. I so advised, and succeeded in persuading Mrs. Poultney to consult a homœopathic physician. Fortunately she knew personally and intimately the family of the Bayards, one of whom had by this

time become established in a good practice in New York. This was Edward Bayard, an uncle of Thomas Bayard, who afterwards became Secretary of State in the Cabinet of President Cleveland. She decided to go with her daughter and consult him at once. The result was that in a few weeks the swelling began to subside, and in less than a year had entirely disappeared. I need hardly add that after Miss Poultney became my wife there was happily never any question between us about the kind of doctors or the system of therapeutics we should cultivate.

How feeble is our faculty of estimating the relative importance of the events of our lives—of the links in the chain of human existence! How little I dreamed of the consequences that were to follow my occasional and altogether casual visits with Mr. Eames on his consultations with Dr. Hull! But for those visits it is more than likely that I should never have heard homœopathy spoken of except in words of derision; and yet I should find it difficult to name many events in my life which were destined to contribute more to my domestic happiness and personal comfort, to say nothing of my longevity, than the circumstances which first led even to my limited acquaintance with the principles of homœopathy.

There were a few events in my career as a law student which to some extent relieved its dreary monotony. One of the earliest was my first acquaintance with Fitz-Greene Halleck and William Cullen Bryant. While I was residing at a boarding-house in Warren Street, one of my friends, Charles Stuart, a graduate of Harvard University (the Encyclopædia, as we called him, because he seemed to know everything but what to do with anything), told me that Halleck was in the habit of frequenting a café kept by a Frenchman in Warren Street, near Broadway, and that he might usually be found there between seven and eight o'clock in the evening taking his "coffee," which was usually brandy and water. He added further that he knew Halleck and would be happy to take me there some evening and introduce me to him. I gladly availed myself of the privilege. Halleck received me very kindly and was amiable enough to devote his conversation almost exclusively to me whenever I indulged myself in a visit to his corner, which was not as frequently as I should have liked, for I could ill afford the expense, and fortunately I had no tastes depend-

ing upon a café for their gratification. The acquaintance thus formed I am happy in believing had ripened into friendship before Mr. Halleck's death. Of his conversation the feature that left the most distinct impression upon my mind was a fondness for paradox and for the utterance of unfashionable doctrines. How much of this was conviction with him and how much to amuse himself with my earnestness of nature, I was never quite sure. Whatever his motive, I was rather beholden to him for his extravagant notions, for they gave me a confidence in maintaining my own views which I should not have had without some such mirage to lessen the apparent distance which separated us.

Another event which left a permanent impression on my memory was an incident which occurred in Niblo's Saloon during an address of Daniel Webster on the 15th of March, 1837. He had threatened to resign his seat in the Senate, which was immediately followed by a call from some of his admirers in New York to give him a reception, which resulted in his delivering an address on the condition of the country. Webster at that time had the reputation, in the Northern States at least, of being the greatest orator and the best constitutional lawyer in the United States. As I had declaimed the concluding paragraph of his speech against Hayne in college, I had a natural desire to see how a speech of his would sound from his own lips. The hall was crowded, of course, to overflowing. A stove of President Nott's device was still standing in the saloon at the end most remote from the platform of the speaker, without pipes, evidently awaiting a convenient opportunity for its removal. I was standing not far from the stove, unable to get nearer the speaker because of the crowd. In the middle of his discourse some boys, who had climbed upon the stove for a better view or hearing of the speaker, upset it or did something making a noise which created the impression that the building was giving way. In the panic which followed I found myself irresistibly swept up within ten or fifteen feet of the orator, and just in time to see him raise his hand with a gesture invoking quiet. Then I heard him say, "Nothing has broken, my friends, but your patience and the thread of my argument." The presence of mind exhibited in this remark restored quiet to the audience immediately, and he proceeded with his discourse.

In the republication of his speeches this incident is not noticed, nor do I think any note was made of it by the press. Probably but a small portion of the audience nearest the platform heard his remark.

Still a third incident which lingers in my memory occurred some two years later, when John Quincy Adams, then the first and only ex-President who had accepted a seat in the lower house of Congress, was invited by the New York Historical Society to address them on the occasion of the Jubilee of the inauguration of General Washington as first President of the United States. The feature of his discourse that impressed me most, and the only one that I remember still, was the use he made of the promised blessings from Mount Gerizim to the children of Israel if they obeyed the instructions which the Lord had instructed Moses to give them, and the curses from Mount Ebal if they failed to obey those instructions, as they were recorded in the twenty-seventh chapter of the Book of Deuteronomy. His narrative of what might be called his text, and his application of it to our nation at the time when he, almost single-handed in Congress, was fighting the battle of freedom against slavery, proved to me quite the most effective and impressive speech I have ever heard, and altogether because of his application of his text to the situation; for though the most of a scholar and the most broadly educated man that has ever thus far been elected to the Presidency of the United States, he was not an eloquent speaker either as Webster or Everett was, but held the attention of all the people the church could hold for two full hours, and it never occurred to me to think that in the length of his discourse he had abused the hospitality of his hosts.

I first saw Mr. Bryant, with whose fortunes my own were destined at a later day to be more intimately linked, while a student in the office of the Sedgwicks. When Bryant first came to New York, he was in a sense consigned to the Sedgwick family. I do not remember that I was formally presented to him at that time, but it was then and there that our acquaintance germinated, I little suspecting how large a factor in my future life my relations with him were destined to become.

I will here note a habit to which I have always been addicted, though I do not remember to have ever done anything deliberately to contract it, nor to have been conscious of it at

the time I was contracting it or acting under its influence. I refer to an inclination from my early youth for the society of persons who were incontestably my superiors. At school, at college, and indeed throughout my life, my most familiar and cherished associates were persons whom for some reason or other I could look up to without any lack of self-respect. All my roommates at college and subsequently until my marriage were several years my seniors. Lord Clarendon used to say that he "never was so content with himself as when he found himself the meanest man in the company."[1] In looking back upon my past life, I have been frequently impressed with a sense of my obligations to the superior standards by which I had from time to time the privilege of gauging my conduct. For full twenty years after my daily intercourse with Mr. Bryant terminated by my retirement from the *Evening Post* and absence from the country, I would find myself frequently testing things I had done or proposed to do by asking myself, How would Mr. Bryant act under similar circumstances? I rarely applied this test without receiving a clear and satisfactory answer. The influence which Mr. Bryant exerted over me by his example—he never gave advice—satisfies me that every one undervalues the importance of his own example. In ordering our own lives, we are unconsciously ordering the lives of everybody else; for a wave of influence once projected by us never sleeps even when it has washed every shore.

Mr. Eames depended for his livelihood entirely upon what he received as a lecturer in young ladies' schools. Upon the death of Professor da Ponte he was engaged to give a weekly lecture at the seminary which Mme. Chegary had then recently established at Madison, near Morristown, in New Jersey. His health, however, was so precarious, and he was habitually so negligent of his appointments, that Mme. Chegary found it necessary to engage some person to fill his place who could reside near the school and devote to it all his time; and upon Eames's recommendation I was invited to take the position at a salary of $500 a year and my board in the house of a niece of Mme. Chegary residing in the neighborhood of her school.

As I had just been admitted to the bar, had no business acquaintances nor clients to look after, and as I was anxious as

[1] Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon, Written by Himself, Vol. I, p. 29.

far as possible to relieve my father from any further expense on my account, I promptly accepted the offer. In looking back to that period now, I wonder that Mme. Chegary should have listened to such a suggestion from Mr. Eames. I was only just twenty-one years of age. I had never taught, and I was expected to teach belles-lettres and history and other cognate branches to young ladies, some of whom were nearly as old as I was, and most of them in the class that was to graduate the following year. However it may have proved to the young ladies, that year proved a very profitable one to me; for it compelled me to review many of my studies and get a more precise knowledge of many things than I had acquired in my school-days.

I was fortunate enough to make myself entirely acceptable to the young ladies of the school, and I enjoyed my work very much; but I dreadfully missed the companionship of my male friends in New York, and especially of Mr. Eames, and when the year expired I told Mme. Chegary that I felt it my duty to return to New York and embark in my profession.

Not feeling quite prepared to incur the expense of an office and a clerk with not a single client in sight, I invited myself to take a desk in the office of Edgar H. Van Winkle, one of the senior members of the Column and already well established in the profession. He was kind enough to say "Come," and then and there, on the corner of Wall Street and Nassau, I put up my first sign of "John Bigelow, Attorney at Law." The late Frederick Sheldon, then one of the most accomplished young men of his age that I had yet met, was at the time a student in this office. He was a remote connection of Mr. Van Winkle.[1]

It was in the year 1837 or 1838 that I first became acquainted with the late Samuel J. Tilden. He was then living with an aunt, Mrs. Barnes, on the corner of Eighth Street and Fifth Avenue, at whose house I quite accidentally became a boarder for a time. He was pursuing or had just finished his studies in the office of John W. Edmonds, who afterwards became justice of the Supreme Court. Like myself, he had no business of any account, but a plenty of leisure which he was content to share liberally with me. His mind was already wholly engrossed in practical poli-

[1] Both Mr. Sheldon and his wife died at their summer home at Newport in the fall of 1907. In Mr. Sheldon's death I lost one of my most valued friends.

tics, of which I knew little or nothing. It became, however, the main, I might say the sole, topic of our long conversations when we met, as we usually did, at the breakfast-table.

I had read De Tocqueville's "Democracy," and had been profoundly impressed by his exposition of the philosophy of our system of government; but till now my attention had not been called at all to practical politics, in which Tilden was already an expert. Though I cared nothing for them, and he cared nothing for my philosophy of politics—for I already had certain philosophical ideas about government—yet we were attracted toward each other rather, as I now think, by our opposites than by our similarities. Without any special feeling of friendship for him, I felt great respect for his understanding and character. I was often wearied by his conversation about things which engrossed his attention but did not interest me; and yet he knew so much and talked so well about them that I felt that it was due to my ignorance that I did not relish it more. Our relations grew more or less intimate, and ultimately ripened into a cordial friendship which lasted the rest of his life.

On my return from Madison I had rooms with Mr. Eames in the wing of the university occupied by Professor da Ponte; and while here, it seems to me now, I received my first incentive to write for the public. The students of the university were publishing a magazine, and rather to my surprise I received from them an invitation to write a review of Bulwer's "Night and Morning," then just published and which everybody was reading. I don't remember much about it except that I inferred that the author's world was without a God and his weeks were without Sabbaths. The article proved highly acceptable to the editors of the magazine, and when it appeared I knew the ineffable pleasure one experiences when he first sees himself in print.

The success of this article contributed largely to develop in me a taste which has never forsaken me; and from then to the present time I do not think there has been a time when I had not before me material for the study of some subject which I was intending to write about.

The first few years following my admission to the bar I need hardly say I was not pestered with clients; but I was not idle, and for my occupation and recreation I devoted much of my

time to a study of the points of resemblance to and difference between the condition of lawyers at Rome in the time of the Cæsars, and in New York in the time of President Tyler, for he was at that time acting President in consequence of the death of President Harrison. This study resulted in the preparation of a tolerably elaborate article to which I gave the title of "The Profession of Law at Rome Before the Empire," in which I aimed to compare and contrast the duties of Roman lawyers with those of our own time and country. It was compiled very largely from Cicero's letters. A Review emulating the success and distinction of the *North American Review* and calling itself the *New York Review* had been established in New York under the joint editorship of Joseph Cogswell and the Rev. Francis Hawks. The former had been, with George Bancroft, the founder of a somewhat famous high school at Northampton, Massachusetts, but had then taken up his residence in New York and was a member, in the capacity of private secretary, of the family of the late John Jacob Astor, who then lived in Broadway between Prince and Houston streets, in a two-story-and-attic house. I was inspired with an ambition to have my paper appear in that magazine, and was encouraged to hope for its acceptance because of what seemed to be the prevailing taste of its editors for classic topics. I then knew Mr. Cogswell only by sight, but waited upon him personally with my manuscript. He said he would examine it. After some weeks which to me seemed an age, I received the proof of my article, with a brief note asking that I would promptly return it. That day was a holiday to me. My heart immediately began to beat with emotion at the prospect of the sensation that article was expected to produce. It appeared in the July number of 1841. In the same number was a very learned article on Demosthenes by Senator Legaré of South Carolina.

I cannot help thinking how different might have been my career in this world had this article been rejected. In literary quality and scholarship the *New York Review* ranked quite on a level with the *North American Review,* which had been for half a century the highest literary tribunal in the country; and when I found a welcome in its pages, it gave me a confidence in myself without which I might easily have allowed myself to be absorbed by my profession.

This effort was followed by another in the *Democratic Review.*

John Keese, one of the wittiest members of the Column and quite the wittiest man of my acquaintance in those days, who was also a bookseller and publisher, brought me a copy of the first edition of Anthon's Classical Dictionary, which had then just appeared. He called my attention to the preface, in which rather extreme pretensions both to originality and completeness were made, and to some evidences that the professor, in the preparation of his bulky volume, had used his scissors quite as liberally as his pen. Keese wanted me "to give it fits." His house was the publisher of an edition of Lemprière's Classical Dictionary—hence his tears. I was none the less glad to befriend him, and none the less flattered at the application. My chief business was to find fault with Anthon's book, and his preface afforded me ample opportunity. I was of an age when the combative propensity is the most active, and when the love of the neighbor as one's self had not come very far toward the front. I amused myself in looking through all the classical books I could get access to, for men whose names had been overlooked, and through modern publications, especially the *London Penny Magazine,* from which liberal extracts had been taken, to make out my case that the book had not been rewritten, as was alleged, and was ever so far from being complete. This article appeared in the *Democratic Review,* but not without much debate with the editor, Mr. O'Sullivan, who had been educated at Anthon's Law School, and afterwards had been employed as a teacher there at a time when such employment was very convenient to him. I finally yielded so far as to allow him to strike out some phrases that it would not be becoming in him to be responsible for, and the article appeared. To my surprise, and of course greatly to my delight, in a week or two the professor took the field in his own defence, and published an ill-tempered and not very judicious reply in the *New World,* then edited by Park Benjamin—injudicious because he attacked O'Sullivan, who, when he graduated at Columbia, had been employed by him as a tutor. This was bread for me. I scuttled about, and in the very next number of the *Democratic Review* I doubled the list of classical notabilities omitted from his Dictionary, and multiplied the evidences of scissors eloquence. To this article also the professor replied. There the incident closed. The Harpers said to Keese that they were satisfied with the

result, and Keese replied that "bruisers were generally satisfied when they 'd got enough." I was satisfied also, for I felt like Ajax after his contest with Ulysses:

> Losing, he wins, because his name ennobled by defeat will be
> Who durst contend with me.[1]

I cannot boast of having had any lively concern for the honor and dignity of letters in undertaking this review, in which I was animated rather by the spirit of school-boys out on a squirrel hunt; and it is not without some satisfaction that I can cite two letters received by me during the controversy from Professor Felton of Cambridge, the best classical authority, I believe, that we then had in the country, which warrants me in supposing that in my recklessness as a literary sportsman I did Dr. Anthon's Dictionary no injustice. They were in reply to a letter I addressed to the professor requesting him to do me the favor to look up some authorities in the Cambridge library which, so far as I could learn, were not to be found in any of our New York libraries.

PROFESSOR C. C. FELTON TO JOHN BIGELOW

Cambridge, August 22, 1841.

My dear Sir:

I have just returned from a journey to Niagara Falls, and found your letter of the 10th lying on my table. I regret that my absence from home has caused so long a delay in answering it; a delay which I fear has led to some misapprehension on your part. I was very glad to hear from my friend Mr. Eames, though his letter was not necessary to secure my immediate attention to yours. I had glanced hastily over your review of Dr. Anthon, and had come to the conclusion that it was the only attempt I had yet seen to do justice to the work: but in the hurry of leaving home I had not had time to examine

[1] Iste tulit pretium jam nunc certaminis hujus
Quo cum victis erit, mecum certasse feretur.
Ovid, Met., liber xiii, v. 91.

it, point by point, and compare it with the reply in the *New World.* I should be obliged to you for a copy of each, which you intimate in your letter you intend to send me. I am sorry I have not in my library a copy of Schöll's History: but there is one in the Boston Atheneum, which I will consult the first leisure hour I have, and make the extracts you desire. At present my engagements in the University are such that I am unable to go to town. This press of business will last a week, and I can only hope that it will not then be too late for your purpose. I think you ought to take ample time, fortify yourself *impregnably,* and maintain your position calmly: doing full Justice to the merits of Dr. Anthon, and pointing out his defects, without the slightest fear or favor. This book is a good one in some respects, defective in many: inaccurate, hasty, crude and careless. The fact of such a work being prepared in two years is prima facie evidence against it. No human being can make it what it ought to be in double that time: no, nor five times as long. He has drawn from all sources, without allowing himself sufficient time for critical examination of authorities or for fusing chaotic materials into one homogeneous mass. But, as I am not reviewing the Professor myself, I will make no further remarks upon this head.

If you think of any other book, it will give me pleasure to make the reference for you: if any should occur to me, I will take the liberty of mentioning them.

I beg you to present my regards to Mr. Eames, and believe me,

with great regard,

Yours

PROFESSOR C. C. FELTON TO JOHN BIGELOW

Boston, Sept. 7, 1841.

My dear Sir:

A week's illness (a not uncommon occurrence for me) and constant occupation, incident to the beginning of a college

year, have prevented my attending to the subject of your letter. It was my purpose to read your review carefully, and note down such observations as might be suggested, together with reference to deficiencies and inaccuracies in Anthon's Dictionary which you have not touched upon. The circumstances above mentioned have made it impossible for me to do this yet, and as the time you spoke of has now nearly expired, any suggestions of that sort would probably reach you too late. I regret this the less, as I have no doubt your own researches have led to pretty much the same results. I think the stand you have taken upon this subject highly honorable to yourself and creditable to the independent spirit of the *Democratic Review.* Depend upon it, the time will come, if it has not already, when the scholarship of the Country will not be blinded by the clouds of puffery blown up by the Harpers, nor frightened out of its propriety by the arrogant assumptions of Professor Anthon. I rejoice particularly that critical Justice has been done, and is going to be still farther done, to the work of Mr. Anthon in New York.

At this late day, I can only give you the extracts from Schöll. If your reply should by accident be delayed for another month, I shall be happy to communicate further with you upon the subject. It is possible that I may, if my engagements permit, furnish a review of some length to the *North American* of next January. I have had this in contemplation for some time: but it would not prevent my imparting to you anything that has occurred to me. There is enough for all, and more too. I regret that I have not been able to make some other references besides those you mention: but the following are the passages in Schöll on Lamachus. He says:

"Lamachus, un des membres de ce gouvernement que les Historiens ont flêtri par la dénomination de *trente tyrans,* défendit 404 ans avant I. C. de traduire sur la scène les événements du temps, d'y nommer des personnes vivantes, et de faire usage des *parabases.* Une nouvelle époque commença alors pour le théâtre grecque; c'est celle qu'on appelle la *Comédie Moyenne,* et qui dura jusqu'à Méandre." Tome II, p. 107.

Of Diogenes he says,

"Diogenes de Mélos, d'abord esclave, ensuite affranchi et disciple de Démocrite, passa du fanatisme de la superstition

à celui de l'incrédulité la plus absolue. L'injustice et la perversité des hommes le portèrent à nier l'existence de la divinité, à divulger les secrets des mystères, et à briser les idoles des dieux. Proscrit par les Athéniens, qui mirent sa tête à prix, il quitta la Grèce, *et perit dans un naufrage.* C'est pourtant à cet homme d'une imagination exalté, que les Mantinéens dûrent les lois sous lesquelles leur état a prospéré.'' Tome II, p. 324.

There is no reference to any authority in any of these passages.

Hoping this may be in time for your purpose, and regretting that I have been unable to do anything more, I am,

My dear Sir,

Very truly yours

In the winter of 1842 I was much flattered by the following invitation from Rutgers College:

PHILOCLEAN HALL, RUTGERS COLLEGE,
NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY.

Dear Sir:

Permit us in behalf of the Philoclean Society of Rutgers College to tender you the unanimous wish of our fraternity, that you would deliver the customary annual oration before the two societies of this Institution on the fourth Tuesday of July, next, the day preceding our Commencement. At the close of each collegiate year we have enjoyed the privilege of turning from the study of the past, and listening to the voice of the wise and great of our own Country and Age. As young men engaged in the pursuit of knowledge, their counsels guide, and their examples encourage us, in our onward course; and we have been permitted to reckon these anniversaries among the most favored seasons of our College life. The counsels addressed to us by the eloquent and lamented Wirt, who delivered the annual oration before our Institution shortly

before his death, are still preserved and cherished by the successive members of the College, with grateful and affectionate veneration. And we sincerely hope that you will yield to the united wish of our Society, and permit us to add your name to those of our fellow citizens, who, in times past, have favored us with their instructions and advice.

We have the honor to be yours respectfully,

Abel T. Stuart
Paul D. Van Clief
Charles Scott

December 6th, 1842.

I spent a good deal of the interval between the invitation and the fourth Tuesday of July following in preparing an address on the Reciprocal Influences of the Physical Sciences and Free Institutions. In this discourse I aired some opinions which I would now hesitate to defend, but as the audience was mostly younger than myself, it was well enough received, and the next day I received the following invitation:

New Brunswick, July 26th, 1843.

Extract from the minutes of the Philoclean Society held July 25th, 1843.

"Resolved unanimously—That a committee be appointed to present the thanks of the society to Mr. J. Bigelow, Esq., for his instructive and eloquent address, and that a copy of the same be requested for publication."

Sir:

The undersigned, appointed as the committee, while they take great pleasure in communicating to you the above resolutions, also express their earnest wish that you may feel disposed to comply with this request.

We have the honor to be yours,

J. V. Lansing
A. T. Stuart
Jacob R. Hardenberg
N. F. Chapman
Committee.

To John Bigelow, Esq.

I modestly declined this invitation, but three years later published the substance of it in the January number of the *Democratic Review* for 1846.

It was in the early forties also—I do not remember the year—that Levi Slamm and Clement C. Guyon started a Democratic morning newspaper in the city, called the *Plebeian*. They asked me, I presume at the suggestion of Mr. Tilden (for I knew neither of those gentlemen personally), to edit the literary department of the paper, offering me a very modest stipend for my services, but extending to me unlimited hospitality in the columns of the paper.

It was a kind of work which delighted me, and was at that time probably one I should have cheerfully undertaken without any compensation if necessary. It is fortunate that I felt so, because my salary was only paid three or four weeks, and afterwards I received their notes. I never attempted to negotiate them, and they may still be found possibly among my papers. The *Plebeian* was short-lived, but I had some experience of journalism and an incentive to study outside of my profession which afterwards I had some reason to think was of service to me.

An article on Lucian of Samosata, which I contributed to the *Democratic Review*, of which O'Sullivan was the editor, was referred to in the following note from its editor:

Friday Morning, July 22, 1842.

My dear Bigelow:

Please have Lucian ready for the printer on Monday morning. I have no occasion myself to see it again after the *infliction* of that Sunday morning. With respect to the "quiddam honorarium," let it rest on the following footing. I am limited by law to a certain sum monthly, which I may not exceed. I cannot tell with certainty in advance how much I shall want. If the other arrangements for the rest of the Number enable me to keep within my *chiffre* & give you $50, very well. If not, then it must be $40. I am going to Washington to-morrow afternoon for a week.

Yours ever,

J. L. O'Sullivan.

Mr. Tilden and I both took the failure to renominate President Van Buren[1] to the Presidency in 1844 very much to heart —the more so as it was the penalty he was required by the slave States to pay for opposing the admission of Texas into the Union as the presumptive parent of five new slave States. James K. Polk of Tennessee was nominated. Without the vote of the State of New York, although then a strong Democratic State, his chances of election were desperate. The Democrats of other States urged the friends of Mr. Van Buren in New York to nominate Silas Wright, who then represented New York in the United States Senate and was very popular, to run for Governor. To this Mr. Wright very reluctantly, and contrary to his own judgment, yielded. It then became important for his friends to demonstrate, by the vote he should receive, the extent of the President's obligation to Mr. Wright for the sacrifice he was making. Mr. Wright and Mr. Tilden were very warm friends, and I soon had reason to think there was no one in the State except Mr. Van Buren to whose political judgment the Senator deferred so much as to his. To elect Wright and by a larger vote than the Presidential candidate became the absorbing ambition of Mr. Tilden and his friends. At this time the Democrats had no cheap and popular organ in the city. The daily press was almost entirely in the hands of the Whigs, with the exception of the *Evening Post,* which, however, was too high-priced for campaign uses in those days, besides having a way of being rather too independent for partisan purposes.

Mr. Tilden saw and appreciated the necessity of a cheap paper that should represent the Democracy of the State of New York and the political interests of his candidate for Governor as well as promote the success of the Presidential ticket. He invited John L. O'Sullivan, who was then the surviving editor of the *Democratic Review,* to consider with him the ways and means of starting such a paper with O'Sullivan as its managing editor. I was invited to look after the departments of book reviews, the drama, and the opera. As we were all working for the cause, none of us, I believe, either asked for or received any compensation; I certainly did not, being by this time as much interested in the election of Mr. Wright as any of his friends.

[1] The eighth President of the United States, elected in 1836, died in July, 1862.

Governor Wright was elected by a flattering majority over the Presidential candidate and was inaugurated on the 1st of January, 1844. Tilden, at the Governor's special solicitation, became a candidate and was elected at the same time to the Assembly. That year I had occasion professionally to attend the January term of the Supreme Court then sitting at Albany. During my stay, Tilden invited me one evening to go and call with him upon the Governor, whom I had not yet seen. I never can think of that visit without smiling. We found the Governor alone, and very soon he and Mr. Tilden were in an earnest discussion of the problems with which the politics of the State bristled that winter.

When Mr. Tilden talked politics with any one, it was his habit in those days to get as near to the ear of his interlocutor as possible, and to lower his voice as if to make sure he was edifying no one but the person he was addressing. The Administration at Washington, with ex-Governor Marcy in the State Department, was hostile to the party in the State of New York of which Governor Wright was the head and representative. Horatio Seymour, who was a partisan of Marcy and of the Federal Administration, was elected Speaker, greatly to the chagrin of Mr. Wright's friends. What to do and how to do it, especially in the Assembly, was naturally the subject of the Governor's and Mr. Tilden's conversation. If I had not known Mr. Tilden's habits very well, I should probably have been embarrassed; but, with all my experience, I could not help feeling the awkwardness of my position, and after a while I arose and said, "Mr. Tilden, I 'll leave you now with the Governor," and proceeded to bid both good evening.

I went through this ceremony three several times at intervals from a quarter to half an hour long, but at every instance he begged me to wait, saying he would go in a few minutes, etc.; but the debate went on in this way for two or three hours, I taking no part in it and hearing but little of it and understanding less.

A day or two after this visit to Governor Wright, Mr. Tilden invited me to accompany him to Kinderhook to see ex-President Van Buren, for whose election to the Presidency I had cast my first vote. William Allen Butler and Theodore Bailey Meyers composed the rest of our party. We dined with Mr. Van Buren. After our repast, which was not elaborate, the

rest of my companions went off to see the farm and its stock. I remained with the President alone during the remainder of our stay. He was a very engaging and prepossessing man. He talked mostly of public men and affairs, and he teemed with anecdotes which it shames me to have forgotten. I only remember, in the course of some talk about the Speaker, Seymour, he said that Seymour's father became insane the latter part of his life, and intimated that some peculiarities of the Speaker might be the least desirable part of his heritage. I observed that Mr. Van Buren drank only one small wine-glass of Madeira at his dinner, and took no dessert but an apple. In reply to some remark of mine, he said that he never took any other dessert but a little fruit, neither puddings nor pastry.

It was not long after this visit to Albany that Governor Wright appointed me one of the five inspectors of the Sing Sing State Prison. Two of the five were residents of the county of Westchester; a third was Judge Powers of Catskill; a fourth, Benjamin F. Mace, a lawyer of Newburgh. I was the fifth. The two inspectors from the county were men who represented local interests rather more faithfully than the interests of the State, as the other three thought. I think the same never could have been said justly of either of the other three, who happily constituted a working majority.

My duties as inspector of the Sing Sing Prison were interesting and instructive. It was in their discharge that I learned how rough is the road any reformer has to travel, and how prone the public generally is to err in its judgment of its executive officers—how like the dragons' teeth obstacles multiply under the feet of any one who undertakes with a singleness of eye to reform manifest abuses.

The majority of our board was appointed by Governor Wright with the expectation that we would put an end to notorious abuses which had for years been making that prison a more or less grievous financial burden to the State as well as an impeachment of its humanity. It became very apparent at an early stage of our experience that the policy of the minority local inspectors and that of the majority from other counties were hopelessly antagonistic. The prison had been run for years exclusively in the interest of the contractors, and the local inspectors were their unconditional allies. They thought it an agonizing injustice that purchases for the pris-

ons were ordered to be made in quantities at wholesale prices in large markets, instead of being made of the smaller dealers near the prison at retail prices; that officers were occasionally selected from outside of the county for their fitness to discharge the duties required of them, instead of being selected from people in the vicinity of the prison, whose support was otherwise likely to become a charge upon the State; that the assistant keepers were forbidden to inflict punishments at their discretion, or rather at the discretion of the contractors, instead of which they were required to report the offences of the convicts in writing to the principal keeper, that he might prescribe their punishment. In consequence of this, the accomplishments of reading and writing were added to those which had previously been esteemed sufficient for this class of officers. Naturally indignant at these unheard-of innovations, all of those whose prescriptive privileges were thus invaded united in the common purpose of discrediting the prison management by resorting to every form of misrepresentation which their imaginations could devise.

Of course the most prominent feature in the management of these inspectors—their attempts to reform the discipline of the prison—was most vigorously assailed; and because they prohibited the use of bludgeons, and denied to the officers the privilege of kicking and beating the convicts at discretion, they were charged with having converted the penitentiary into a boarding-school and an agreeable refuge for those who preferred an idle repose at the expense of the State, to the struggles for an honest and independent livelihood. To verify the proverb that every falsehood requires ten more to sustain it, they professed to have discovered that the revenues of the prison were falling off for want of a more rigorous discipline.

Happily the results furnished all the vindication of our administration that was necessary, and a few figures will show how complete it was.

For the year previous to our accession to office, the average wages received for each convict from the contractors were a fraction over 31 cents per diem. For the following year, 1844, during which some old contracts expired, enabling us to make new contracts, the average wages for each convict were 35¾ cents. At the expiration of our term the average wages for the year were 45$^{9}/_{14}$ cents. The earnings of the prison in 1843

were $36,970 and in 1847 $61,738—almost doubled. On the other hand, there was an annual decrease of expenses for the support of the prison during the five years from 1843 to 1847 inclusive of $5389.02.

In regard to discipline, the number of offences reported for the year 1843 was 1389, or 115¾ per month; and the average number of lashes per month, 1121, and for the year, 13,452—averaging about ten lashes for each offence. During the last six months of 1844, under our administration, the number of violations was reduced to 41⅔, and the number of lashes, 422, a little more than one-third of the number for the previous six months; and from that time the number of offences and lashes continued to decrease until that form of punishment was almost entirely dispensed with.

In another year the few remaining old contracts would have expired and could have been let at from forty to fifty cents a day, at which we had been able readily to relet them, and which would have resulted in making the prison, instead of a burden to the State, a substantial source of revenue. We estimated that the surplus for 1848 would have been at least $15,000 to be covered into the treasury.

Early in the year 1845 and in the administration of Governor Wright I received the following note:

E. SEELEY TO JOHN BIGELOW

New York, 21. Feb. '45.

John Bigelow, Esq.,

Sir:

By the advice of a friend of mine (and yours too, I believe), E. P. Hurlbut, Esq., I take the liberty of soliciting a short interview with you in a matter which I will explain when we meet. For that purpose may I tax your kindness to call at my office some time to-morrow—say from 12 to 3. I name my office instead of calling at yours, because Mr. Hurlbut suggested that mode of coming together.

Very respectfully yours

As Mr. Hurlbut was an intimate friend of mine, of high standing in his profession and a dozen or more years my senior, I did not hesitate to wait upon Mr. Seeley at his office and was happy to accept an invitation to become his partner.

Mr. Seeley was an excellent lawyer, a bachelor, sixty years of age; had been Mayor of New Haven and had some money and some clients.

During the year 1845 I devoted quite as much of my time and energy to advocating the call of the convention, through the columns of the *Evening Post* and the *Democratic Review*, to revise the Constitution of the State as I did to my profession. I naturally interested myself mainly in questions affecting the judiciary, though I advocated the election of judges by judicial districts instead of their being the appointees of the Governor and Senate. I also advocated the election of the members of the lower house of the Legislature by single Assembly districts rather than by a general ticket.

I have often repented of the humble part I had in bringing about both these changes; and yet I am not sure that any mode of choosing these functionaries could be adopted that would prove on the whole more satisfactory. Most, if not all, of the editorial articles which appeared in the *Evening Post* and in the *Democratic Review* on these topics were from my pen, and I had besides almost the exclusive charge of the *Daily News*.

Our war with Mexico, begun for the extension of slavery in 1846, deserves to be regarded as the inauguration of the war between Slavery and Freedom, a war destined not to end until every slave in the country became a free man; until the Confederate insurgents had laid down their arms, and their commander-in-chief, the President of the Confederate States, was a captive.

It was in 1847 that Abraham Lincoln, destined in another generation to take the place of honor in history beside that of Washington, first appeared in public life as a member of Congress, a Moses only then discovered and, as it were, put to nurse in the bulrushes.

The slavery question by this time had largely superseded all other political issues. The favors of the Federal Government were confined exclusively to those who could give satisfactory evidence of disloyalty to Governor Wright and Mr.

Van Buren, whose friends were stigmatized already as Abolitionists, than which no more opprobrious name could then be applied to any public man at the seat of government.

In 1847 Governor Wright was renominated, but with the undisguised determination of the Administration at Washington to have him defeated. In this they were so far successful as to secure by their treachery the election of the Whig candidate. The time was at hand for the election of a successor to President Polk, who was not deemed available for a renomination. When the Democratic Convention met in Baltimore, the regular delegates of the State of New York were met by an equal number of men claiming to be delegates, who had been selected in an oyster saloon in Albany. The convention decided to admit both delegations, which was equivalent, of course, to nullifying the vote of the State of New York and giving to the slave States the control of the convention.

Mr. Tilden was a member of this convention. As soon as it was decided to admit both delegations, the regular delegates quit the convention, and Lewis Cass of Michigan was nominated for President by the delegates who remained.

Promptly upon the return of the regular delegates from New York State to their homes, they issued a call for a State convention of Democrats at Utica to receive their report. At this convention, which I attended, an official statement of the indignity which had been put upon the Democrats of the State was issued. President Van Buren, his son John, and Mr. Tilden wrote that document.[1] It was then and there decided to call a later convention at Buffalo for the nomination of candidates for President and Vice-President, and for the choice of Presidential electors.

At the Buffalo convention ex-President Van Buren was nominated for President and Charles Francis Adams of Massachusetts was nominated for Vice-President. The result was the election of General Taylor by the Whigs, and the defeat of General Cass, who was worthy of a better fate, but not at that time. I had myself by this time become so much impressed with the blindness and desperation of the slaveholding States as to lose all sympathy for them and to regard their statesmen as more dangerous to our Union and institutions than if they were already in arms.

[1] See Writings and Speeches of Samuel J. Tilden.

Even at this early stage of the controversy it had become apparent that any compromise of differences between the South and the North, any permanent *modus vivendi,* was not much longer possible until their differences were fought to a finish.

The Free-Soilers, as we were called in those days, of course regarded the defeat of General Cass as scarcely less of a triumph than would have been the reëlection of Mr. Van Buren. The honor of our State was vindicated, and the people of the South received the lesson, though it failed to teach them, that the sentiments they had outraged were not to be trifled with.

A.D. 1794 William Cullen Bryant A.D. 1878

IV

EXCHANGE THE BAR FOR THE PRESS

IN the fall of the year 1848, Mr. Tilden called upon me one day to ask how I should like to join Mr. Bryant in the editorship of the *Evening Post*. The question was a surprise to me, though far from a disagreeable one. Seeing that I was somewhat taken aback by the inquiry, he went on to say that Mr. Bryant stood in need of help, that I had shown a tendency to journalism, and that Mr. Boggs, one of his partners, who had charge of the printing and publishing department, was likely to quit the firm before long, when there would be an opportunity for me to enter the firm. Meantime they were prepared to offer me what they esteemed a liberal compensation for my services. Though flattered by the inquiry, I told Tilden that while I had no special fondness for my profession nor any insuperable objection to abandoning it, still it was a step not to be taken without serious deliberation; that I would turn the matter over in my mind, and let him know betimes whether I could entertain any proposition to abandon the profession in which I had been trained and in which I had what appeared to be as substantial a prospect of success as any other young man of my years in the city, to embrace a new profession of which I had little or no technical knowledge. "But," I added, "I might as well say to you here at once that I should not think it worth while to consider for a moment any proposition to enter the *Evening Post* office on a salary. Unless they want me in the firm, they don't want me enough to withdraw me from my profession."

Frequent interviews between Mr. Tilden and myself ensued, which were chiefly devoted to this negotiation. There proved to be some difficulty in agreeing with Mr. Boggs upon the

terms of his separation from the firm. He was embarrassed in his finances and was using the credit of the firm pretty freely to meet his personal engagements. It was evident to his colleagues that the time was not distant when he would be obliged to part with his interest in the paper, as it was the only property he had upon which he could raise any money. Meantime I was urged to accept a salary awaiting his surrender, and was given to understand that I might name my own price. This was very flattering to me, but fortunately not flattering enough to affect my judgment. I said to Mr. Bryant, who after a few weeks began to take part in the negotiations, what I had previously said to Mr. Tilden—that I would not quit my profession and the rank of a master for the position of a dependent on any salary whatever; that I doubted if I was constituted by nature to do my best in a salaried position, and if I went into the *Evening Post* I should expect to give it not only my best but all my energy and capacity, and for that I should insist upon being paid my fair share of what they proved to be worth. That was only practicable as a partner, or part owner.

As I was inflexible upon this point—and I have never ceased since to congratulate myself that I was—the negotiations dragged on for several weeks, until a result which had been anticipated by the firm was realized. Mr. Boggs succumbed to his necessities, and we soon came to an understanding with each other. Early in the month of December we executed the papers by which I became the proprietor of three and one-tenth shares of all the property of the firm of Wm. C. Bryant & Co., which consisted of the *Evening Post* newspaper, a feebly equipped job office, and the files of the paper, running back to the beginning of the century, for which I agreed to pay Mr. Boggs the sum of fifteen thousand dollars.

The average annual earnings for the preceding ten years had been $37,360.76, as follows:

1839.....	$28,355.29
1840.....	44,194.93
1841.....	39,784.84
1842.....	33,958.73
1843.....	33,370.91
Carried forward,	$179,664.70

Brought forward,	$179,664.70
1844.....	36,278.92
1845.....	37,468.92
1846.....	37,044.23
1847.....	41,985.16
1848.....	41,165.69
	$373,607.62 aggregate earnings for ten years.

The average annual dividends for the five years from 1844 to 1848, inclusive, had been $9776.44, or at the rate of $977.64 a share.

After deducting seven per cent., which was the legal rate of interest, for the money I was to pay for my stock, and three per cent. for a sinking fund, the earnings of the paper, unless increased, would have yielded me but about $1500 for my services. I had so much confidence, however, in my ability, with Mr. Bryant's assistance, to render the paper more productive, that I did not quarrel with the price, though in it the proprietors seemed to be discounting its prospects. They were so anxious, however, to secure what they hoped would prove a more useful partner than Mr. Boggs that they acceded to terms which under other circumstances they would probably have rejected. The firm of Wm. C. Bryant & Co. thenceforth consisted of William C. Bryant, myself, and Timothy A. Howe, who for many years had been a printer in the office before entering the firm, and was now to take the place of Mr. Boggs as its business manager. As I had accumulated very little money in my profession, and none which I could conveniently spare for such an investment, I became indebted to Wm. C. Bryant & Co. for all my stock, except $2500 which it was necessary to provide for the immediate relief of Mr. Boggs, whose notes and due bills had almost as wide a circulation in the city as the *Evening Post*. An attempt was made to raise this sum upon the notes of Wm. C. Bryant & Co., but it proved that there was as much of their paper on the street as it could absorb; and for a day or two it was a question whether our whole negotiation would not fall through from our inability to procure this money, without which Mr. Boggs could not leave.

For the first time in my life, I found myself in a position when it seemed to be my duty to test my own credit. I had no

relations to speak of with any bank or bankers. I fancied I had a good many friends, as many and as sincere ones, perhaps, as most young men of my years—I was then thirty-one years of age—but my friends were generally my contemporaries, and belonged to a class who could not conveniently lend $2500 to any one. Nor could I offer a very inviting investment to those who could. I was quitting the profession for which I had been trained, and embarking in one for which I could hardly be said to have had any training. I was incurring large obligations the discharge of which must depend upon my ability to breathe a new life into what then appeared to be anything but a productive and prosperous enterprise. My father could have accommodated me, but I did not ask him. He had generously borne the expense of equipping me in one profession, and I shrank from asking him out of his modest fortune to provide me with the means of starting in another of which he had no knowledge, and upon conditions which he was imperfectly qualified to appreciate. I was changing my profession upon my own judgment, and I felt that I ought to do it from my own resources. I therefore forbore to ask him for the money or to allow him to feel that my negotiations were dependent upon his coöperation; nor did he propose to come to my relief, though he knew I must use my credit to a greater or less extent. The reason, as I afterwards had good ground for inferring, was to test me and see how thoroughly I had studied out the problem I had grappled with, and what capital of character, influence and social consideration I had stored up for myself during my fourteen years' residence in New York. He might justly have questioned the wisdom of the step I was taking, if I had found myself finally under the necessity of going to one so incompetent as he to judge of its merits, for aid in carrying it out. After spending two or three days meditating upon the course I should pursue and canvassing my acquaintance—in eliminating, first, those who had not the means; second, those who probably would be indisposed to risk them with no better security than I could offer; and third, those to whom I would be unwilling to place myself under obligation—I finally determined to submit my wants to the one man of all my acquaintance upon whom I had the slightest possible claim for favors of any description.

I had known Charles O'Conor for four or five years; we had been associated together on committees of the bar, appointed to secure some legislation at Albany; we had both taken a lively interest in the discussions which preceded, attended and followed the Constitutional Convention of 1846, of which he was a member; and at one time and another had interchanged opinions upon most of the questions discussed in that body. We were not in close sympathy with each other on many of these questions, while in politics he belonged to what was then known as the "Hunker" wing of the Democratic party, and I was a "Barnburner." We had, however, two or three bonds of sympathy which were infinitely stronger than any of our differences. We both were in earnest; we were both disinterested, and both sincerely anxious to accomplish what we understood to be for the best interests of the bar and the public; so that our debates, though they tended to separate us wider and wider on questions of public polity, increased our mutual respect. He was then approaching the summit of his profession; I was about as near to the other end of it, and of course, therefore, it was never difficult for me but always a privilege to listen with respect to his views, and to present my own not always perhaps with the modesty and deference suitable to the difference in our years and position. We were not intimate, we had no social relations properly speaking, for we had never met socially except at the houses of common friends. I felt, however, that I enjoyed to some extent his respect and confidence. I knew that he would not suspect me of seeking to borrow money because it was easier to get it that way than to work for it; I knew also that the loan which I required would probably subject him to no inconvenience, that he could refuse me without in the least disturbing our personal relations, and, finally, that in accepting a favor at his hands I should incur no obligations which would ever embarrass me. The result of my meditations was a call at Mr. O'Conor's office. I stated to him the negotiations in which I was engaged, and upon what their consummation depended—that I had come to him to know if he was willing to risk his name across the notes of Wm. C. Bryant & Co. for the sum of $2500. I intended to tell him that no one was better aware than I that I had no claim upon him for such a favor, that I had no right to expect from him anything but a

refusal, and that I was not sure that I would not think more highly of his judgment if he refused than if he yielded to my application. Such was the little speech through which I had proposed to make my needs known. He did not give me time to get further with my speech than to disclose my need for his endorsement, when, in the most cordial way, he muttered a few amiable words about the loss the bar would sustain by my desertion of it, and then raising his voice, exclaimed, "Send on the notes at once." By his manner and language he at once made me feel as if it was I rather than he that was conferring a favor.

It would be idle for me to attempt to make any person appreciate this act as I did, or to comprehend all my gratitude. Many a time since I would have gladly given the whole sum for the pleasure I had in telling it to the few intimate friends to whom I had in confidence imparted my necessities. It was a tribute from one of the most eminent members of the profession I was about to leave which enabled me to enter the profession I was about to adopt, not as a refugee, but with dignity and confidence. It was a tribute which discharged no debts, and which imposed no obligations save those of honorable gratitude.

I have stated this incident with some detail, because it was an interesting though probably by no means an uncommon event in the life of one of the most richly endowed barristers of this or indeed of any age, and because I wish my children to know the full proportions of what I regard as one of the most precious compliments ever paid to their father, and to repeat it to their children, and faithfully to recognize and respect the obligations of gratitude it entails upon them.

Before I dismiss this first occasion of testing my credit in New York, I may, I think, with propriety mention an incident which more than anything else drove me to what seemed the desperate resource of applying to Mr. O'Conor.

Mr. Tilden told me that he had spoken to Mr. Havemeyer, then president of the Bank of North America, I believe, about endorsing the notes of Bryant & Co. for my accommodation as well as theirs, and that Mr. Havemeyer declined to do it, though his relations with Mr. Tilden both professionally and politically were exceedingly intimate, and I was on quite satisfactory terms with him myself. I realized at once, though I said

nothing to Mr. Tilden on the subject, that my credit was not a merchantable commodity; that I had no right to expect a business man to take my paper or under the circumstances even Bryant & Co.'s paper for my accommodation. I refer to this fact now as a pretext only for relating an incident which occurred a year or two later and when my personal relations with Mr. Havemeyer and his family had become rather intimate.

As I was strolling home from my office one afternoon, I was joined on Broadway by Mr. Havemeyer, and we walked home together. On our way up Broadway we met by chance a Mr. Charles Anderson, brother of Professor Anderson, then of Columbia College, both personally known to both of us. Mr. Charles Anderson was a man of about the same age as Mr. Havemeyer and had enjoyed in his youth the advantages of a refined home, good schools, an established social position, powerful connections and every apparent guaranty of worldly prosperity. His life, however, had not kept the promise of his youth. He had not been prosperous at all. Though leading to all appearances an exemplary life, seemingly indisposed to vicious associations of any sort, domestic in his habits, his life had been, humanly speaking, as complete a failure as my companion's had been a success. He had tried many different kinds of business, had not succeeded in any; had pretty much exhausted the liberality and patience of friends disposed to assist him, and even his visits were now rather avoided than cultivated by his acquaintance, for he was always needy. At the time of which I speak he had got to borrowing quite small sums, no doubt hoping but scarcely expecting to repay them, and in this way had become more or less indebted to most of his acquaintance. His dress was careless and worn to the verge of shabbiness. He had a general look of belonging to no one and of nobody belonging to him. In passing we saluted him, and in reply to some remark of mine about his forlorn appearance and condition Mr. Havemeyer said:

"Anderson and I used to be schoolmates. As our school was at some distance from our respective homes, we used to carry our dinners, which we generally ate in each other's company. It was my habit to begin my dinner with my cold meat and bread, and when that was finished I ate my pie or cake or whatever delicacy my mother had put into my little

basket for dessert, while Anderson, I observed, always began with his pie or cake and finished with his cold meat. I asked him one day why he ate his pie first instead of reserving it till his appetite was in a measure satisfied. His answer was: 'I eat the good things first and when I am most hungry, because then I enjoy them most. When I would have eaten all that meat I should not enjoy the pie half so much as I do at first.' 'True,' said I, 'but you spoil your appetite for your cold meat, which you would enjoy when hungry, and after which you would enjoy your pie also.' Neither my reasoning nor my example convinced him. His process at school prefigured his life. In his youth he ate his pie and all the sweet things which his family could provide for him, and now in his old age, poor fellow, he is worrying down his hardtack, as you see. Had he learned a little self-denial when young, he would not have had to endure so much in his advanced age. He started life with every advantage apparently over me. His parents were comparatively rich, mine were comparatively poor. He was sent to college and educated for a liberal profession, while I was obliged to leave school early to earn my living. Had he taken advantage of his youth and strength to do what it was then comparatively easy for him to do, had he denied himself the luxuries of idleness and extravagance then, he would now probably have leisure, wealth and consideration, instead of being beholden to his friends more than half the time for money to purchase his dinner with. He ate his pie when he was young; he must sustain his old age upon what is left in his basket.''

Mr. Havemeyer's story left a profound impression upon me and furnished a perfectly satisfactory explanation of his declining to endorse Bryant & Co.'s notes. He was perfectly right. New York was full of men who had just as good and no better a right to come to a president of a bank and ask him to cash their notes as I had.

Though I sometimes felt that I had sufficient faculty for a reasonable success in the profession of the law, I cannot say that I ever enjoyed it, nor do I now think I was ever constituted to enjoy it, however successful I might have been. To compare small things with great, I always felt while at the bar as Lord Bacon expressed himself in a letter to the Lord Keeper Sir Thomas Egerton, soliciting his appointment to

the office of Solicitor-General, made vacant by the promotion of Sir Edward Coke to the office of Attorney-General:

> I am not so far deceived in myself but that I know very well, and I think your lordship is *major corde* and in your wisdom you note it more deeply than I can in myself, that in practising the law, I play not all my best game, which maketh me accept it with a *nisi quod potius* as the best of my fortune and a thing agreeable to better gifts than mine but not to mine.

Some two years after the events I have been describing, the friendship thus cemented between Mr. O'Conor and myself was destined to experience a rude but happily not a fatal disturbance. It is due to Mr. O'Conor's memory that of this also I should make a permanent record. Though a little out of its chronological order, this is as fitting a place as any likely to occur for me to refer to it.

In April, 1851, and after the political dissensions between the "Hunker" and "Barnburner" divisions of the Democratic party had become practically irreconcilable, I received the following letter from Mr. O'Conor:

White Plains, April 7th, 1851.

John Bigelow, Esq.,

Dear Sir:

Some ten days ago I aided as counsel in opposing a Common Motion in a civil suit before one of our city courts, made by Mr. John Van Buren. On that occasion, as well as on all others, I exhibited towards that individual the utmost personal courtesy, and certainly used no expression concerning him which was not compatible with entire personal respect.

I did not hear his reply, nor imagine that it could have contained any uncivil allusion to myself until this moment, when on looking into the *Post,* I met with a report of his speech, containing a gross personal attack upon me.

The character of his production would warrant a belief that no person pretending to a decent position would have composed it: and the fact that since its supposed delivery the imputed author has had the effrontery to address me in the ordinary method of friendly intercourse might induce a doubt of its authenticity.

But your professional reporter could not have taken it down in Court, for it was never delivered there. Its form belongs not to *any* style of forensic composition: it is a deliberate distillation from qualities I will not name—laboriously elaborated in the essayist's chamber—and first made public through the press. These circumstances, coupled with my observation of that person's practice, and the control he seems to possess over your columns, satisfy me that the report is authentic, at least so far as his avowal can make it so; and also show—the ice being now broken—what I may expect from the *Post* in future.

There is one member of my family to whom such things are painful; and to protect that one from the annoyance of similar occurrences, I have been obliged to address a business note to your office requesting a discontinuance of my paper. The loss of a single subscriber is too insignificant to be noticed, and I certainly should not have treated it as of any moment or troubled you with explanation, but for our former and 'til now undisturbed relations.

I have always felt bound to endure uncomplainingly political assaults, from whatever quarter they came, and even personal abuse appearing in the political columns; but I cannot by my own act force upon the perusal of my own domestic circle a journal which lends itself to an enemy—the instrument of his attack upon me, in my private and professional relations.

As the object of this letter is essentially personal to myself —to protect myself from misinterpretation—I do not regard its contents as confidential or desire to appropriate any more of your time and attention than may be consumed in its perusal. No reply is sought or expected.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours Resp'y,

Ch. O'Conor.

I had been in the *Evening Post* but about eighteen months, and had never so fully realized, till I laid down this letter, how dangerous were the tools the journalist has to work with. If there was any mortal living whose sensibilities more than those of any other person, even a kinsman, I would have desired

to respect, that person was Charles O'Conor; and here suddenly I was surprised to find myself guilty of an offence of so grave a character as to compel him practically to deny me his house; for to exclude my paper from it was to exclude me.

My defence and excuse, so far as the offence admitted of either, was promptly reduced to writing and placed in Mr. O'Conor's hands:

Evening Post Office,
Wednesday Morning.

C. O'Conor, Esq.,
My dear Sir:

I will not attempt to conceal from you the pain and mortification which I have suffered from your letter received yesterday and dated at White Plains. I recognize the propriety of your course in declining to receive the *Evening Post* longer at your house, and am deeply sensible of the kindness which dictated the gentle mode you adopted of communicating your determination. To that I owe the opportunity of which I now avail myself, to mention some circumstances which may extenuate, if they will not excuse, the carelessness of which you have reason to complain.

The report of Mr. Van Buren's speech was not brought to me by himself, whom I had not seen for several weeks previous to the argument. It was brought by Mr. Fowler at the instance of Mr. Tompkins. I took it for granted that the report was literal and accurate, because it contained a number of interlineations and corrections in the hand-writing of Mr. Van Buren. Since the receipt of your letter, I have taken some pains to ascertain the correctness of your impression that the printed speech is materially different from the spoken one, and am inclined to think you have been misinformed, especially as to the portion which related to yourself. At all events, I received it as an authentic report of a speech made by a responsible and popular speaker in a public forum upon a subject of considerable public interest, and for which, whether authentic or not, the author became responsible by consenting to its publication.

I gave it to the printer without reading it: even the proof was read over by Mr. Fowler at my request, nor did I dis-

cover until I took up the paper in the evening of its day of publication, the bitter personal allusions to yourself which it contained. While I was marking it for the printer, I glanced at a few pages of the MS. and noticed that some positions of yours were reviewed in it, but it never occurred to me that there was anything in its language or tone at which you had a right to take personal offense. Indeed until I read the speech in the paper, it would not have been possible for me to have repeated a single point or expression which it contained. I know how trifling this excuse must appear in your eyes, and I feel great reluctance in presenting it; but I am anxious above all things to disabuse your mind of the impression that I have deliberately permitted our paper to be made the instrument of an attack either upon the private or professional relations of one to whom I feel myself bound by every consideration of respect, of friendship, and of gratitude.

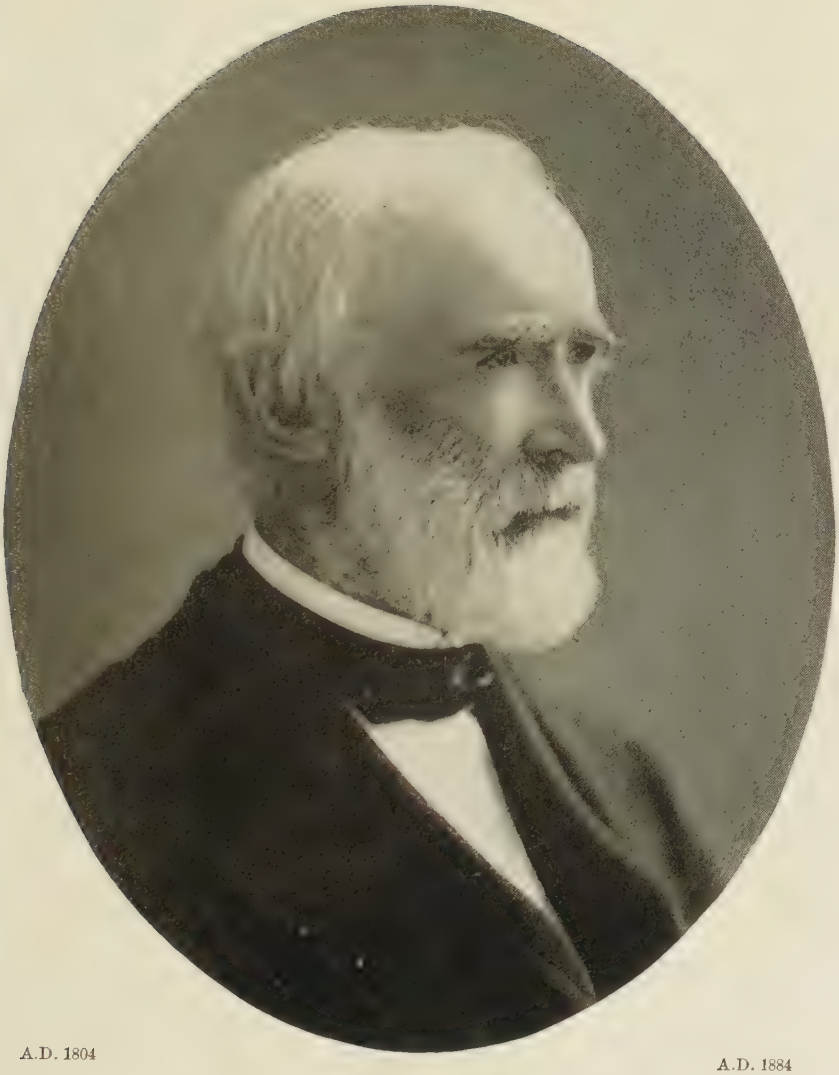
Under different circumstances, I should have complained of your allusion to the control which you intimate that Mr. Van Buren possesses over the columns of the *Evening Post;* but after what has occurred, I shall content myself with simply assuring you that there has never been a time since I have been connected with the *Evening Post,* when Mr. Van Buren or anyone else could have made me indifferent to your regard or insensible to your kindness, nor when I was not ready to make greater sacrifices to oblige you than I would have made for any other living man not of my own kindred.

Your allusion to what you had to expect from the *Post* for the future, pained me only less than the unhappy incident that provoked it; for, taken in connection with another paragraph of your letter, it imported that you had already fully accommodated yourself to a disturbance of the relations which have hitherto subsisted between us. It is for you to determine whether our future relations with each other shall be changed. *But as for the Evening Post,* so long as it remains in charge of its present proprietors, it will never, unless by accident, be the medium of circulating any sentiment or expression inconsistent with the sincere personal respect which is felt for you by us all.

I shall continue to subscribe myself,

Ever your very sincere friend,

JOHN BIGELOW.



A.D. 1804

A.D. 1884

Charles O'Conor

P.S. The passage of Mr. Van Buren's speech which relates to yourself, I have stricken from our country edition printed last night. I enclose to you a copy.

Yours,

J. B.

To this letter I received in the course of two or three days the following reply:

Saturday Evening.

Dear Sir:

Your favor of Wednesday is before me. My sole object in addressing you was to account for an act which unexplained might seem to have been dictated by unworthy motives.

If the language of my hurried note from White Plains, to which yours is a reply, implied that our friendly relations had ceased, it was not selected to announce their withdrawal on my part, but to recognize the fact that they had ceased upon yours. This was fairly to be inferred from what had occurred. Your note removes the grounds of that inference, and it will be enough for me to say that my sentiments toward you must consequently remain unchanged. It is not at all in accordance with my temper to turn from the foe who strikes and indulge in resentment against the friend who merely failed to ward off the blow. Indeed, I intended to have said in my former note that nothing was further from my intentions than to deem or hold you in any form responsible. In my haste it was omitted.

One word more of explanation, and, as between us, the subject will, I trust, be entombed forever.

I regret that you took the trouble to expurge this attack from any of your editions. In the world there was but one person from whose eye I desired to keep these attacks, and to obtain that result merely, I acted.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours resp'y,

Charles O'Conor.

John Bigelow, Esq.

The person referred to in Mr. O'Conor's letter as the special object of his solicitude was his father, then a very old man, upon whom, in the absence of other closer family ties, all his tenderest affections were concentrated. The motion in which the provocation of this correspondence originated was an incident of the then famous suit pending between Edwin Forrest, the actor, and his wife. Mr. Forrest, never remarkable for his self-control, gave full head to all the vindictiveness of his nature in the prosecution of his wife, nor was he content with employing the ablest counsel to assist him in hunting her down, but he insisted upon their sharing or appearing to share all the hate and passion of which his jealous nature was susceptible, and which extended not only to Mrs. Forrest, but to all who sympathized with or attempted to protect her. Mr. O'Conor, therefore, among men was the special object of his detestation. He had carried this feeling even to personal outrage. To satisfy the feelings of his savage client, and to extinguish any suspicion that he was less brutal than the counsel of such a client with such a victim was expected to be, Mr. Van Buren, as I was afterwards told by one of his friends, felt constrained to do and to omit to do many things, in the course of the trial, of which neither his professional tact nor judgment could approve, but which unhappily his sense of professional dignity and responsibility was not sufficient to prevent. Thus the hostile relations of the suitors gradually embittered the relations of their counsel to such a degree that the announcement that a hearing in an argument in which these two gentlemen were to be opposed was impending, produced as much of a sensation, and drew as large a crowd, and of much the same character, as a bull-fight or a cocking main.

I was assured by Mr. Fowler, then postmaster of the city, that the vituperative passages in Mr. Van Buren's speech complained of by Mr. O'Conor were all spoken word for word as printed, and as Mr. O'Conor was not present, it is possible that he was mistaken in saying that they were not, although the presumption is that in preparing Mr. Van Buren's speech for the press this part of it may have secreted some additional venom.

John Van Buren was the son of a President; from his youth therefore a pet of society. The defeat of his father's renomination provoked him to become the coryphæus of the Free Soil

party. His birth, his accomplishments, his wit and his unbounded self-assurance made him unhappily the Alcibiades of his time. As an orator he had a remarkable influence over popular assemblies as well as in the social or festive circle. But to display those talents seemed to satisfy his ambition. He was more interested in what he could make the newspapers say about him than what they might say of the cause or party he espoused. He could be very attractive when he desired to be and had a limited number of enthusiastic followers, but they were always required to do more for him than he cared to do for them.

His speeches attracted far more attention because of the offensive gibes and jokes at the expense of others in which he indulged than for anything he showed an inclination to applaud. As rather the most popular speaker of the Free Soil party in our State at that time, and as the *Evening Post* was the only paper that gave to his utterances the unlimited use of its columns, I saw a great deal of him in those days and of course was more or less fascinated by him. There was just sufficient difference in our ages to make his inexhaustible versatility on the platform a succession of delightful surprises.

But the time was approaching, as it always does to those who have no use for the world beyond what the world is doing for them, when Van Buren was to manifest to the world that it was not so much to preserve the freedom of the Territories or even to avenge the wrong done to his father or the exclusion of New York's representation from the Democratic Convention which nominated General Cass that he became a leader of the forces in New York opposed to the nationalization of slavery.

He supported for President in 1856 Mr. Buchanan of Pennsylvania, who in politics represented everything which the Free Soil party had revolted from in 1848 and everything that was hostile to the principles for which he had himself labored since those days. The time had then arrived when he desired to be received into the favor and confidence of the new President, and, what was of more importance, of those from the slave States about the new President who controlled him. In this delusion, like his Greek prototype, he betrayed his limitations as a statesman, his overweening estimate of his value to the new Administration, and his entire ignorance of the policy

of the camarilla which had selected a President with an eye single to the enforcement of that policy.[1] The *Evening Post* did not support Buchanan's candidature for the Presidency, nor did it feel or express any confidence in his Administration. Neither did it criticise or in any way reflect upon the course

[1] At a meeting in Tammany Hall Mr. Lincoln commended Horatio Seymour, the Hunker candidate for Governor of New York, and read the following letter to William H. Seward from General Scott, which bears date the day before Lincoln's inauguration, and in which the commander-in-chief of our army recommends Mr. Lincoln to say to the seceding States, "Wayward sisters, depart in peace."

WASHINGTON, March 3, 1861.

Dear Sir:

Hoping that in a day or two the new President will have happily passed through all personal dangers, and find himself installed an honored successor of the great Washington, with you as the chief of his Cabinet, I beg leave to repeat, in writing, what I have before said to you orally—this supplement to my printed "views" (dated in October last)—on the highly disordered condition of our (so late) happy and glorious Union. To meet the extraordinary exigencies of the times, it seems to me that I am guilty of no arrogance in limiting the President's field of selection to one of the four plans of procedure subjoined:

I. Throw off the old and assume a new designation—the Union party. Adopt the conciliatory measures proposed by Mr. Crittenden or the Peace Convention, and my life upon it, we shall have no new case of secession; but, on the contrary, an early return of many if not all the states which have already broken off from the Union. Without some equally benign measure, the remaining slaveholding states will probably join the Montgomery Confederacy in less than sixty days; when this city, being included in a foreign country, would require a permanent garrison of at least thirty-five thousand troops to protect the government within it.

II. Collect the duties on foreign goods outside the ports of which the government has lost the command, or close such ports by act of Congress and blockade them.

III. Conquer the seceded states by invading armies. No doubt this might be done in two or three years by a young and able general—a Wolfe, a Desaix, or a Hoche—with 300,000 disciplined men, estimating a third for garrisons and the loss of a greater number by skirmishes, sieges, battles and southern fevers. The destruction of life and property on the other side would be frightful, however perfect the moral discipline of the invaders.

The conquest completed at that enormous waste of human life to the North and Northwest, with at least two hundred and fifty million dollars added thereto, and *cui bono?* Fifteen devastated provinces! not to be brought into harmony with their conquerors, but to be held for generations by heavy garrisons, at an expense quadruple the net duties or taxes which it would be possible to extort from them, followed by a protector or an emperor.

IV. Say to the seceded states—"Wayward sisters, depart in peace."

In haste, I remain, very truly yours,

WINFIELD SCOTT.

HON. WM. H. SEWARD, etc.

taken by John Van Buren and such of his friends as chose to follow him into the camp of the nation's enemies. This course, instead of being grateful to him, proved quite the contrary, for the Administration would not trust a recreant from the Free Soil party of such conspicuous proportions, who continued apparently to enjoy the friendship of their most uncompromising adversaries. To lay such suspicions and to satisfy the Buchanan Cabinet that he had not brought a rag or even the odor of a single public virtue with him into their camp, Van Buren availed himself of an orgy in an oyster cellar in Buffalo, with the editor of the *Buffalo Republic* present to assist him, and then and there denounced the *Evening Post,* its editors and their attitude toward the Administration in terms which should leave no room for a doubt of his intention to put an end forever to any suspicion even of any confidential relations ever again subsisting between him and the *Evening Post.* The day following the arrival of the *Buffalo Republic* containing its account of that speech, I inserted a brief article at the head of the editorial columns of the *Evening Post,* which I concluded by the remark that Mr. Van Buren should never be embarrassed by anything more severe from the *Evening Post* in future than the absolute exclusion of his name from its columns.

At the same time I issued an order to the rest of our staff that from that day forth the name of John Van Buren should under no circumstances appear again in the columns of the *Evening Post.* In so doing I felt that I was in some measure compelling him to expiate the wounds which, years before, O'Conor and myself had received at his hands.

I never saw Mr. Van Buren again. Like Alcibiades, he began and ended his career as such favorites of fortune usually do. The party he had embraced had no use for him. Neither had the party he had forsaken. The election of Mr. Lincoln to succeed Mr. Buchanan made of him a political outcast. Judge William Kent, who was a warm personal friend of both of us, called upon me one day to speak of the desirability of renewing our former relations. I told him that I had broken no relations with Mr. Van Buren; that it was he that had broken them, so far as they were broken, not I, and of course it was his exclusive privilege to repair them; that the *Post* never had anything but praise for him, and it was not until he acted as

though our friendship hurt him that we ordered that his name should no more suffer in that way.

A few years later, while I was Minister in Paris, Van Buren, who had been wandering about Europe with his daughter in pursuit of health, called at the legation when I chanced to be absent, and sat a half-hour or so with Mrs. Bigelow. The next day we sent him an invitation to dine with us. In reply we received a note informing us that he and his daughter were leaving on that or the following day for the steamer that was to take him to the United States. He died on his passage home, when for the first time his name reappeared in the *Evening Post* obituary.

I sincerely mourned his death, for he had so many charming qualities and such rare capacities for usefulness in the world. That he never tried to love his neighbor as himself I always felt was due largely to his early environment. I still regret that I did not meet with him in Paris and profit by the opportunity of letting him know that I still was fond of him, because, like the favorite hero of the world's still greatest epic poet, "he was capable of doing so many things so well."

When I entered the firm of William C. Bryant & Co. the printing-press of the *Evening Post* was worked by hand, and even with a circulation of only fifteen hundred we often missed the mails. The Hoes were, I believe, still in the experimental stage of their famous lightning presses. Besides, our accommodations in our quarters in Pine Street were too restricted for the use of any other than a hand-press. In the second year of my connection with the firm we bought the capacious property on the northwest corner of Nassau and Liberty streets, where we first dispensed with the African Hercules who had heretofore run our press, and to take his place secured from John Ericsson, the famous Swedish mechanician, the very first caloric engine he ever made for sale. Before a year had expired, however, we discovered that the engine was an ingenious toy, but that we required, and thereupon duly installed, one of the more powerful lightning engines of the Hoes.

Barely two months had elapsed since I had made the office of the *Evening Post* my headquarters, when we received the

following note, which, coming from the source and at the time it did, encouraged me to suspect that our journal had not been prejudiced, so far at least, by my association with it.

BOSTON, 25 December, 1849.

MESSRS. W. C. BRYANT & Co., New York, N. Y.
Gentlemen:

Ever since the meeting of the Buffalo Convention I have been favored with the receipt of your daily *Evening Post* and have been gratified by reading what seems to me the best Daily Journal in the United States. But it is not fair that I should be enjoying the fruit of the labor of other men without paying for it—I therefore beg you to pass the enclosed $20 to my credit up to the 10 August 1850, being the end of the two years, and to change the direction of the paper to *Boston*, instead of Quincy, for the winter season and until otherwise ordered.

It is with no small satisfaction that I perceive the firm and steady tone of the *Post* through all the changes and trials of the time. The more scarce such presses are, the more should they be cherished by those who feel their value.

I am, very respectfully, Your ob't. serv't,
CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS

In the Presidential campaign of 1848, when the Free Soil party nominated Martin Van Buren and Charles Francis Adams respectively for President and Vice-President, a young gentleman who was destined to make as conspicuous and as honorable a figure in public life as any other citizen of Massachusetts has ever yet done, made his first appearance. His name was Charles Sumner. He had been a graduate from Harvard University with honors, had become a member of the bar, in which he won some distinction early as an author, and had recently returned from a studious tour in Europe, which he had turned to the best advantage. His moral as well as his literary standards were all high, and he naturally embarked in the campaign of 1848, for Free Soil, Free Labor and Free Men, with enthusiasm. The following letter was the beginning

of an acquaintance and friendship between us which lasted through his life. I shall have frequent occasions in these pages of making further use of his correspondence.

CHARLES SUMNER TO BIGELOW

Boston, Oct. 18th, 1848.

Dear Sir,

On my return to town yesterday from a series of meetings in the Western part of Massachusetts I found your favor in which you propose to me to speak in New York on Thursday the 19th instant, & request an immediate answer to enable you to make the necessary arrangements for the meeting.

I regret that—failing to reply to your letter—I may have seemed indifferent to the honor done me. Had I been at leisure & disengaged, I should have felt it my duty to comply with your invitation.

The time contemplated by you seems to have now elapsed,—or rather it is so near at hand as to render the necessary arrangements impossible, & the calls upon me in my own State are so absorbing, that I must at least for the present forego the satisfaction of addressing my fellow citizens of New York.

I trust New York may be carried for Van Buren. This must be done. We all count upon it.

Faithfully Yours

Shortly after I joined the *Evening Post,* some of the junior members of the profession proposed to organize what we chose to call the Press Club, the first club of the kind, I believe, ever established in the United States or indeed elsewhere. Its chief if not only function was to cultivate social relations between members of the press, with the remoter aim of measurably counteracting the centrifugal forces which in those days

were more active than they have become since the ownership and editorship of newspapers have fallen into different hands, and the acquiring of subscribers and advertisements controls their policy, more than any desire to lead or direct public opinion, which was the chief function of newspapers during the first half of the nineteenth century. In those days the editor was the owner of the paper. Since then the owners of the newspapers are capitalists, and editors are, for the most part, their salaried instruments. The following is a list of most if not quite all of the active members of this Press Club, of whom I am at this writing the only survivor.

Mr. Young	of Albion
J. Bigelow	*Evening Post*
C. A. Dana —— Fry Bayard Taylor	*Tribune*
George William Curtis	*Harper's Magazine*
Richard Grant White	*N. Y. Courier and Enquirer*
—— De Trobriand —— Masseras	*Courier des États-Unis*
Henry J. Raymond Charles Briggs	*Daily Times*
—— Sanford	*Journal of Commerce*
Charles King	Ex-Editor of the *N. Y. American* and then President of Columbia College
Richard Willis	*Musical World*
Willis Gaylord Clark	*Knickerbocker*
William H. Hurlbut Frederick Law Olmsted	*Putnam's Magazine*

We had no constitution or laws. We only provided by a unanimous resolution that we should dine together once a month on Saturday evening at the Astor House, and that a different member should preside in the alphabetical order of his name, and who should send the notices to the members for the meeting at which he was to preside; be absolute in his authority and responsible for everything done or left undone for that evening. The dinners were always pleasant, the more so for bringing together many who were not in the habit of meeting socially elsewhere and thus tending to soften the asperities of controversy, which in those days would not always bear the

test which the editor of one of the papers represented at our table wisely prescribed for himself—never to print anything about any one which would make it unpleasant for either to meet the same day at dinner: a professional rule to which he, at least, faithfully adhered.

About all of those dinners of which I retain any distinct impression is the fact, *first,* that the presiding officer was expected to extort from every member in turn a speech in answer to a toast—the only comfort we got from this species of torture was in forgetting our own by seeing so many others undergo it; and, *secondly,* that it was my lucky privilege to preside the evening that Thackeray was the guest of the club. Thackeray was then delivering his Lectures on English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century in New York, and I was careful to miss none of them.

It was during this visit of Thackeray that he told me a story without a chronicle of which, the pathology of our infantile literature would be incomplete. The brothers Harper were Thackeray's publishers in America. In a casual visit one day at their office, Thackeray quizzed the brother who later became our Mayor, about a superlaudatory Life of Napoleon Bonaparte by a Mr. Abbott which the brothers were publishing in parts and which I was in the habit of speaking of in the *Evening Post* as the Napoleon romance.

The Mayor replied: "Mr. Thackeray, I once told Mr. Abbott I thought he was laying it on to Napoleon pretty thick. Abbott gravely replied: 'Mr. Harper, I never have taken my pen in hand to write a line of that work without first getting on my knees and appealing to the throne of grace for light to guide me.' What, Mr. Thackeray, could we say after that?"

VISIT TO THE ISLAND OF JAMAICA

In the evolution of the race problems in the United States when I joined the *Evening Post,* we were constantly confronted with the assertion from Southern statesmen that the negro was wholly unfit for liberty, and the British islands of the Antilles were referred to in proof of it. We were also told that the island of Jamaica had gone back almost to barbarism

since the Emancipation Act. I availed myself of the first vacation with which I could indulge myself to probe that question a little by a visit to Jamaica. I landed from the steamer *Empire City* at Kingston on the eighth day of January, 1850.

I spent about three weeks on the island, during which time I had an opportunity of making the acquaintance of the principal officials and some of the planters, and the results of my observations I incorporated in a series of letters addressed to the *Evening Post,* and which were afterwards published in a volume entitled "Jamaica in 1850; or, The Effect of Sixteen Years of Freedom on a Slave Colony."

An edition of this book sold very rapidly and attracted considerable attention in England. Mr. Fonblanque, then editor of the *Examiner,* had three articles about it, which he employed with effect in defence of the English policy of emancipation, adopted only sixteen years before.

On my return from Jamaica I was prevented from going to visit my parents some two weeks, owing to the interruption of navigation by ice, there being in those days no railroad on the west shore of the Hudson. When I did finally go, my elder brother Edward came down for me in a sleigh to Poughkeepsie, where the ice was still firm, and drove me to Malden, thirty miles distant on the opposite side of the river.

The night of my arrival my father sat up with me after the other members of the family had retired, a couple of hours longer than usual, to hear of my experiences in the West Indies and of my business prospects. He usually retired at nine o'clock. It was after eleven that night when we separated. The morning of the following day broke for us in great gloom, for on leaving his bed he was seized with vertigo and would have fallen to the floor but for the accidental presence of my brother David, who caught him in his arms and helped him back into his bed. After resting a while, however, he appeared in the breakfast-room, but looking very haggard, and complained of headache. This headache left and returned at intervals all that day, but the intervals continued to grow shorter until it returned as often as every two or three minutes, when coma supervened, and he passed away on the following day.

A physician with whom I conferred about his illness informed me that when he was taken he fell from a pressure of

blood upon the brain, and that it forced a very small hole through the covering of the brain, into which it slowly and drop by drop exuded, the relief from the headache only coming when the blood had passed.

I remember as it were yesterday the feeling that had possession of me almost exclusively during the two or three days following the funeral that elapsed before my return to the city. I was strangely overwhelmed with the consciousness that the support upon which I had been leaning all my life with absolute confidence was gone, and that I was practically alone in the world, with no one to look to for the assistance and counsel upon which I had been so long accustomed to rely. This feeling was aggravated by a sort of surprise that I had never seriously anticipated such a prospect before. I think I aged more in these three days than in any previous three years of my life. I had just reached an age when we could have conferred with each other, not as a boy with a man, but as man with man, with entire confidence and for the first time on practically equal terms.

I am sorry that I did not know my father better, for when I say that I think he was a rather remarkable man I do not suspect my judgment of him to have been much warped by filial affection. I was but eleven years old when I left home for school, never to return to it again except for my vacations, weddings or funerals. His natural endowments were quite extraordinary, and had he enjoyed half the educational advantages he gave to me, he would probably have had a by no means inconspicuous place in our history. Without being in the least austere, he was a man of great personal dignity. He seemed to have been endowed from his birth with the sovereign faculty of ruling. Starting with no advantages except a profound reverence for and faith in the Bible, with a frame of prodigious proportions—he was full six feet four in height—and unusual constitutional vigor which he never consciously abused, he led a contented, happy and useful life to the ripe age of seventy-one. He succeeded in every enterprise that he embarked in, I believe, whether for himself or the public, and left an estate the value of which was estimated by his heirs at between seventy and eighty thousand dollars, which was about the amount of worldly estate left by Dr. Franklin, who lived twelve or fifteen years longer. Neither found it insufficient.

A month or two before I sailed for Jamaica I was present at a dancing-party—it was hardly large enough to be called a ball—at the residence of the late Judge Smith of Long Island, whose wife was a sister of the late Mrs. A. T. Stewart. Among the guests was a Mrs. Cornelius W. Lawrence, wife of the mayor of that name, and one of my most cordial friends. During the evening she presented me to a Miss Poultney, originally of Baltimore but then residing with her widowed mother and one of her uncles in New York. Mrs. Lawrence spoke of this young lady as one of her greatest favorites, and whom she said she expected me to admire. I had no difficulty in complying with her wishes.

The result was that Miss Poultney and I were married in Baltimore on the 11th of June following, after a courtship of barely four months. She was a woman of notable beauty and social charm. Her family deemed our courtship rather brief, but there seemed to be no occasion, on my part at least, for prolonging it.[1] What I owed to her, besides the children who have been the principal joy and comfort of my life, I could not, nor would I if I could, express in words. It is due to her memory, however, if I say anything, to express my conviction that without her my career in the world would not only have been very different from what it was, but far less satisfactory to myself and to others.

As my income from the *Evening Post* was then barely $2500 a year, my wife and I boarded part of the first year at a house in Fourth Street and part of the time in Fourteenth Street, at a house a few doors from the residence of Mayor Havemeyer. In the course of a casual conversation one day with the late David D. Field in Wall Street, with whom and his family I had social as well as professional relations, he advised me to do as he when he married had done—to buy a house judiciously in a quarter where it was sure to advance in

[1] Here I recall an incident which I put into a note merely to show that I never suspected it of contributing in any degree to abridge the period of our courtship.

As I was about leaving the steamer on my return from Jamaica, the steward brought me a jug containing about two gallons of turtle soup which had not been consumed and which he would be pleased to have me accept. As I was still a bachelor living at a hotel, I hesitated for a moment, not knowing what I could do with it; but only for a moment, for it happily occurred to me that the family of Miss Poultney would appreciate it. Later I received ample assurance that they did.

value (and that, he intimated correctly, was then almost any house and anywhere within the city limits), and thus live rent-free. To my reply that I had no money to invest in real estate, he said, "You will need very little in your position, and your house ought to rise in value fast enough in a few years to pay its cost and interest."

It curiously happened that, on my return to my wife that evening, she told me of a friend of hers who was just about leaving a house in Twenty-second Street, just opposite the then residence of Clement C. Moore, our "Night Before Christmas" poet, and belonging to one of the professors in the Union Theological Seminary, which we might rent or buy. The next day I visited the house and ascertained that it was a very comfortable two-story-and-attic house, extremely well built, in an unobjectionable neighborhood, only a few steps from the Ninth Avenue omnibus service. I bought it, with the privilege of paying for it as fast as I pleased in sums of not less than $500.

There we began keeping house, and lived very happily until the year 1856, when the arrival of children rendered me impatient for a residence in the country. With the proceeds from the sale of my town house I bought the country place now known as The Squirrels, at Highland Falls-on-Hudson, then, however, afflicted with the plebeian denomination of "Buttermilk Falls."

An unfortunate speech of Daniel Webster in defence of the Fugitive Slave Law proved a terrible shock to his devoutest friends in Massachusetts. Sumner was the only one of the sons of Jesse who had the courage to encounter this Goliath of the Whig party in single combat, which he did with the final success of Goliath's protagonist.

SUMNER TO BIGELOW

Boston, May 22nd, '50.

My dear Sir,

I am glad you wrote to me. I had already read the *Post,* & enjoyed very much the unrolling of that mummy before I received yr letter.

Only a week ago in overhauling old pamphlets, a part of my patrimony, I found the actual memorial to Congress reported by the Committee of which Mr. Webster was chairman; & I determined to send it to you, on reading your article this morning.

I have also examined the files of Boston papers at the Athenæum, & enclose a memorandum from them which may be interesting.

The Memorial is reputed to be the work of Mr. Webster. The close is marked by his clear & cogent statement. Why it was not preserved in the collection of his *Opera,* which was first published 10 or 15 years later, I know not. Perhaps he had already seen that he might be obliged, in the pursuit of his ambition, to tread some steps backward, & he did not wish to have a document like this, accessible to all, in perpetual memory of his early professions.

If you follow him up on this point, read in this connexion the latter part of his Plymouth Address, the earliest of his Orations in the published volume. At this time he seemed to have high purposes.

I wonder that the noble passage about the Ordinance in his first speech in the Hayne controversy has not been used against his present tergiversation.

Here is another document which might be used effectively against him; the Address of the Mass. Anti-Texas State Convention in Jan. 1845, the first half of which was actually composed by Mr. Webster, partly written & partly dictated. In this he takes the strongest ground against the constitutionality of the resolution of annexation.

Here followed his speech, Dec. 22nd, '45, in the Senate against the admission of Texas with a slave-holding constitution. If the *faith* of the country was pledged, as he now says it was, by those resolutions, when they were *accepted* by Texas, he was obliged, according to his present argt. about the 4 States, to vote for her admission with or without slavery. But his vote stands *Nay.*

But it would be a large work to expose his shiftless course —"every thing by starts, & nothing long." Mr. Leavitt, of the *Independent,* talks of taking him in hand, & exposing the double-dealings of his life. I wish he might do it through the *Post.*

I cannot forbear expressing the sincere delight with which I read yr paper. Its politics have such a temper from literature, that they fascinate as well as convince.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Very faithfully Yours

P.S. When you have done with the pamphlet, please return it. Of the Committee who reported it, George Blake, now dead, was a leading republican, Josiah Quincy Federalist, late Presdt of Harv. Col., James T. Austin republican, late Atty Genl. of Mass. & John a lawyer, who died soon after, but of whom there are most grateful traditions in the profession.

I admired particularly the article on Webster, written shortly after the speech. It must have been done by Mr. Dix —*Aut Erasmus, aut Diabolus!*

SUMNER TO BIGELOW

Boston, May 25th, '50.

My dear Sir,

Thanks for your note. I am glad that my communication was so timely.

I have never seen a complete pedigree of Webster's opinion on Slavery. If I were writing a leader to introduce his memorial to Congress it seems to me I should set it forth in this:

1st Meeting, report & speech at State House 1819
2nd Memorial to Congress 1819
3d Plymouth rock 1820
4th Hayne Controversy 1830
1st speech—
[beautiful passage]
5th Niblo's Garden 1837
[extract]
6th letter against annexation of Texas, I think in '44, addressed to people in Worcester
7th Anti-Texas State Address—Jan. 1845
[extract]

8th Speech in Faneuil Hall Nov. 1845
[I send extract]
9th Speech in Senate against admission of Texas with slave-holding constitution [extract] Dec. 22d, 1845
10th Springfield
["my thanks"] Oct. '47
11th Against Clayton
Compromise—Aug. '48
[extract]

Such a string of testimony would be enough to hang even a greater traitor than Danl. Webster.

The feud among the democrats here is widening. The Hunkers have at last aroused the long-suffering country section, who are desirous of free-soiling, as they express it, their decayed party. The [Boston] *Post* squad will be left to go about their business. The best democratic leaders in Mr. Palfrey's district are friendly to him, & sympathize strongly with our movement. Mr. Banks, who would have been their candidate, is working for Palfrey.

Faithfully yours

SUMNER TO BIGELOW

Boston, June 8th, '50.

My dear Sir,

I have been too remiss with regard to your note.

. . . . . .

I cannot promise myself the time to handle Webster as I should desire if I put my hand to the work. His course increases in abominations. His late votes expose him to the rebuke of his former self.

On looking at the first vol. of Webster's Speeches, containing his Literary Addresses, Arguments, Remarks, Documents &c. I find that the collection begins with the Plymouth Address of 1820. But strange to relate! it commences on the 25th page of the vol. The preceding pages *desiderantur*. In short some-

thing, originally printed here, has been *suppressed.* What was it? Can it have been the Anti-Slavery Report? Look at the vol.

Faithfully Yrs

SUMNER TO BIGELOW

Boston, June 19th, 1850.

My dear Sir,

. . . . . .

It seems to me that both Webster & Cass have prepared the way for leading forward the Danl. Webster of 1829—

"Mr. Cass said he considered Mr. Soulé's amendment a mere work of supererogation, having no more effect than a provision declaring that there shall be a President of the United States. He alluded to the position taken, this morning, by Mr. Seward, *saying that he had never before supposed it possible that there was any man here who denied the very first principles of our government, that a State has a right to decide for itself its municipal institutions, and such decision should be no cause for its rejection;* but as that had here been denied this morning, he would vote for the amendment, because he was desirous of putting himself on record, in rebuke of such an assertion as that made by Mr. Seward."

In your testimony against Webster on the Quakers yesterday, you omitted Whittier's very emphatic article in the *Era* two weeks ago.

Don't fail to read what Webster says in both his speeches in reply to Hayne in 1830—vindicating the ordinance.

Very faithfully yrs

SUMNER TO BIGELOW

Boston, Sept. 2nd, '50.

My dear Sir,

Various engagements have prevented me from sooner answering your favor of Aug. 8th; & now I do it most imperfectly. I had hoped to write a thorough notice of the forthcoming Diary & Auto-Biography of John Adams; but I had not time.

I send you a little bibliographical introduction to a series of excerpts. Of all this matter use only what you see fit, & precisely as you see fit.

You enquire about Eliot.[1] He is an honest & obstinate man; but essentially Hunker in grain. In other days & places he would have been an inquisitor. He dislikes a democrat, & also a Free Soiler as the gates of Hell; still he is not without individual sympathies for the slave. I doubt if he can be a tool; besides personally he has little confidence in Webster.

The attack here is just now most bitter upon Horace Mann. The substance of his note they cannot answer; but they have diverted attention from it by charging him with personal-

[1] In December, 1908, I addressed a note to Charles Francis Adams, Jr., asking who this Eliot was, and "what relation, if any, to the retiring President of Harvard, or anybody else about whom I am likely to know anything?" Mr. Adams on the following day sent me this reply:

"In answer to your inquiry I would say that the 'Eliot' in question was almost certainly Samuel Atkins Eliot, the father of President Charles W. Eliot.

"The dictionary of Congress will set me right, but my recollection is that S. A. Eliot was in 1850 elected a Representative from one of the Boston districts. He was a devoted follower of Webster, and is remembered solely by the fact that he alone of all the Massachusetts Representatives voted for the Fugitive Slave Law. He was a highly respectable, most worthy man personally, but not large-minded, and a confirmed Union-saver; devoted personally and politically to Mr. Webster.

"In 1850, when you received that letter from Sumner, Webster had just entered the State Department, in Fillmore's Administration. Eliot presumably was just elected to Congress from Boston, in place probably of Winthrop, who succeeded Webster in the Senate. You wrote to Sumner, not then prominent in public life, to advise you as to the new Congressman.

"Your letter to Sumner, to which his was in reply, is undoubtedly among the Sumner letters in the library at Harvard University."

ities, & then by criticism of his classical criticism of Webster. Now in this matter two things are to be said:

1st, Webster was the first offender in personalities; &

2ndly, Webster is clearly wrong in the classical matter. Of this I have no doubt. If occasion occurs, can you give Mann a helping word?

I hope to get away today from Boston to Newport, & to be in New York at the end of the week, when I shall try to see you. I am curious about things in N. Y.

Yours very faithfully

SUMNER TO BIGELOW

Boston, Oct. 4th, 1850.

My dear Sir,

When at the office of the *Evng Post* a few days ago—where I was sorry not to find you & more sorry for the melancholy cause—I was told that you had recd. an elaborate paper on *captationes Verborum* which you could not publish till after Congress adjourned.

I know nothing of the document in question; but if it sustains Mann, as I inferred it did—& indeed it must substantially, if written by an unprejudiced scholar—I wish to say that its publication might be of service to him, much belabored as he is by Webster & his crew.

This is clear to me—that there was no set of critics in *classical times,* so *denominated*—which is Mr. Webster's assertion. Nor does the phrase occur in classical times.

I am also inclined to believe that the use of the term Captalin as a Snatcher or Seizer is not correct.

This is a trifle; but it has been made the occasion here for considerable discussion, & has been a convenient excuse for diverting attention from the political questions in issue.

Our Free Soil Convention was very spirited. The resolutions are pungent, & cover our original ground. On this we shall stand to the end.

I rejoice in the rent in New York Whiggery. If the

barnburners & Sewardites were together, there would be a party, which would give a new tone to public affairs.

Let me call your attention to Mr. Phillips' letter.

Very faithfully Yrs

SUMNER TO BIGELOW

Private

Boston, Jan. 11th, '51.
11 o'clk A.M.

My dear Sir,

Whatever may be the result of our proceedings, I am desirous that you should know my position.

I have never directly or indirectly suggested a desire for the place, or even a willingness to take it.[1] I shall not generally be believed if I say, *I do not desire it.* My aims & visions are in other directions, in more quiet fields. To sundry Committees of Hunker Democrats, who have approached me, to obtain pledges & promises with regard to my future course in the State or in the Senate, if I should go there, I have replied that the office must seek me, not I the office, & that it must find me *an absolutely independent man.*

The Hunkers, Whig & Democrat, are sweating blood to-day. You perceive that all the Hunker press, representing *Cassism* & *Websterism,* are using every effort to break up our combination.

I have never thanked you for your book on Jamaica. My friend Hillard, who borrowed it of me, returned it this morning, saying that it was one of the best books he had read. Much of it I had already read in the *Post,* & I am glad to possess it in its present form.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Ever faithfully Yours,

[1] The Free-Soilers of Massachusetts had begun to talk of Sumner as successor to Webster, whose term as Senator was about to expire.

SUMNER TO BIGELOW

Private

Boston, Jan. 21st, '51.

My dear Bigelow,

I regret your illness, for your own comfort, & also because I like to know that you are on the watch-tower.

In pending matters I have no personal interest; & my object in writing you before was, that you might understand my position, not in any way to promote my election. Our cause here, & throughout the country, may be staked somewhat upon my present success. But I assure you *ex pectore* I have no personal disappointments. I do not desire to be senator.

You are right in auguring ill from the Fabian strategy. This alone saved Hunkerdom. Had the balloting taken place in the same week with that for Governor, our success would have been certain. When it was postponed for three days I thought our friends had lost the chances. My own opinion now is that they are lost beyond recovery. But others do not share this. The leading Democrats, who undertook to carry the arrangement through, are sanguine. Several towns on Monday instructed their representatives to vote for the regular candidate.

On Wednesday the Senate will vote. On Thursday the House return to the task.

The pressure from Washington has been prodigious. Webster & Cass have both done all they could. Of course Boston Whiggery is aroused against me. There were for several days many uneasy stomachs at the chances of my success.

The prick has been just this. I would not in any way consent to be used by the Hunkers. Four different Committees called upon me—one simply asked me to meet a few Democrats to confer with them—another proposed a conference with Genl. Cushing & told me that he had *already* called on me twice—another wished me to say that in the Senate I would devote myself to the *foreign* politics!—& another wished some assurance that I would not agitate the subject of Slavery. To all these I had one answer—that I did not seek the office—&

that, if it came to me, it must find me an absolutely independent man. I declined to have any political conversation with Genl. Cushing. Before this time, in caucus, he had spoken, as I have been told, warmly for me.

It is very evident that a slight word of promise of yielding to the Hunkers would have secured me election. It would now, if I would give it. But this is impossible.

The charge used with most effect against me is that I am a *Disunionist;* but the authors of this know its falsehood. It is all a sham to influence votes. My principles are in the words of Franklin "to step to the *verge* of the Constitution to discourage every species of traffic in human flesh." I am a Constitutionalist & Unionist, & have always been.

Long ago I promised Mr. Dunlap to write a notice of his edition of his father's book on Admiralty for the *Post.* Many things have prevented me from even looking at the book; but I will try to do it at once & send it to you.

Ever faithfully Yours

R. H. Dana Jr. left yesterday for New York, where he is to be a couple of days. He said he should call on you. He will tell you of our affairs.

SUMNER TO BIGELOW

Private

Boston, Jan. 27th, '51.

My dear Sir,

I put under cover to Bryant & Co. a small note to you.

Our friends are still sanguine; & I happen to know that their anticipations are confirmed by Whigs. A leading Boston Hunker Whig (Mr. William Appleton, M.C.) said last Saturday that he thought that "Mr. S. would be elected." His wish was not father to the thought.

But I do not make myself a party to these anticipations or aspirations.

Yr Boston correspondent seems to have some lurking *personal* discontent. He is *all wrong.*

Ever faithfully yrs

SUMNER TO BIGELOW

Boston, May 2nd, '51.

My dear Bigelow,

Let me first rejoice with you in the infant Astyanax of your house. Believe me that I sympathize cordially in this happiness—although I am a "bachelor"! I trust that Mrs. Bigelow is strong as becomes the mother of such a boy.

Yr greetings, which were among the earliest I received, were particularly grateful; & Mr. Bryant's brief Appendix reinforced even yr full letter. The whole made me proud of the confidence I received.[1]

I would not affect a feeling which I have not, nor have I any temptation to do it, but I should not be frank if I did not say to you, that I have no personal joy in this election. Now that the office is in my hands I feel, more than ever, a distaste for its duties & struggles as compared with other spheres. Every heart knoweth its own secret, & mine has never been in the Senate of the U. S.; nor is it there yet.

Most painfully do I feel my inability to meet the importance which has been given to this election, & the expectation of enthusiastic friends. But more than this I am impressed by the thought that I now embark on a career which promises to last for six years, if not indefinitely, & which takes from me all opportunity of study & meditation, to which I had hoped to devote myself. I do not wish to be a politician.

But I have said too much of this already. For the present I must try to be content.

Rantoul & Palfrey will be elected; perhaps, Bishop in the Berkshire District. Should all this occur our Massachusetts delegation will be very strong in the House. Nothing but Boutwell's half-Hunkerism prevents us from consolidating a permanent party in Massachusetts, not by *coalition,* but by *fusion* of all who are truly liberal, humane & democratic. He is in our way. He has tried to please Hunkers & Free Soilers. We can get along very well without the Hunkers, & should be happy to leave Hallett & Co. to commune with the men of State St.

[1] Sumner's election to succeed Webster in the United States Senate.

The latter have been infinitely disturbed by the recent election. For the first time they are represented in the Senate by one over whom they have no influence, who is entirely independent, & is a "bachelor"! It was said among them at first that real estate had gone down 25 per cent!

I regret the present state of thought in New York, because it seems to interfere with those influences which were gradually bringing the liberals & White-Slavery men of both the old parties together. Your politics will never be in a natural state till this occurs.

I sympathize much in the opposition to the debt, as a violation of the Constitution; but I regret that the question has come to arrest the Slavery discussion. I am confident that the latter has a basis in the hearts & consciences of the people, which will make it a truer platform than any other, connected as it must be with all that is liberal, & in a just sense democratic.

Yr Hunker allies, I fear, will be false, as is their nature, towards your candidates.

On the 4th page of the *Commonwealth* of to-day is a part of a speech of R. H. Dana Jr., which, like every thing from him, seems to me most felicitous in its clear simple diction.

. . . . . .

Remember me kindly to Mr. Bryant, with many thanks for those words, & believe,

Ever Sincerely Yours

Private

The following message came to me a few weeks ago from Mr. Soulé, Senator from Louisiana:

"Mr. Soulé sends his salutations to Mr. S. & hopes he will be elected. He desires to see a senator from Massachusetts whose opinions he knows."

Shortly after the close of the Crimean War we occasionally received articles upon European affairs from a gentleman

whom we knew only as the aforetime special correspondent of the *London Daily News*. The following letter from him led to my first acquaintance with Mr. Edwin L. Godkin, and to my forming with him a friendship for life, little dreaming in those days, however, that he was destined at no very distant day to be one of my successors in the editorial management of the *Evening Post*.

E. L. GODKIN TO BIGELOW

Private

82 Broadway.
Friday [about 1850].

Dear Sir:

There is a great number of subjects coming under the head of "social science," such as labour, charity, taxation, exchange, insurance, the province of governments, and a hundred others that will readily suggest themselves to you, which there is no means of discussing with any care, & which are very imperfectly understood. I might add free trade & the various questions arising out of it—to the number. There is in this city, & in fact in this country, no means of getting a hearing upon them, for any one who gives them any thoughtful consideration. The *Post* has done more for them than any newspaper, but no newspaper can do much. The legislature does still less, as few of the legislators have ever *thought* on any question in their lives.

Would it not be possible to get up an association for their discussion, somewhat like that for the "Advancement of Social Science," which Lord Brougham recently inaugurated in England, but possibly with a larger mélange of statistics than that is likely to have? I belonged to an association of this kind before coming to this country, and as I feel a deep interest in most of these questions, would be glad to see one formed here.

I am still so much of a stranger in New York that I hardly like to do anything which would wear the appearance of taking the initiative in the matter. But possibly you can say what you think of the scheme, & whether you would feel disposed to aid in carrying it out.

I am writing under the impression that you know who I am, and consequently dispense with the ceremony of an introduction.

I am

Yours truly

Early in the fifties I made the acquaintance of Moses Sheppard of Baltimore, a wealthy Friend, whose conscientious sympathy for the African had led him to associate himself more or less actively with the operations of the Colonization Society, an organization which attracted many of the people of the slaveholding States who had allowed themselves to doubt whether, like the beasts of the field, bondage was the only condition for which the negroes were providentially designed.

Prompted, I suppose, by the appearance of my "Jamaica in 1850," of which I had sent him a copy, he sent me some pamphlets on Colonization. This led me to send him a statement of my notions of the impracticability of any such solution of that or of any other racial problem. In a few days I received from him a note enclosing a letter from John H. B. Latrobe, at that time, I think, president of the Colonization Society and one of the most esteemed citizens of Baltimore, suggested by mine to Mr. Sheppard.

As an illustration of the delusions which God sends to all who try to compromise questions of conscience or of justice, his letter has historical value. No conflagration has ever yet been extinguished by silencing the alarm-bell. The Civil War was soon to prove that this was to be no exception; that not deportation of our brother, nor calling him "thou fool," but accommodation while in the way with him, was the oldest and still the only way of solving the African problem.

John Bigelow

I have availed myself of a source of information superior to my own to answer the enquiries in thy letter of the 7 inst.— John H. B. Latrobe, Esq., Pres't of the Maryland Colonization Society, has at my solicitation addressed to me the enclosed

statement which I hope will be satisfactory. Any farther information of which I can be the medium or source will be willingly afforded.

Moses Sheppard.

In reading "Jamaica in 1850" I made some notes. If I can borrow a hand to copy them, perhaps I may send them on.

Baltimore. 12 2mo. 1851.

SENATOR PRESTON KING TO BIGELOW

Washington, Feb. 24, 1851.

Dear Sir:

You know I have been all the time for Col. Benton & for nobody else for President or at any rate for my candidate. He declines to be a candidate. He has thought of it and decides not to be. He expects to recover Missouri. He is opposed to a national convention and prefers that Congress, whose members have some direct responsibility to the people, should decide who shall be president, rather than an irresponsible combination in a National Convention. He is in favor of separate State action as the best means of presenting candidates and of ultimately concentrating the popular vote, if that can be done. And he is in favor of Woodbury as the best of the candidates who have been named to the public, deeming some national reputation desirable if not necessary to success. If we could with confidence calculate upon strength to elect Col. Benton I would never consent, for one, that he should be out of the field—but we cannot do so—and the Col. therefore has a right to decide. If he is not to be successful as a candidate, his decision is wise and just to himself & to his future fame. He is an old Hero.

There is no concentration of opinion or any thing else here—and we have nothing in the way of news. Give my respects to that good wife who makes you a happy man.

Yours truly

My lame knee is doing well, tho it holds me to my bed & will for 2 or 3 weeks more.

Charles Sumner Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

SUMNER TO BIGELOW

Boston, March 17th, '51.

My dear Bigelow,

I send you Marot's ballad[1] on the *other* Friar Lubin—a different character from our friend.

I also send a passage from Ld. Holland's recent book, which I have read since we parted. You can make it the germ of an article on the Secretary. The passage on the indemnity, understood by me, gives pungency to the parallel.

Have you sent the letter to Mrs. Haven?

The story of Philopœmen in Plutarch is quite to the purpose.

Yr Ld Bacon article has been admired here.

I did not return till Saturday night. Our friends are in disorder. What will become of them I cannot tell. I have told them most explicitly to drop me at any moment, without notice or apology, & have offered peremptorily to withdraw.

The treachery among some of the Hunkers who have voted for me is base. They might have carried the election at the last trial. After I was with you on Tuesday, I dined with Bancroft. I asked him point blank, if he had any desire to go again into politics. He assured me most unequivocally that his first desire was to finish his history, & that he would not touch politics till that was finished—say six years from now. His wife also assured me that such was his plan. I mention this because I think you had an impression the other way.

Ever Yrs

[1] In my early days of journalism I was in the habit of publishing in the *Evening Post,* weekly, what purported to be reports of the interviews of "Friar Lubin" with a Jersey ferryman, who picked up and reported to the Friar the political gossip he was presumed to have heard from the members of Congress and their friends on their passage over the river to and from Washington. It was a disguise that enabled me to say many things of interest to politicians which it would hardly be practicable to publish under responsible auspices. The appropriation of Friar Lubin's name led to an inquiry from Sumner if I borrowed it from Marot's ballad. My answer to his inquiry led to his sending me the ballad of Marot and calling my attention to the excellent translation of it made by Longfellow, which I have thought it worth while to append, mainly because of the merits ascribed to

SUMNER TO BIGELOW

Boston. March 28th [1851].

My dear Bigelow,

. . . . . .

Uncertainty still hangs over the senatorial question. I do not see the end. Others may.

the translation by Sumner, who wrote on the copy of the original verses: "There is a spirited translation of the ballad by Longfellow which may be found in the *Poets and Poetry of Modern Europe.*"

FRIAR LUBIN

To gallop off to town post-haste,
So oft, the times I cannot tell;
To do vile deed, nor feel disgraced,—
Friar Lubin will do it well.
But a sober life to lead,
To honor virtue, and pursue it,
That 's a pious, Christian deed,—
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

To mingle, with a knowing smile,
The goods of others with his own,
And leave you without cross or pile,
Friar Lubin stands alone.
To say 't is yours is all in vain,
If once he lays his finger to it;
For as to giving back again,
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

With flattering words and gentle tone,
To woo and win some guileless maid,
Cunning pander need you none,—
Friar Lubin knows the trade.
Loud preacheth he sobriety,
But as for water, doth eschew it;
Your dog may drink it,—but not he;
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

Envoy

When an evil deed 's to do,
Friar Lubin is stout and true;
Glimmers a ray of goodness through it,
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

The articles on Sparks[1] have seriously damaged his books. Some of his friends complain of harshness. This is to be found in some Boston commentators, rather than in the Friar's original exercitation.

The article defending him in the *Cambridge Chronicle* was by George Livermore, one of the best bibliographers of the country, a merchant, fond of books, author of the late article in the *North American* on Public Libraries.

Seward & Stanton seized Webster's thunder in New York. We will shame those *soi-disant* Unionists yet.

Ever Yours

While John Van Buren was still true to Free Soil and Free Labor he sent the following note enclosing a letter from his father, which is likely to have escaped the attention which it merits from the present and preceding generation.

My dear Bigelow:

I enclose a draft letter of my father's to Chicago. Please publish it if you think best with such remarks (if any) as you think proper.

It was written, you see, more than a month since & shows with what accuracy a right minded man could predict what has happened & is still to come.

Come to Tammany Hall tonight. I speak if my life is spared.

Truly yours,

J. Van Buren

In Court, Oct. 18th, 1852.

[1] Articles on the Sparks edition of the correspondence of Washington with Read, which Friar Lubin now admits he treated with rather less than due reverence for the editor, because of the frequent liberties Mr. Sparks presumed to take with the letters of Washington.

MARTIN VAN BUREN TO THE YOUNG MEN'S CLUB OF CHICAGO

LINDENWALD,
September 14, 1852.

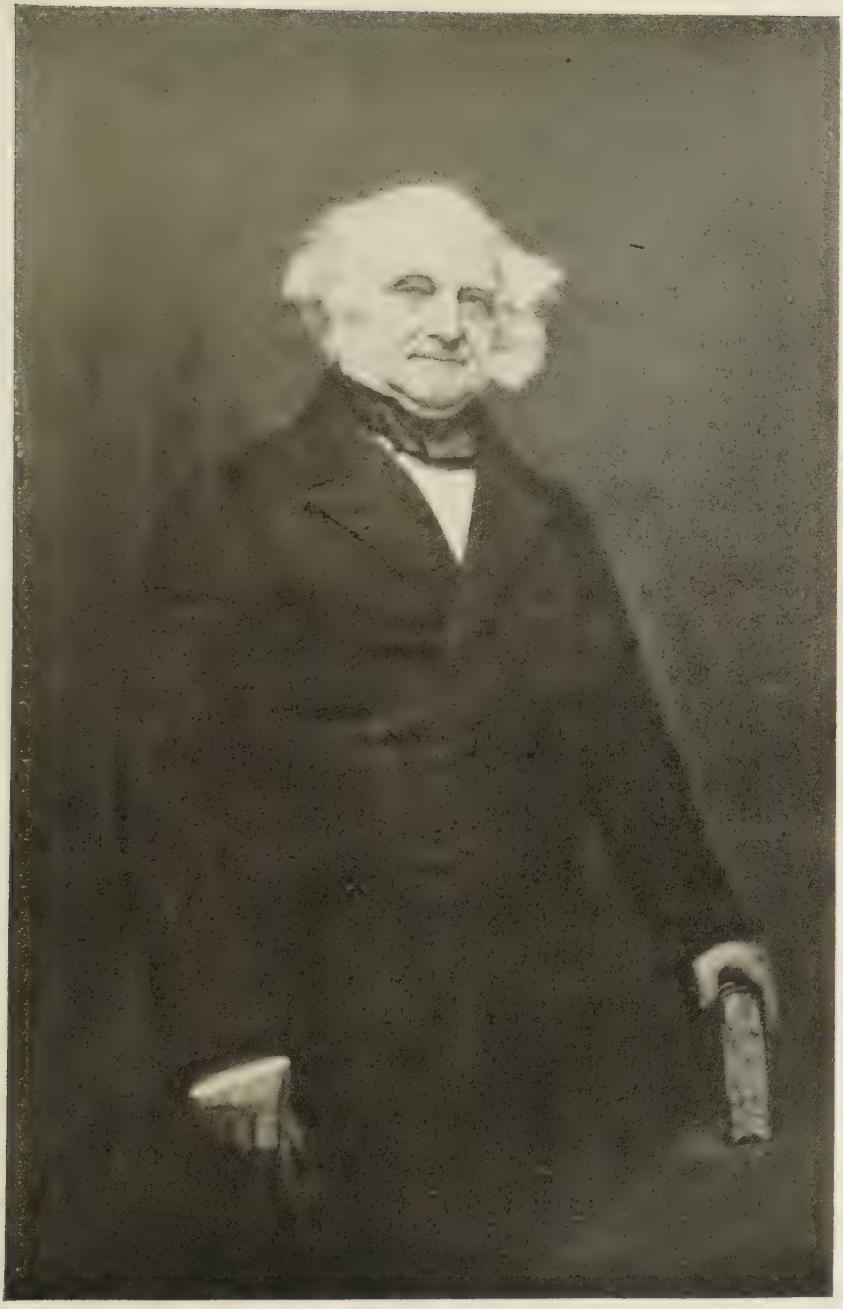
Gentlemen:

I ought to have made an earlier acknowledgement of the receipt of your obliging letter enclosing a Resolution of the Democratic Union Club of Chicago, but a farmer's life and advanced age are not favourable to punctuality in such matters.

My best thanks are due to your associates & yourselves, as well for the compliment you have bestowed upon me, as for the kind terms in which it is expressed. The value of your good opinion is not a little increased in my estimation, by your being a portion of the Democracy of a State which, though young in years, had already become old in the support of democratic principles, & the purity and sincerity of whose politics I have never for a moment ceased to respect and admire.

The political party against which you have enlisted your youthful energies, with a zeal that does you much honor, is powerful in its numbers, the means at its disposal, & in its partisan tact. But a long experience has shewn, that these can all be overcome with proper exertions on our part. There is besides much in the present condition of our opponents which is calculated to strengthen your confidence.

The subject of Slavery, which, from the general concurrence of opinion between the slave-holding states and the Democracy of the North on other matters, our opponents have always heretofore been able to turn against us, with great effect, has now, by their own consent, been withdrawn from the canvass. That of a Tariff imposing duties for the purpose of protection, out of which they have heretofore made successful use in these parts, has been too thoroughly and too justly exploded in public opinion to be of much service to them now. The extensive embarrassments in the business concerns of individuals, and in the finances of the Government, which were a few years since brought upon the Country, and the panic in the public mind which they produced, presented the most prolific subject for the exercise of their political skill. By efforts equally extraordinary and debasing, they induced a majority of the people of the U. States, intelligent & patriotic as they are, to hold their own Government responsible for results which were the consequences of their own improvidence, stimulated to madness by reckless Bank issues. In the midst of such scenes, when men are so easily tempted to lay the fruits of their own rashness at the doors of others, & when party clamours applied to the business of men find such ready access to their bosoms, they succeeded



A.D. 1782 — Martin Van Buren — A.D. 1862

Eighth President of the United States

in overthrowing an administration of the Federal Government for supporting a measure which in a brief period by the force of its intrinsic merits silenced the cavils of its opponents, & has since through the good sense & good feelings of all parties been raised to an eminence in public favour which even party spirit dare not approach with hostile intentions.

The times have happily changed and the condition of the Country has changed with them. Thanks to the returning good sense & prudence of our people concurring in the judgements of enlightened statesmen in other countries, bank inflations, & the impositions of taxes in the shape of duties to ensure a portion of the people against the casualties of trade, at the expense of the rest, have been placed or are being placed under the ban of public opinion in the most enlightened & commercial countries in the world. The native energies of our citizens, unfettered by vicious legislation, have been employed in bringing into successful operation the vast resources of our country, and ours has become a land of unequalled prosperity & plenty.

The influence of military achievements over the minds of men in the selection of their civil officers, is another, & if we may judge from their three last Presidential nominations, the greatest reliance of the Whig party. It is, I think, quite certain that this infatuation can no longer be made avoidable. So far from aiding Gen'l Scott, the attempt to revive it is destined to have a contrary effect. Recitals of his military achievements, which, when made with no sinister designs, filled the hearts & minds of our people with feelings of gratitude and delight, will now be listened to by sober-minded men with suspicion, as designed to mislead them in the bestowment of their votes. In the present awakened state of public feeling upon the subject, but few will be found so feeble in intellect as not to see through the artifice, or so poor in spirit as not to spurn it. Gen'l Scott will, in all probability, be defeated, and the fact that an infatuation which was supposed to have carried two military candidates into the Presidential chair, exploded in the case of a third, who was infinitely their superior in everything that constituted the soldier & Hero, will be regarded as a striking, not to say a melancholy instance of the folly and the mischief of calculations founded on such delusions.

Our opponents being thus deprived of their accustomed aid from topics heretofore so stirring and effectual, and evidently at fault in the invention of substitutes,—staggering also under the effects of the intense alarm in the public mind occasioned by the startling corruptions which have crept into their administration of so many branches of the public service, and left without anything to screen them against the odium which has, for more than half a century, rested upon their politics, it will be the fault of the Democracy themselves if they do not give them an old fashioned rout.

Our skies are bright. Our union is complete. Our candidates could scarcely be more acceptable. The assaults which have been made upon Genl. Pierce have but recoiled upon their authors. Our hopes are moreover built upon the irrepressible energies of a Party which has a stable foundation in the hearts of the people & which, unlike that of our adversary, has always been in good odour with them: a party which has been but thrice defeated in fifty years, in Presidential elections, & then only through divisions in its own ranks, or an unnatural state of the public mind which we may well hope never to see again: a party which even on those occasions, the moment an opportunity was afforded to bring the causes of its temporary discomfiture to the test of a more mature reflection, rose again to power as its natural position.

It was both honest & wise in you to enrol yourselves under the broad banner of such a party and every enterprising young man who desires honorable distinction in public life & to make himself useful in his day & generation should do likewise.

That your labours in the Democratic Cause may be crowned with success, & that prosperity & happiness may attend all the members of your club is the earnest wish of

Your friend & obed'nt Servt.

SUMNER TO BIGELOW

Boston, June 6th, '51.

My dear Bigelow,

. . . . . .

Mr. Ticknor's book is a good dictionary of Spanish literature; but he is utterly incompetent to appreciate the genius of Spain. He can not look at it face to face. Besides, his style is miserably dry & crude.

As a politician here he is bitter & vindictive for Webster, from whom he hopes a Foreign Mission.

I enjoyed Van Buren's speech infinitely. Well as he has done before, he never did better.

I am sad at Palfrey's defeat. He deserved success, & his friends worked well; but Hunker money, & his own former course against the Coalition caused the result.

Ever Yrs

SUMNER TO BIGELOW

Boston, June 28th, '51.

Dear Bigelow,

Be sure to read all of Victor Hugo's speech, to which you refer today. You will find it in *La Presse* of June 12th. My copy has taken wings, or you should have it.

If the name of Lesurques, with which Hugo closes, awakens in you no more echo than in me, look it out in the Supplement to the *Biographie Universelle* & you will read a long story of Judicial murder. It is strange that this was not quoted in Dr. Webster's case, to frighten court & jury.

Hugo's speech contains a true & eloquent reference to the "law of laws," which is above all human laws.

The *New York Herald* is disposed to count me among partizans of Genl. Scott. In no way, directly or indirectly, am I connected with that movement; nor do I see any probability of its ever taking such a form as to embrace those with whom I act. I rejoice in the comparative success of the Liberal Cause in the Whig Convention of Penn. & am amused by the squirmings of the Websterites. That subscription! A nomination by subscription will never be tried again!

Ever Yours

SUMNER TO BIGELOW

Boston, July 10th, '51.

My dear Bigelow,

The name is Lesurques—mind the spelling, & you will find it in the Supplement to the *Biographie Universelle.* The article there will be new & interesting.

Fillmore, it seems to me, will be the Whig candidate. He will enter the Convention with Southern support, while Webster's friends, in anger with Scott, will sustain him.

Scott hardly seems to me a possibility.

What will Seward say to his colleague's "acquiescence" in the compromise measures?

I join you in admiration of Victor Hugo. His genius, as writer or speaker, is admirable.

I am struck with your reading of the Scott-Whig horoscope; & yet I am inclined to think that some of the Whigs really believe Scott will be nominated—like Campbell's "prevailing poet," who

"Believed the magic wonders that he sang."

I commend to you the politics of the *Commonwealth* newspaper. No other paper in Boston is comparable to it in matter. Ever Yrs

SUMNER TO BIGELOW

Private

Boston, Oct. 24th, '51.

My dear Bigelow,

I heard of your illness while I was in N. Y. with great regret. Time & distance did not allow me to see you at yr suburban retreat, although I wished very much to confer with you, particularly on the subject of yr letter.

Let me say frankly, however, that I despair of any arrangement by which any candidate can be brought out on the Democratic side, so as to receive *active* support from Anti-Slavery men. Nor do I see much greater chance on the Whig side. The tendency of both the old parties at present is to National Conventions; & in both of these our cause will perish.

The material for a separate organization, by which to sustain our principles, seems to exist nowhere except in Massachusetts. Had the Barnburners kept aloof from the Hunkers in 1849, the Democratic split would have been complete throughout the Free States, & it would have affected sympathetically the Whig party. A new order of things would have appeared, & the beginning of the end would have been at hand. But the work in some way is to be done anew. There will be no peace, until the Slave Power is subdued. Its tyranny must be overthrown, & Freedom, instead of Slavery, must become the animating idea of the *National* Govt. But I see little chance of any arrangement or combination by which this truly democratic idea can be promoted in the next Presidential contest.

The politicians are making all their plans to crush us, & they seem to be succeeding so well, that all our best energies & most unflinching devotion to principles can alone save us. For myself, I see no appreciable difference between Hunker Democracy & Hunker Whiggery. In both all other questions are lost in the "single idea" of opposition to the Free Soil Sentiment. Nor can I imagine any political success, any party favor, or popular reward, which would tempt me to compromise in any respect the independent position which I now hold.

It is vain to try to get rid of this question of the Slave-Power, except by victory over it. And our best course, it seems to me, is to be always ready for the contest.

But I am a *practical man,* & desire to act in such way as best to promote the ideas which we have at heart. If you can shew me the road I am ready to follow.

I found at Washington among the people connected with the *Union* great bitterness to Col. Benton, & a determination to cut off any Presidential candidate favored by him. They were not aware of his sympathies with Col. Butler.

Buchanan & his friends are sanguine that "Old Buck" will be Presdt; but they add that if it is not he, it will be Butler. Their support would frighten me.

I see no hope in any quarter. The two years before us will be *crucial* years—years of the Cross. But I know that better times will soon come. For God's sake! stand firm.

I hope John Van Buren will not allow himself to be enmeshed in any of the tempting arrangements for mere political success. He is so completely committed to our cause that he can hope for nothing except by its triumph. I know no one who has spoken a stronger or more timely word for us than he has. I am much attached to him personally, I admire his abilities & am grateful for what he has done; but I feel that, if he would surrender himself more unreservedly to the cause, he would be more effective still. Few have such powers.

I wish I had seen you to talk of these things; for I cannot write all I should like to say, nor do I feel that I have adequately responded to yr letter. Let me hear from you soon. I am anxious about the movement, & hope for the best.

Believe me,

Ever Sincerely Yours

SUMNER TO BIGELOW

Boston, Nov. 25th, '51.
Tuesday.

Dear Bigelow,

Hawthorne has just come to Boston from his country retreat, & has answered my letter by a call. He says that if he wrote for any paper he should prefer yours, for, so far as he knows his own politics, they are nearer the *Evening Post* than any thing else; but he has nothing ready, & he doubts whether a tale from him would properly cut up for newspapers, besides, if it did, it would lose its freshness, so that its success in a volume might be interfered with, & he evidently looks to the latter as a source of emolument.

Sometime ago he refused $500 from the *Tribune* for one of his tales.

His address for sometime will be West Newton, Mass., where you might renew your application directly by letter, if you saw fit.

My purpose is to leave Boston Wednesday afternoon & to reach N. Y. Thursday morning. Now I desire much to see you & John Van Buren, on my way, *to talk affairs.* I shall write to ask him to dine with me at Delmonico's, where I shall stop, at 5 o'clk, & hope you will do the same. There will be nobody else, & we will be by ourselves. I know it is Thanksgiving Day; but, as he has no family & you are still young in this relation, perhaps I may be able to secure you both. Let me know, if you can dine with me, by note addressed to me at Delmonico's, or by Telegraph to Boston *Wednesday morning.*

Ever Yours

P.S. What prodigious talent Kossuth shews in England!

P.S. The Coalition has carried the State, &, as the Whigs made the issue on my election, you see one of the consequences.

SUMNER TO BIGELOW

WASHINGTON,
Dec. 13th, '51.

Dear Bigelow,

Kossuth errs—all err—who ask any *intervention* by GOVT. *Individuals* may do as they please, stepping to the verge of the law of nations, but the *Govt.* cannot act.

Depend upon it, you will run against a post, if you push that idea.

Enthusiast for Freedom, I am for every thing *practical,* but that is not practical.

Think of this.

Ever Yrs

SUMNER TO BIGELOW

SEN. CHAMBER,
Dec. 27th [1851].

Dear Bigelow,

Bring out that passage about Webster in the 2nd vol. of Story's Life—about 1842, & translate the Greek. It will tell.

Cull also from the vols. the passages on the importance of a Northern Spirit, & against "doughfaces." In the Index, under the head of "Slavery, its influence on the North" or something like this, you will find a key to them. They will make a telling column. Don't forget this. They are very pertinent to our days.

Read the criticism on the *Prigg* case.

The fate of *Foote's* resolutions is uncertain, & I am uncertain what to do about them. I wish sometime during the session to declare myself fully on the subject; but I am not clear that this is the time. I should rather do it later.

I feel that Kossuth has made a great mistake. By asking too much, he has missed a great opportunity of impressing the country.

Ever Yrs

SUMNER TO BIGELOW

Senate Chamber,
Monday [1852].

Dear Bigelow,

On inquiry I learn that the Hayti Correspondence has not yet been recd at the Senate Chamber.

Tomorrow for Webster! The South would never give him their votes. Look for their voices.

To-day has exposed the pettiness of the old parties in excluding Hill, Chase & myself from committees.

Ever Yrs

SUMNER TO BIGELOW

Sen. Chamber,
Feb. 3d, '52.

Dear Bigelow,

What you say of Marcy & his chances is like dropping the iron curtain. I will hope for something better.

It seems to me not improbable that Buchanan will be nominated, in which event there may be a third candidate.

Mr. Lyons of St. Lawrence Co. is here, much devoted to Houston, & sanguine that he will be nominated. I am won very much by Houston's conversation. With him the Anti-Slavery interest would stand better than with any man who seems now among possibilities; he is really against Slavery; & has no prejudices against Free Soilers. In other respects he is candid, liberal & honorable. I have been astonished to find myself so much of his inclining.

Col. Benton says that those Kentucky resolutions were prepared in Washington & sent out in order "to slaughter" Butler. He says no Freesoil-man can go into the Baltimore Conv. without a halter about his neck, & asks how Preston King can go there.

You will see that the Hunker *Advertiser* of Boston, on the strength of an imperfect telegraphic report, made haste to attack my speech on Public Lands, mis-apprehending & mis-stating my position. In this it shewed the *animus*. Judge Felch of Michigan, in an elaborate speech to-day, has adopted & sustained my view. I challenge criticism for it,—although it is new.

I love the memory of Story—I recognise his foibles—but I admire his judicial character as transcendant. The son wrote with the constant sentiment of a son. Don't be too hard.

Ever Yrs

SUMNER TO BIGELOW

Washington, March 2nd, 1852.

Dear Bigelow,

Congress & all the world have a vacation to-day to quaff fresh air, sunshine & Champagne on board the *Baltic*. I voted for the adjournment; but did not care to put myself in the great man-trap, set especially for members of Congress. How I shall finally vote, I know not; but I incline with you.

I wish some practical way of securing cheap ocean postage. That I regard as of unquestionable value, in all respects.

I am disturbed by your dissent from my land views; for I counted upon yr concurrence. I think you do not precisely appreciate the limitations of my argt. Looking upon the United States as the great *untaxed proprietor*, I say it ought to contribute bountifully to roads, & other means by which the lands may be benefited. What I said hath this extent; no more. My view was briefly summed up in an off-hand rejoinder to Mr. Hunter, which I enclose for yr eye.

I see nothing certain in the Presidential horizon. In all my meditations I revert with new regret to the attempted reconciliation of '49, in yr state. Without that, we should now controul the Free States.

I read carefully & enjoyed much Mr. Bryant's Address.[1] I was tempted to write him the praise which was on my lips. It

[1] Before the New York Historical Society, on Cooper, Webster presiding.

was a truthful, simple & delicate composition; and much as I value sculpture & Greenough, I cannot but add that it will be a more durable monument to Cooper than any other. Webster's historical article was crude & trite enough.

Ever Yours

SUMNER TO BIGELOW

Confidential

SENATE CHAMBER,
Monday [August, 1852].

My dear Bigelow,

The world blesses the telegraph for the promptitude with which it carries news; but speakers must curse it for its inaccuracies. In sending the reports of what I say, I am often tempted to exclaim—"give me oblivion rather than such a notoriety." My late speech looked strangely in New York.

The kind interest you express in my speech tempts me to the *confidence of friendship.* I shall be attacked, & the speech will be disparaged. But *you* shall know something of what was said on the floor of the Senate. You will see what Hill & Chase said openly in debate. Others are reported in Convention. I know that some Hunkers have felt its force. Clarke of R. I. said "it would be a text-book when they were dead & gone." Shields said it was the ablest speech ever made in the Senate on Slavery; and Bright used even stronger language. Cass has complimented me warmly. Soulé has expressed himself in the strongest terms. Welles, after using strong terms of praise, said "it would do more *mischief* than any speech ever made in the Country." Polk, who was sober & who listened for two hours, said "the argt. was unanswerable," though he could not say this aloud. I write these for your *private & friendly eye.*

I throw this speech down as a gage. I believe it presents the true limits of opposition to slavery within the Constitution. I challenge an answer. The attempts in the Senate were puerile and ill-tempered.

I send you the outside of the *Era,* which contains 7 columns. The whole will be 18 columns. The next batch you shall have to-morrow. It would please me much to see it in the *Post;* but I did not expect it.

I can not leave here before the end of the week. Many matters, among others the publication of my speech in a pamphlet, will detain me after the close of the session. I see that I am announced for Faneuil Hall next Tuesday. This I regret. I am weary & long for vacation. I have been in my seat every day this session.

I shall hope to see you on my way through New York, to converse on many things. I regret very much that John Van Buren has gone into this campaign. If he could not oppose Baltimore he should have been silent. Even Welles, with whom he has been speaking in New Hampshire, says he ought to have gone to Europe. My admiration & attachment for him have been sincere, &, in the most friendly spirit, I regret his course.

Pardon this freedom.

We are now in the hurly-burly of a last day. The pressure is immense.

Ever Yours

SUMNER TO BIGELOW

Washington, Sunday [December, 1852].

Dear Bigelow,

I had done nothing about the Hayti Correspondence, as our Committees have not yet been appointed, & Soulé has not yet arrived.

Tomorrow I will send you a copy,—if possible.

The pressure from the Southern Chivalry will cause a day to be set apart in Congress for the burial of Mr. Webster. Would that it were indeed "to bury Caesar, not to praise him!" Of course, I cannot appear among the eulogists of Daniel Webster.

"Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth."—

You remember the words of Cordelia. I shall be silent; but that silence shall be a speech. *Dum tacet clamores.*

. . . . . .

Yr sketch of Thackeray interested me much.
Why does not yr paper come more regularly?

Ever Yrs

Rush tells me that $\frac{9}{10}$ths of the democrats are against the movement for Cuba, & he is glad to believe that Pierce is "Conservative." Dickinson is busy trying to check-mate Marcy.

PRESTON KING TO BIGELOW

Washington, Decr. 23d, 1852.

Dear Sir:

. . . . . .

In a casual conversation with Col. Benton the other evening I got the impression that his Book would be prepared and examined by himself with great care before it would be published and that it was not fully ready for the Press. I do not see any objection to your writing direct to the Col. on the subject—or if you choose I will speak to him or Mr. Blair, I have no doubt, would confer with him. I shall not make any suggestion to any one on the subject without hearing from you again.

Yours truly

SUMNER TO BIGELOW

Washington, Sunday [1852–3].

Dear Bigelow,

The diplomatic complaints open rich. They are pleasant reading. Before you finish with them, I hope you will have at least one stiff article on the character of our representatives abroad. For God's sake let us have republicans, who will not

crouch to rank or fashion, but will bear themselves as becomes the foremost Republic! Let Pierce have a warning.

There is a lull here, nothing doing, except cabinet-making. I write for yr private eye some of the sayings. B. F. Hallett writes that Pierce must not take a Free Soiler or Secessionist. The compromises are the most rabid & proscriptive. On the other hand John Tyler, from his retreat in Virginia, says there must be in the Cabinet a Free Soiler & a secessionist. Dickinson overflows against Marcy, who he prophesies will end as a Free Soiler. He thinks he could have carried New York by a larger vote than Pierce. Soulé tells me that his friends asked him how he should regard John V. B.'s appointment. His reply was—"We accepted his services in the hour of battle, it will be dishonorable to discard him in the hour of victory." Soulé is a generous chivalrous character. Having been in a minority at home he knows how to sympathize with the minority at the North. His friends wish Jeff. Davis as Secy of War. He speaks warmly of Dix, & thinks he would be a good appointment. Gwin despairing of re-election wishes to retreat to the Treasury.

Ever Yrs

It was in the winter of 1852 that I received the following note from George William Curtis:

Monday, 27th Dec. 1852.

My dear Sir:

My friend Mr. Sherwood represents the Committee for the Popular Series of Lectures at the Tabernacle, and wishes to speak with you to coax you to present me to the public which so justly and warmly appreciates your genius!! (not to flatter)

Yours most truly

Geo. Wm. Curtis

Mr. Bigelow.

I, of course, promptly testified my pleasure in complying with the wishes of Mr. Curtis.

It was on this occasion that Curtis formally adopted lecturing as a vocation. As the author of "Prue and I" and "Nile Notes," he was known to and admired by a select few in New York and New England, but he had still a name to make for success in the lecture field. It was the consciousness of this that led him to begin in New York, where sooner than elsewhere he might commend himself for a starring engagement in the provinces.

His audience was not large. It consisted pretty exclusively of kinspeople and personal friends. The lecture, however, was admirably adapted for a miscellaneous audience; was duly noticed by the press on the following day; and, by the number of times it was repeated by him, must have netted him, first and last, much money, though on this, his first night, he probably did not clear expenses in door receipts. In the advertising it procured him, it was probably the most profitable evening he ever spent on the lecture platform.

I then felt flattered, and still remember with satisfaction that from his wide circle of friends and admirers he should have selected one of the proprietary editors of the press with whom he was then probably least intimate, to preside at his first appearance before the public as a speaker.

My acquaintance with Mr. Curtis commenced at the Press Club, and up to that time had been limited to our meetings at its monthly dinners.

SUMNER TO BIGELOW

SENATE CHAMBER,
Jan. 10th, '53.

Dear Bigelow,

Here is a note which explains itself. The writer, as you see, desires to enter upon newspaper life. He is still young—say 22—of Harvard College—with a taste for books & scholarship. I will give him an introduction to you, as he desires.

Soulé's theory is to keep ourselves master of our position & watchful of exigencies, without filibustering & with a just regard for Spain & the Castilian character, believing that the time will come when Spain may be disposed to part with the Island.

It is clear that many desire to dispense with Cass's services as leader. This will animate the discussion which commences tomorrow.

Jan. 11th. I send you to-day the first copy I have seen of Part II of Doct. accompanying Presdt's Message.

I lately met Col. Benton at dinner *chez Bodisco,* & introduced the subject of your desires. I pressed him to allow the speedy publication of large parcels of his work in the *Evening Post.* He told me that Cicero was not mentioned by Virgil or Horace—that during the Augustan period he seemed to be forgotten—but that his Orations & Letters were now the exclusive authority for the history of his times!—

Soulé is to-day in his seat, but quite unwell.

Ever Yours

SENATE CHAMBER,
Jan. 11th, '53.

My dear Bigelow,

I am glad to introduce to you my friend Mr. Wm. S. Thayer, of whom I have already written—a young man of talent & culture, of true principles—a poet, a scholar & a writer. He seeks a newspaper life. I know you will give him yr counsel.

Ever Yrs,
CHARLES SUMNER[1]

SUMNER TO BIGELOW

SENATE CHAMBER,
Jan. 17th, '53.

Dear Bigelow,

It seems to me a certain Will now current in newspapers deserves an article.

[1] With this note commenced the connection of Mr. Thayer with the *Evening Post* until his health compelled him to take refuge in a milder climate and to end his days as Consul-General of the United States in Egypt. Mr. Sumner did not in the least exaggerate the merits of his friend nor could then have imagined his value to the *Evening Post.*

Mark the extent to which it draws on friends—the Walter Scott mania to support his "house"—& the ostentatious declaration that certain domestics are "free"—in Mass. where Slavery was abolished by the Constitution in 1780.

I send also an interesting circular which may be called a codicil to the Will.

Ever Yrs

Hunter told me this morning that there was no truth in yr story that he stood off from y Cabinet on account of Dix.

The following is the "interesting circular" sent by Sumner:

WASHINGTON CITY, January 1, 1853.

Sir:

Mr. WEBSTER, years ago, emancipated a negro man named "WILLIAM," with whose good service as "body servant," up to the death-bed at Marshfield, you may be acquainted, and whom he so kindly mentioned in his will. He ever enjoyed the esteem of his kind master, and it was Mr. WEBSTER'S expressed intention to have also emancipated his wife, "DAPHNE," a slave in this District. This, with many other intended testimonials of individual regard, was postponed by a pressure of official business, and finally arrested by the relentless hand of Death.

Circumstances of recent occurrence, render it necessary that "DAPHNE" be sold by her present owner, and "WILLIAM" is grieved to learn that she may be sent to the South,[1] whilst he can only obtain a livelihood here, or in some other city where servants of his class are needed. A knowledge of all these facts have [*sic*] induced the subscribers (sustained by other admirers of the Great Statesman) to solicit subscriptions from gentlemen who may be disposed to aid in a good deed, to pay a tribute of regard to a faithful domestic, and to carry out the wishes of his benefactor.

Any sum you may be pleased to contribute, may be enclosed to RICHARD SMITH, Esq., Cashier of the Bank of the Metropolis, who has consented to act as treasurer. Acknowledgments will be made in the public prints; and, should there be any surplus, it will be given to WILLIAM.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servants,

CHARLES LANMAN,
GEORGE J. ABBOT,
BEN. PERLEY POORE.

[1] With an infant five months old.

SUMNER TO BIGELOW

Private

SENATE CHAMBER,
March 26th, '53.

Dear Bigelow,

The post of Assistant Secy of State *was* offered to my brother; but I write, not for any public correction of yr paper, but merely for yr private information.

More than 10 days ago Mr. Marcy communicated to me personally his desire to have my brother in the place—his sense of his fitness beyond that of any other person in the country—& also the extent to which he was plagued by applications from persons who would make the office only a clerkship. My brother was absent from Washington at the time. At the request of Mr. Marcy I sent for him, & on his arrival, at Mr. Marcy's request, he reported himself at the State Department—was most cordially welcomed—was assured that not only the Secy, but the President, desired him to be Assistant Secry—that his knowledge of European affairs was needed—that it was the intention to raise the salary of the office & to make it a desirable position. At three different stages of a protracted interview the matter was thus pressed upon my brother. But in the course of the interview Mr. Marcy expressed a desire for some confession on the subject of Slavery, by which my brother should be distinguished from me—some acceptance of the Baltimore Platform, all of which he peremptorily declined to do in a manner that made Mr. Marcy say to me afterwards that he had "behaved in an honourable manner." After my brother had fully declared his determination, & his abnegation of all desire for offices, of which I do not speak in detail, the Secretary still expressed a desire for his services. Subsequently my brother addressed him a brief note *absolutely declining,* & in another note recommended the appointment of Dudley Mann.

This affair has got into the newspapers, but by no suggestion of mine or of my brother.

Slidell's nomination is a great blow to Soulé.

Ever Yrs

SUMNER TO BIGELOW

Senate Chamber,
April 7th, '53.

Dear Bigelow,

Did I tell you what Marcy said of the Barnburner section as an aid to the Administration? I forget; but your article of yesterday reminds me of it.

He declared that this Administration could not get through without leaning upon the Barnburners—that they were the *truest democrats* (he did not say because they support *personal rights*)—on finance, state rights &c & that the national party would need their assistance. He claimed great credit to himself for the Union, saying that he had *made the bridge* between the two Sections. To which I replied, that he should be hailed with Roman praise, as *Pontifex Maximus.*

We expect to-day the nomination of Soulé for Spain & Buchanan for England. The tone of the Administration on Foreign affairs will be indicated by Soulé's nomination. *This I know.*

Some curiosities of the Cabinet I learn. My brother's first nomination in cabinet council came from Jefferson Davis, who spurned at once the suggestion from Marcy that he would be obnoxious to the South! Give me a thorough Southerner rather than a Northern doughface!

Ever Yrs

SUMNER TO BIGELOW

Senate Chamber,
13th June, '54.

My dear Bigelow,

What have you to say on the statement that Dominica is a *white* republic, in contradistinction to Hayti?

Is Santana of Caucasian or African extraction or of mixed origin?

How many persons of unmixed white blood are there in Dominica?

If you can answer these questions easily I should be glad to have your answers. Perhaps, it would be well to do it in yr. paper.

Many here who look forward to a *Grand Junction* party at the North have been disturbed by yr. article of last week; & I am one of them. I see no salvation of the country, except in such a combination, that all past differences on Tariff, Internal improvements & other things, shall be dissolved as in a potent alembic.

Ever Yours

With the accession of Polk to the Presidency, Blair and Rives discontinued the publication of the *Globe,* which had been the organ of the Administration since Jackson's time, and a paper called the *Union,* under the editorship of Mr. Ritchie of the *Richmond Enquirer,* took its place. The following letter was one of the ignoble fruits of the change.

Union Office.

Washington City,
July 12th, 1853.

Wm. C. Bryant & Co.,
Gentlemen:

Yours of the 9th inst. is rec'd. You were right in supposing that the New York *Evening Post* had been erased from our exchange list. I deemed such course to be but a proper indication of the feelings with which I regarded the persistence of the *Post* in a line of policy calculated to injure the democratic party and to keep alive the spirit of sectional agitation. I supposed too that such course would be expected and probably desired by you. I cannot consent to place the *Post* on my books as a subscriber, but as you express a wish to receive the *Union* I shall have the *Post* restored to our exchange list, not intending thereby however to modify in any respect the sentiments recently avowed in the *Union* as to the character of the *Post.*

With proper regard,

R. Armstrong.

SUMNER TO BIGELOW

SENATE CHAMBER,
16th June, '54.

My dear Bigelow,

General Houston has occasion to be in New York, in the course of a few days, &, I doubt not, will address his fellow-citizens, if occasion is given. He speaks openly of the Administration & denounces the Nebraska perfidy, as, among other things, an overthrow of the Texas resolution, securing 4 new States. Do give him a good opportunity. Douglas & his brass band can be outdone.

The admission from a Texas senator that the Compromise by which his state is to be benefited is practically annulled, will pave the way for the complete annulling by the North of all the other compromises.

Ever Yours

My life-work outside of the domestic circle for the next eight years was pretty fully recorded in the columns of the *Evening Post*. They were very instructive years for me. They helped me morally and intellectually. I had the singular advantage of being associated in the most confidential relations with the most eminent man of letters which our country had then produced—I don't think I would take great risk in saying, has yet produced. I had never met then, nor have I met since, a man of higher moral standards nor many men of such varied literary accomplishments, though his modesty was such that few even of his intimate friends had any just idea of the extent of them. I was more successful than I had any right to expect, and we prospered.

The questions we had to discuss in those days, happily for me, were mainly moral questions. We were for freedom against slavery, which was the *pièce de résistance* from year in to year out. We were the leading if not the only champion of a revenue tariff as against a protective tariff, in all the

Northern States. We hunted with almost reckless audacity every base or selfish influence that was brought to bear either upon legislation or administration. Hence, although we always professed to be Democrats and to preach what we regarded as the genuine principles of popular sovereignty, we were never regarded as a part of the machine, and rarely were even as tolerant of it as perhaps at times we might as well have been.

The following note from the late Jared Sparks was provoked by a review I made of that gentleman's edition of the correspondence of Washington with Read, in which I took exception to Mr. Sparks's editorial liberties with the text of Washington's letters—liberties such as, many years later, I learned had been taken with the Autobiography of Dr. Franklin by his literary executor.[1] Our correspondence may be found in the *Evening Post* of January or February, 1852, and I think had some influence in protecting the text of our colonial publicists from the profane liberties of purists.

I was sorry to learn later how much pain my criticism had given this learned and venerable professor, but even now, after an interval of more than half a century, I find it difficult to pardon such editorial liberties, especially when the example was set by one of the then most accredited literary authorities in our country.

JARED SPARKS TO WILLIAM C. BRYANT

Private

CAMBRIDGE, March 29th, 1852.

Dear Sir:

I forward herewith a communication, in the form of letters, which I should be glad to have published in the *Evening Post*. They relate to strictures which have appeared in that Journal, respecting my editorial agency in the preparation of Washington's Writings for the press.

If there should be any objection to publishing these letters in the

[1] See Bigelow's Life of Benjamin Franklin, Preface (The Lippincott Co., Philadelphia).

Evening Post, which I cannot suppose, I must ask of you the favor to return them to me without delay through the mail.

I am, dear Sir,

With much respect & regard,

Your ob't Serv't

P. S. These papers were nearly prepared two months ago, immediately after the notice of Lord Mahon's book appeared in your Journal; but I was then seized with a severe illness, which has confined me to the house ever since, & from which I am but just now recovering. Moreover, I had a long illness at the time the strictures were first published, which disabled me from writing.

I hope the two extracts marked in the margin will be printed in the same type as the body of the articles; and that the several letters will appear in as nearly consecutive papers as your other arrangements will permit.

A humorous article which appeared in a Western paper and which I copied into the *Evening Post* led to the following correspondence and to a considerable transient fame of a gentleman who was and still is mostly known by the pseudonym of "Doesticks." Mr. Thomson finally found a place on the staff of the *Tribune* for a time. His habits, however, were or became unfortunate, and his career was meteoric. I then thought and still think that Mr. Thomson had intellectual gifts which properly husbanded and cultivated would have entitled him to a by no means inconspicuous place among American men of letters.

"DOESTICKS" TO BIGELOW

New York, Dec. 4, 1854.

My dear Friend:

I was detained at home yesterday, as you have undoubtedly surmised, by stress of weather. The business upon which I wished to converse is like this:—

Mr. Livermore seems to be very strongly of the opinion that I may be able to write something for him which will sell, and as I have no objection to doing that, especially if it will put a few dollars in my individual pouch, I have about determined to try. My idea is to take some of the letters which have already appeared, write others to fill in, connect them by some slight thread (as for instance the adventures of Doesticks and his friends), and then, claiming nothing on the score of literary merit, publish them for what they are. If the work should meet with a sale, all very well; if not, there will be nothing lost or risked on the score of reputation. What I would ask of you is, your opinion as to the judiciousness of such a course, as to the probability of the sale of the book sufficient to protect the publisher at least from loss; and what you think about Mr. L. being the proper man to make terms with. I should do all in my power to fulfill my part of the bargain, and try my utmost to make the work readable. By devoting all my spare time to the enterprise, I think I might be able to have the necessary *quantity* at least, prepared in three or four months. I should not desire to make any engagement which will prevent my writing say one letter a week for some paper.

If you can suggest to me any plan which you think would be an improvement, or any title which you think would "take," your hints will be most gratefully received. Mr. L. says that if I conclude a bargain with him he will give whatever terms you shall say to be fair and honourable for both parties.

Will you then, in addition to all the other favors you have shown me, permit me to refer him to you when he begins to talk of money, and whatever you may agree with him I will consider binding upon myself.

I have agreed to meet Mr. L. at noon, and if you can send me an immediate answer, however brief, I shall feel much obliged. I did not like to trespass personally upon your time at this hour, and thought perhaps you might be able to judge what I desire to do, and give me your opinion on the subject as well from a written as a verbal statement, and do it with less trouble to yourself.

Yours truly,

M. W. Thomson.

V

THE FIRST TRIUMPH OF THE PARTISANS OF FREE SOIL, FREE LABOR, AND FREE MEN

IN 1853 Senator Douglas introduced his third anti-Nebraska Bill, organizing two Territories instead of one and declaring that the Missouri Compromise, being "inconsistent with the principle of non-intervention by Congress with slavery in the States and Territories, as recognized by the legislation of 1850 (commonly called the compromise measures), is hereby declared inoperative and void; it being the true intent and meaning of this act not to legislate slavery into any Territory or State, nor to exclude it therefrom, but to leave the people thereof perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the Constitution"—a change which Senator Benton characterized as "a stump speech injected into the belly of the Nebraska Bill." Mr. Hamlin, afterwards Vice-President, is quoted by Hay and Nicolay as their authority for saying that this bill as quoted was written by President Franklin Pierce himself. Douglas, doubting the firmness of the President, told Hamlin he intended to get from the President something in black and white that would hold him. He afterwards showed Mr. Hamlin the draft of the amendment in Pierce's own writing.

In 1853 the House of Representatives contained 71 Whigs, 4 Free-Soilers, 159 Democrats—a clear Democratic majority of 84. The year after the adoption of the Douglas Nebraska Bill and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the classification was about 108 anti-Nebraska members, about 40 Know-Nothings, and only 75 Democrats. The remaining members were undecided. The Democratic majority which elected Pierce for President was thus annihilated by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and has never been recovered.

One of the consequences of this political revolution was the nomination of Mr. Richardson, the Democratic leader in the House on the Nebraska Bill, for Speaker, and Nathaniel P. Banks of Massachusetts by the Republicans. Richardson, getting only 76 votes, withdrew. The result was the election of Banks by 103 votes, against 100 votes for William Aiken of South Carolina, after 120 ballotings continuing nearly two months, from December 3 to January 23.

In this struggle between freedom and slavery, in the last century, this was the first victory of importance achieved by the Free-Soilers. Banks was a young man of obscure origin who began life in a cotton-mill, but who had the bearing and the conduct of a man that had been born to the purple. The contest over him was very bitter. There was no weapon of offence or defence of which the slaveholders did not avail themselves to defeat him. The business of our national Legislature was delayed two or three weeks by the difficulty of securing the requisite majority for any candidate. This victory had the more importance to the North because the political views of the Speaker could not fail to have very great influence upon the then approaching Presidential election.

Not long after Congress was organized, Mr. Banks came over to New York and called upon me to talk about the political situation and the best mode of turning our recent victory to account. The Free-Soilers were then an unorganized body. The Federal Government and almost the entire press of the country were against them, and the few journals that supported them were chiefly content with commending their principles and denouncing slavery or efforts then making to introduce slavery into the free Territories.

We had no candidate to incarnate our principles, and men of national reputation were either committed to the other side or had been too active partisans for the Free-Soilers of opposing parties to unite upon. Mr. Banks referred at some length to this feature of our situation, and he then said that we could never make any headway as a party until we produced some one who would incarnate our principles; that the people could never be made to join a party or to be active in favor of a platform without a man on it; that he thought the time had come when it was necessary to secure such a man if he could be found, etc.

I told him that he had diagnosed our condition exactly, but where was the man? He then proceeded to enumerate the difficulties which beset any one who was prominently identified with either of the two great parties, and finally asked me what I thought of Colonel John C. Fremont. I replied that he was the son-in-law of Colonel Thomas H. Benton, then a Senator of great reputation and influence from the State of Missouri, who was very popular with the Northern Democracy; that he had no previous political history or relations to embarrass him; that he had acquired a national reputation by his explorations and surveys through and beyond the Rocky Mountains, and by his part in planting the flag of the United States in California before the Government had taken possession of it, and that he seemed open to fewer objections than any other person I could think of, equally or more prominent. Banks said the impressions he had received from a casual acquaintance with Colonel Fremont and his wife in Washington led him to think him a candidate worth considering. As I agreed with him entirely, lacking only personal information about the man's capacity as an executive officer, he proposed that we should go and call upon the Pathfinder, a name by which he was already familiarly known to the press. Fremont was stopping at the Metropolitan, a hotel built on the site once famous as Niblo's Garden.

We called there about ten o'clock the following morning. Fremont was not yet up. He did not, however, keep us waiting long. He impressed me more favorably than I had expected. His manner was refined and dignified. Our conversation had no special political significance, though it was so directed that he could not fail to infer that our visit was something more than a formal call. Not long after this interview I invited a few prominent gentlemen of both parties, but with Free Soil proclivities, to my house to consider the feasibility of making Fremont our candidate for the Presidency, and especially to meet the venerable Frank P. Blair, of Washington, who chanced to be in town at the time, the guest of General Dix, I believe. I remember but three of the others who were present. They were Samuel J. Tilden, Edwin P. Morgan, afterwards Governor and United States Senator, and Edward Miller. All of the party but Mr. Tilden favored Fremont. Mr. Tilden was under the impression that he could

be more useful inside than outside of the Democratic party, and I think instinctively hesitated to commit himself in such an important matter to a man he had never seen, and whose qualifications for such an important position as the chief magistrate of this country had never been demonstrated.

After the other guests were gone I asked Mr. Blair to embrace an early opportunity of seeing Colonel Benton, one of his most intimate friends, and securing, if he could, the colonel's approval of the nomination, without which it would not be worth while to go further. It was not long before I received an answer from Mr. Blair which warranted us to go ahead. I commenced at once the preparation of a campaign life of Fremont, of which from two to three columns appeared every successive week—on Saturdays, I think—in the *Evening Post.* In preparing the first chapter I was obliged to apply to Mrs. Fremont for information about her husband's parentage and early life, of which nothing was then generally known. She very kindly offered to write that part of her husband's story for me, and the first chapter of that biography, a few weeks later published in a volume by Derby & Jackson, was printed from her manuscript, which I still retain. Her account of the colonel's origin and early life was not as full as I desired, but it answered our purpose very well.

The *New York Tribune* issued simultaneously with mine a pamphlet about Fremont, attributed to the pen of the late William H. Bartlett, who remonstrated with the late Thurlow Weed for commending my story in his *Albany Journal.* Because I had given a full account of a duel in which Fremont had been engaged he intimated that the publication of those particulars would prove fatal to the candidate. Mr. Weed entertained a different opinion, somewhat to the discomfiture of Mr. Bartlett. In spite of the meagreness of the material and the haste with which my book was compiled, it had a very flattering sale.

I may as well here make a confession which reflects but little credit upon my business habits. When the campaign was over, which of course arrested the sale of the book, the publishers sent me three or four notes, payable in three, six, nine, and possibly twelve months, for amounts of which I have no record and have entirely forgotten, but which purported to represent my royalties on the book, the sales of which, as nearly as I can

recollect, were about 40,000 copies. I handed the notes to my business partner with the request that he would put them in my box in the office safe. I never thought of them again until, on my return from an absence in Europe of some two years, in 1860–61, in looking over papers that had accumulated in my absence, I found these notes. Meantime Derby & Jackson had failed. I sent the notes to Mr. Derby, the only member of the firm whom I had known, and told him that I did not want the notes and that I assumed he would pay them whenever he was able. I am quite sure he will, for Derby was a good and altogether honorable man. He can never pay me in the currency of our mint, but he is sure to, in the currency of the realm for which he departed some twenty years ago. The last money my friend Derby ever earned in this world, I think, must have been his salary as a dispatch clerk in the State Department of Washington while Mr. Seward was Secretary of State.

To complete this story, which commenced with the triumph of Banks as Speaker, and his visit to the *Evening Post* office not long after, it is necessary to add a brief statement of the result to which such apparently accidental and trivial incidents may have been more or less contributory. At the election of November, 1856, Buchanan was chosen President. The popular vote in the nation at large stood: Buchanan, 1,838,169; Fremont, 1,341,264; Fillmore, 874,534. Buchanan received the votes of *fourteen slave States* and *five free States,* a total of 174 electors; Fremont the vote of *eleven free States,* a total of 114 electors; and Fillmore the vote of *one slave State,* a total of eight electors, but not the vote of a single free State.

I am persuaded now, as I was then, that it was impossible to have selected another equally available candidate for our purpose. I became as fully convinced before the colonel died that, much as the country was to be congratulated for his nomination, it was equally to be congratulated upon his defeat. He was in no proper sense a statesman. He owed such success as he had at this election—and it was very flattering—largely to his wife, a remarkably capable and accomplished woman; to her father, through whose influence with the Democratic portion of the coalition he was naturally expected to profit, and to his utterly neuter gender in politics. He rendered his country as a candidate all the service he was capable of rendering it, by incarnating in that character the principles of the

Free Soil party, and thus combining in the free States the forces upon which the perpetuity of our Union was to be dependent, and the doctrine of popular sovereignty vindicated as it had never been before. He lived long enough, however, to satisfy every one that he might have proved a disastrous failure as a President. A wedge may be useful in splitting a log, but useless in converting either of its parts into a chest of drawers.

VI

EXCURSION TO HAYTI AND ST. THOMAS

1853–1854

THE question of the freedom of the African and his capacity for self-government continued to grow from month to month and from year to year more and more the great concern of the nation. In the winter of 1853–54 I determined to visit the Africans' most accessible and apparently their most successful experiment in self-government.

I was encouraged to take this step by a casual acquaintance with Monsieur Simonise, the Agent of Hayti in New York, whose account of his government and what was going on in the island interested me. At his suggestion, I suppose, Mr. E. C. Clarke, the Consular Agent of Hayti in Boston, hearing of my purpose, sent me a number of letters to Haytian correspondents, and with them I sailed from New York, in the bark *Clara Windsor,* on the 23d of November, 1853. I reached Port-au-Prince on the 21st of December. Before we docked, Mr. B. P. Hunt, a New England merchant settled in Hayti and one of the gentlemen to whom I brought letters from Mr. Clarke, came on board and persuaded me to become his guest. Of my sojourn in Hayti, interesting and instructive as it was to me, I will trouble the reader at present only with brief extracts from my diary, relating chiefly to his Majesty the Emperor Soulouque, then the sovereign of the French end of the island.

"Soulouque is generally reported here to have been a slave of the Chevalier Viallet, a man of color, but taken by many to be white, an estimable person to whom Soulouque was much attached. He resided at Petit Goâve, where Soulouque as well as his wife was born. If Soulouque was a slave he must have

received his freedom very young, as slavery was abolished in the colony in 1793. When Soulouque was made President in 1847, Viallet, though a very old man, came down to pay his respects to him. The Emperor went out to meet him as he approached the palace, and, bowing low, kissed his hands. Viallet said that he had come there to pay his respects to the Emperor, and that he was ashamed to have the Emperor treat him thus in public. The Emperor replied that Viallet had been his benefactor and was entitled to his homage. Viallet died about two years ago. The Emperor was elected President in March, 1847, and declared Emperor on August 26, 1849. I understand from Mr. Hunt that the Emperor has had 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' read to him twice, and that he wrote a letter to Mrs. Stowe thanking her for the pleasure he had derived from her work. The letter reached the United States after she left for England, and whether she ever received it or not is uncertain.

"The Emperor is now sixty-seven years old, and, it is said, has shown symptoms of decline. During his late visit to Jacmel he was understood to have had a second attack of apoplexy, a disease to which his structure shows that he is constitutionally inclined. A change of affairs here, therefore, may occur at any moment. The Emperor has only one child, the Princess Olivia.

"He receives one dollar on each bag of coffee exported by Lloyd for account of the government, his income from which source alone is not less than £150,000; he has it sold in England rather than here, that none of his subjects may know how much it brings."

On the 29th of December I received the following invitation from the Minister of Foreign Affairs to celebrate the fifty-first anniversary of the independence of Hayti:

PORT-AU-PRINCE, le 29 decembre 1853.

Monsieur,

Dimanche, 1er janvier 1854, est le 51e Anniversaire de l'Indépendance d'Haiti.

J'ai l'honneur de vous inviter à la solennité qui aura lieu à cette occasion.

S. M. l'Empereur recevra la ville à deux heures et demie

de l'après-midi. Ci-inclus le programme de la cérémonie. Agréez, Monsieur, l'assurance de ma haute consideration.

Le Ministre des Relations Extérieures,

Dufrène.

Monsr. Bigelow,
au Port-au-Prince.

The "*programme de la cérémonie*" occupied four printed quarto pages.

"The gate of the palace grounds as we entered was guarded by a file of soldiers, and a couple of regiments were parading inside. I was equally gratified and surprised to encounter no crowd. In fact, we did not meet half a dozen persons besides soldiers till we mounted the steps of the palace. An officer invited us to walk into a large waiting-room, where we found some forty or fifty persons, consisting of the clergy, the merchants, the military and naval staff of the Emperor, the personal staff of the cabinet ministers, the consuls, and others who were on the same errand as ourselves.

"In the fulness of time we were waited upon by the grand chamberlain and requested to follow him. We did so, and were ushered into an apartment considerably longer than the one we had left, and about as wide. At the end farthest from us, on a sort of dais elevated two steps from the floor, sat a remarkably black and expensively dressed man, whom I at once recognized as Faustin I. He was dressed in a blue cloth coat, ornamented with sundry orders and stars and abounding with diamonds; light drab cloth pantaloons, striped with heavy gold lace down the sides, and a white satin vest also stiff with gold lace and partially covered by the coat, which was fastened with a single button at the throat. He wore a richly jewelled straight sword by his side, and held a gold-headed cane in his right hand. As we entered he was sitting in an armchair all gilded except the seat, bowing to a deputation which was just taking leave. In front of him for a distance of about twenty feet a crimson carpet was spread, the farthest extremity of which bounds the space always to be kept between him and his visitors.

"On either side of the Emperor, but upon the floor, stood his ministers and the principal officers of the imperial household,

perhaps twenty in all. As we advanced, we were received by M. Dufrène, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and presented by name to the Emperor, who had arisen from his seat at our approach. We bowed, and the Emperor bowed. We bowed a second time, and he bowed a second time. As this was the sum total of our promised entertainment, there seemed to be nothing left for us to do but to retire. We proceeded to back out of the room and make way for the next party which was approaching. When we reached the door my companion seized me by the arm and gave me to understand by his example that another salutation was expected from us. As I had nothing else to do, I indulged his Majesty with a third bow, which was rewarded as its predecessors had been, and then we retired by a different door from that through which we had entered, and which led into the waiting-room we had first occupied.

"We had scarcely gone out when Delva, the Lord Chancellor, came to us and said that it would be agreeable to the Emperor to have us return and assist at the reception. This was a compliment to us, as strangers, for which I felt extremely grateful, my curiosity being far from satisfied with what I had yet witnessed. Back we went. As we entered, the foreign consuls, some half-dozen in number, were presented.

"After bowing to the Emperor, Mr. Byron, the British vice-consul, addressed him in behalf of the consular body, felicitated him upon the prosperity and tranquillity of the country at the close of another year, and wished him a long reign, and life and health to enjoy them. The Emperor thanked him, in a tone scarcely audible, for the kind wishes of himself and those for whom he spoke, and desired the same blessings to the governments they represented, etc. His manner was a little embarrassed, and what he said was delivered in a colloquial tone, only audible to those standing quite near him. At the request of the chancellor, the consuls also remained to assist at the subsequent receptions. After them, deputations from the army, the navy, the municipal councils, the health officer, the public printer and others were received. A brief speech was made by each deputation through a *doyen* selected for the occasion, to which the Emperor would sometimes rise and reply and sometimes neither rise nor reply. At the conclusion of each of the speeches, except those of the consuls, the spokes-

man of the deputation would swing his arm into the air and, turning to his companions, cry, *'Vive l'Empereur!'* whereat his companions would respond in a tone much lower and anything but enthusiastic, *'Vive l'Empereur!'* Then followed another swing of the arm and another cry of *'Vive l'Emperatrice!' 'Vive l'Emperatrice!'* in the same depressing tones, was the response. A third swing and a third cry of *'Vive la Princesse Olive!'* and a fourth of *'Vive la famille impériale!'* were each echoed in turn by the deputation, at the close of which they bowed twice, and, backing to the door, bowed again and withdrew. All the ceremonial was well enough but the *vivas,* which were excessively ludicrous, as the responses were given in a much lower key than they were pitched in by the leader. It sounded like nothing so much as the reading of the Litany in church, and was conducted with about the same gravity. These demonstrations of involuntary enthusiasm were repeated by every deputation, and with like effects. The absurdity of the whole thing was greatly aggravated in my eyes when I observed that no one else seemed to see anything laughable in it. If they had all been marching to the gallows they could not have been more earnest and solemn.

"When our curiosity was satisfied, which was before the reception had concluded, we withdrew, grateful for an opportunity of seeing how much the Emperor of France has been indebted to the Emperor of Hayti for the system of court etiquette which divides him from his subjects, and what humiliating tribute the most arbitrary despots are sometimes obliged to pay to public opinion. The next number of the *Moniteur Haytien* spoke of the rapturous and irrepressible enthusiasm with which every word from the Emperor and all the *vivas* were received, and did all it could to convey the idea that the people were perfectly beside themselves with joy at being permitted to see the Emperor, at finding him so well, and at the prospect of his reign being continued. Perhaps they were, but I thought they acted more like the lads at Dotheboys Hall when called upon to bear testimony to the abundance and excellence of Mrs. Squeers's dinner menu."

Emperors and despots find it as necessary to have the simulacrum of popular devotion as republican presidents to have the reality.

"I must not forget to state that while we were assisting the

Emperor to entertain his company, and standing, word was brought us by Dufrène that we might take our seats. He mentioned privately to Mr. Simonise that we must rise when the Emperor rose. After that we had a comfortable time. The Emperor two or three times said a few words in reply to the addresses made to him, but not a word was audible to me.

"I found the Emperor to be a clumsily built man, and awkward, but endowed apparently with great muscular strength. His back is very broad; his legs short and stout.

"The day or two before we were to leave his dominions the Emperor accorded me a reception. About two o'clock Mr. Hunt and I called for Mr. Simonise and reached the palace about a quarter after three. We waited about a quarter of an hour, when we were invited to enter the *salle de reception* where we had seen the Emperor on the previous occasion.

"We found him standing erect with his cocked hat on his head, but without the cane which he had held the other day. He was dressed as gorgeously as before. We had to bow three or four times as we approached him, and when we were as near as Simonise thought it safe to go, he presented me as a distinguished stranger who visited this island as a friend, desirous of correcting the errors into which his countrymen had fallen regarding Hayti, and made a long speech about my early devotion to the Haytian cause.

"When Simonise paused to take breath, the Emperor said: 'We are a Christian people. We have two arms and two legs like other men. We have only desired to act like Christians toward the Dominicans. We do not desire war, but peace. We don't wish to shed blood, but to make all the people of the island prosperous and happy.'

"So much the Emperor spoke slowly and in tolerably good French. Before the Emperor spoke I had desired Simonise to assure him of the gratification I felt in being permitted the opportunity of calling and paying my respects in person. Simonise went on with a long speech about his usefulness, through me, in exposing the intrigues of Walsh, and gave a history of the Emperor's cabinet which he said he had impressed upon me, and he occupied pretty much all the time, intentionally, doubtless, to spare the Emperor the necessity of saying anything. We then took our leave, and in two hours I was on horseback on my way to Jacmel for the steamer to St.

Thomas, where we arrived in her Majesty's mail-steamer *Teviot* the 12th of January, 1855, and secured comfortable quarters at Bonelli's Hotel."

The island of St. Thomas was ravaged by the cholera, of which disease one-tenth of the population found homes in the cemetery during the month in which I was there.

"I was told there the same evening of the death from consumption of Isaac B. Headley, the brother of the author of 'Napoleon and his Marshals.' He was formerly a merchant at Tallahassee, Florida. He arrived here from New York about two months since. I could not but feel what a dismal destiny it was for a poor fellow to die so, at a hotel, away from all his friends, in a strange place, without a soul to communicate a last wish with any confidence that it would be remembered till he was buried. The consciousness of my own lonely position here, without an acquaintance a week old and with the arrows of death flying around me at a fearful rate, makes me feel poor Headley's fate more sensibly.

"I found a Danish lawyer there of the name of Kierolf, who is expecting to go on to New York in the steamer. He was taken sick yesterday and thinks he has the cholera. He is terribly frightened and is likely to make himself sick with the nostrums with which he is stuffing himself.

"St. Thomas, Saturday, Jan. 21, 1854.

"Mr. Helm[1] asked me this morning to act as one of the pall-bearers at Mr. Headley's funeral, to which I consented. Mrs. Bonelli says that some people speak of the cholera as a just punishment; that the blacks of the island contemplated an insurrection during the holidays, when they are assembled in large numbers, and that but for this disease the town might now be burned and many of the people robbed and murdered as they were in Tortola in September last. She quoted a remark made by a negro in town shortly after the cholera broke out, to the effect that that also was the hand of God extended to prevent the blacks from doing what they intended. This fellow has since died. On Christmas Day, when the insurrection would have taken place, seventy-five blacks had died. At

[1] The United States Consul at St. Thomas.

Tortola the blacks burned the town and drove all the whites off. Many came here.

"The funeral of Mr. Headley was solemnized this afternoon at two o'clock, from the office of the American Consul. All the American shipping in the harbor was at halfmast, and about twenty Americans, including Captain Prendergast of the *Columbia* and five or ten of her officers, were present. Mr. Headley's remains were taken in a metallic coffin to the Government vault. The poor fellow left an orphan child."

After considerable delay and hearing that the steamer for New York had been withdrawn, Mr. Kierolf and I succeeded in securing a Baltimore schooner, the *Alabama,* Captain Lowry, to take us to New Orleans. After a voyage of just thirteen days we entered the North East Pass of the Mississippi.

As soon as we reached a wharf at which any Mississippi steamers touched, I took my leave of Captain Lowry and his schooner, with the least possible desire ever to see either again. In four or five days I was with my family in New York.

My two expeditions in 1850 and in 1853 to the Antilles were undertaken for the especial purpose of studying the African as he had developed in freedom. The result was somewhat different from what I had anticipated. My antipathy to slavery was increased rather than diminished, but I became more convinced that it was far more pernicious to the white master than to the colored slave; that the white master appropriated to himself faster and far more of the savagery of the African slave than the African slave appropriates civilization from his white master. I am more than ever persuaded that no man can be invested with absolute authority over another man or race without experiencing constant moral deterioration as much more rapid than the elevation of his slave by his example as he is superior in intelligence to the slave. I find it difficult to rid myself of the conviction that the lawlessness with which the African criminal is treated in our States where slavery once prevailed, will diminish about as fast as the white population that was reared under the influence of slavery shall have gone where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. The student who shall seek for an explanation of the decline of the ancient democracies of Greece and

Rome will find it in the demoralizing influence upon the ruling class of their conquered enemies converted into bondmen, and not elsewhere.

Owing to my preoccupation with the preparations for our departure from St. Thomas, I failed to make any record in my diary of quite the most important event which occurred to me in the course of my visit to the Antilles in the winter of 1853–54. During the second week of my sojourn on the island of St. Thomas, Mr. Kierolf and I chanced both to be seated in the spacious but then otherwise deserted dining-hall of Bonelli's Hotel, he at one end and I at the other, both with books in our hands. I was reading the Bible. I had read everything readable that I had brought with me from home, had bought and read everything readable in the solitary book-store at St. Thomas. I had done the island thoroughly, and my Bible was all that was left upon which to expend my superfluity of leisure. It so happened that I was reading the twelfth chapter of Genesis, which gives the account of Abram, who had been driven by a famine into Egypt. When I had finished the chapter I said to Mr. Kierolf, "Is it not extraordinary that this book should be accepted by the most highly civilized nations of the earth as the Word of God? Just listen." I then read the verses in which the patriarch passed off Sarah, his wife, for his sister.

"This Abram," said I, "is the man whom it is pretended the Lord had selected from all the people of the earth as most deserving of His favor, and promised to make of him a great nation; to bless them that bless him; to curse them that curse him, and that in him all the families of the earth should be blessed. And yet almost the first thing we hear of him is his commanding his wife to tell a falsehood, which inevitably exposed her to insult and degradation, apparently for the sole purpose of saving himself from apprehended, but, as the event proved, imaginary dangers. Does not the Egyptian, whom the Bible represents as the oppressor of God's people, appear, according to our standards at least, to have been the better man of the two?"

"Well, yes," replied Mr. Kierolf, "it does appear so at first."

"But," said I, "does it not appear so all the time?"

Mr. Kierolf seemed rather to avoid a direct answer to my question, and in turn asked me if I had ever read any of the writings of Swedenborg. I said that I could not say that I had. "Well," said Mr. Kierolf, "in his 'Arcana Cœlestia' Swedenborg has given an exposition of the chapter you have been reading, which perhaps would satisfy you that there is more in it than you seem to suspect." I intimated mildly that there was no obscurity about the meaning, and that I did not see how any one could get any impression of those verses different from mine. Mr. Kierolf then went on to explain something about an interior meaning and spiritual correspondence, etc. Failing entirely to understand what he was talking about, I asked him if he had the work to which he referred. He said he had it somewhere, but he was not sure that he had it with him in his luggage at the hotel; he would see. He left the room and after a little returned with the first volume of the "Arcana Cœlestia," which contained, as I found on examination, Swedenborg's exposition of the verses of which we had been speaking. After running my eyes over the title-page and the preface and some introductory paragraphs to the twelfth chapter, I read what he proceeded to give as the internal sense of the chapter which arrested my attention. I then read Swedenborg's exposition of what he terms the interior or spiritual meaning of each verse, I might say of almost every word of each verse of the chapter, occupying forty-five broad octavo pages. I could not make much out of his exegesis, but I was a little disappointed in one respect. Nothing was further from my thoughts than to suppose that in this book, written over a hundred years ago, of which I had never before seen a copy, and to which in my not inconsiderable and varied reading of the English classics I had rarely seen an allusion, I should find anything that could change or in the least modify my opinion of Abram or of the Bible. I read from curiosity merely, expecting to drop the book as soon as I came to something—and I did not in the least doubt I soon should—that would be so absurd, or improbable, or illogical, as would justify me, without rudeness. in returning the book to my Danish friend with thanks.

Though I understood but imperfectly what I read, I did not find what I was looking for; I found nothing that I could point to with confidence and say, "There you see your man Sweden-

borg must have been either a fool or an impostor, or both." On the other hand, I did find several curious and striking things which piqued my curiosity. For example, his opening comments on the first verse of the chapter showed me that, at least, I was following a thoughtful guide. I had neither heard nor read anything like it before.

1408. These, and the subsequent circumstances, historically occurred as they are related; but still the historical facts are representative, and each word is significative. The case is the same in all the historical narratives of the Word, not only those in the books of Moses but also those in the books of Joshua, of Judges, of Samuel, and of the Kings. In all these, nothing is apparent but a mere history; but although history is related in the literal sense, still in the internal sense are heavenly Arcana, which lie concealed within and which can never be seen so long as the mind, together with the eye, is confined to the historical relations, nor are they revealed until the mind is removed from the literal sense. The Word of the Lord is like a body investing a living soul. The things belonging to the soul do not impress whilst the mind fixes its attention only on corporeal objects, insomuch that the existence of the soul is scarcely credited and still less its immortality; but no sooner is the attention of the mind withdrawn from things corporeal than those belonging to the soul and to life begin to appear. This is the reason, not only that corporeal things must die before man can be born again, or be regenerated, but also that the body itself must die before man can be admitted into heaven and see the things of heaven. So it is with the Word of the Lord; its corporeal parts are the containers of the literal sense, whilst the attention of the mind is fixed on which, the internal contents do not appear; but when the former become as it were dead, then first the latter are presented to view. Nevertheless, the things appertaining to the literal sense are like the things in the body of man, viz.: like the scientifics appertaining to the memory, which are derived from the things of sense, and which form common vessels containing things interior or internal. It may, hence, be known that the vessels are one thing and the essentials contained in the vessels another. The vessels are natural things: the essentials contained in the vessels are things spiritual and celestial. Thus, also, the historical facts related in the Word, and all the particular expressions used in the Word, are common, natural, yea, material vessels, containing in them things spiritual and celestial, and these cannot possibly be brought to view, except by the internal sense. This may appear to every one, solely from this consideration, that many things in the Word are spoken according to appearances, yea, according to the fallacies of the senses; as what is said that the Lord is

angry, that he punisheth, that he curseth, that he killeth, and many other things of a like nature; when, nevertheless, the internal sense teaches quite the contrary, namely, that the Lord cannot possibly be angry and punish, much less can he curse and kill. Still, however, to those who, from simplicity of the heart, believe the Word just as they comprehend it in the letter, this is not hurtful, provided they live in charity. The reason is because the Word teaches nothing else than that every one is to live in charity with his neighbor, and to love the Lord above all things, and *they who do this have the internal contents of the Word within themselves, and then the fallacies arising from the literal sense are easily dispelled.*

This idea, that the Word had degrees of significance which varied and expanded in exact proportion to the spirituality of a man's life, was one that had never crossed my mind before, in a way to distinguish the Bible from Dante or Plato, and it seemed to me as though there might perhaps be something in it—but what? And how does he know, and what are the proofs? Still I could not say, "This is nonsense; this is unscriptural," though the distinction made between the chapters preceding the twelfth and those following, by which it was claimed that the narratives of the first eleven chapters of the Old Testament, embracing the careers of Adam and Eve, of Cain and Abel, the deluge, the building of the tower of Babel, etc., "were not matters of true history," had somewhat of a heretical, not to say profane, ring. I was, however, so pleased to find that any one had found a way of retaining his faith in the divine origin of the Bible, without being obliged to accept its account of the creation as history, that I did not feel like having Swedenborg burned as a heretic for that. In spite of these redeeming features in his writings, however, I did not in the least despair of bringing him to the stake before I had done with him. I persuaded myself that he had built up a theosophy from his imagination, and I knew enough to know that no human imagination was capable of producing anything of that kind that would not bristle with weak points, which could not all escape the penetration of even so poor a theologian as I was. So I turned to other places to see what he said, for example, of Abram's subsequent misrepresentation to Abimelech, what of Isaac's repetition of the same fraud in Gerar; of the tower of Babel; of Hagar; of Jacob and his mother's scheme to defraud Esau of his birthright. In this

way I spent the entire day and looked through the whole volume. Much of it was too mystical to be intelligible to me then, but, to my mortification, it began to dawn upon me that it was unintelligible to me much for the same reason as the "Mechanique Céleste" would have been. While I ran upon many things that were quite new to me and seemed wise, I did not find anything upon which I could move to put the author out of court. On the contrary, the desire to read on grew by what it fed on, and begat a longing to know something of the author's personality.

I met Mr. Kierolf again at dinner in the evening and said to him that I had spent the day with his friend Swedenborg, but that the value of what I had read depended so largely upon the tenor of his life and the character he had borne in the flesh that I felt as though, before spending any more time upon his works, I would like to be enlightened on these points. Mr. Kierolf therefore ran over the prominent events of Swedenborg's life in a rather enthusiastic strain, and wound up by assuring me that no other man in history could be named who had succeeded more completely in delivering himself from the sway of the world, the flesh and the devil; and he was fortunately able to supply me from his luggage a collection of documents relating to Swedenborg compiled by Professor Bush, formerly a professor of Oriental literature at the University of New York, with whom I was not only personally acquainted, but for whom both as a scholar and a man I had the profoundest respect. The book was entitled "Documents Concerning Swedenborg," and consisted chiefly of letters and publications of Swedenborg's contemporaries showing the estimate, and reasons for the estimate, in which he was held by them. I read the book at a sitting, and laid it down with mingled surprise and mortification that I had lived till then in such dense ignorance of the career and work of so remarkable a man, at once so great and so good as Swedenborg was there shown to be, while I had spent so much of my life in trying to make myself familiar with the lives of men unworthy to unloose the latchets of his shoes. Whatever doubts I had entertained of Swedenborg's good faith and sincerity this book effectually dispelled. He might have been subject to illusions, but I had no longer any suspicions of his being an impostor. These convictions naturally increased my curiosity to know more of his

A.D. 1811 — Charles Sumner — A.D. 1874

Successor to Daniel Webster in the Senate of the United States

writings, and especially of his theology, though still my curiosity was all of a purely intellectual origin and character.

I asked Mr. Kierolf, who joined with me in employing a schooner to convey us to New Orleans, to take with him whatever books he had about Swedenborg, that I might acquaint myself with them on our voyage, for which we had made final arrangements. More than twenty days elapsed between the time of our departure from St. Thomas and my arrival at New York. I do not recollect but one day in all that interval that I did not pore from ten to twelve hours over those writings. It would not be possible to convey to any one who had not had a similar experience, the effect they produced upon me, the almost insane appetite with which I devoured them, the complete revolution they wrought in all my opinions about spiritual matters, and especially about the teachings of the Bible. Though, like the blind man in the gospel, I as yet saw only men as trees walking, before I reached home I had acquired a thorough conviction that what I had been reading were not the words of him that hath a devil, and that Swedenborg was "a scribe instructed unto the kingdom of heaven." It seemed to me that every line I read removed some difficulty, cleared up some doubt, illuminated some mystery, revealed some new spiritual wealth in the Word of which before I had no conception. I felt that my eyes had been opened to a world of which till then I had seen only the reflection or shadow. Before reaching New Orleans I found myself on my knees, exclaiming, "Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief!"

Nearly fifty years have elapsed since that voyage, and every year has given me a new sense of my obligations to Swedenborg for the Bible that was lost and is found, and of the special Providence that in such a mysterious way introduced me to the acquaintance of Mr. Kierolf.[1]

During my lifetime I think I am warranted in saying that the changes wrought in the theology of the Christian world distinctly attributable, under Providence, to the teachings of Swedenborg are more important than those wrought in all the ten centuries immediately preceding his birth.

[1] I have written a somewhat more detailed account of this experience with Mr. Kierolf for my children, and printed it in a book entitled "The Bible That Was Lost and Is Found, That Was Dead and Is Alive Again." It may some day be worth publishing.

VII

INTENSIVE FERMENTATION OF SECTIONAL TROUBLE AT WASHINGTON

SUMNER TO BIGELOW

WASHINGTON, 17th June, '54.

Dear Bigelow,

YOU seem to forget that Douglas's resolution, directing our Committee for F. Affairs to consider the expediency of acknowledging the independence of Dominica, lies on the table—not yet acted upon & ready to be called up any morning. For a fortnight I have not been out of my seat for a moment during the morning hour, fearing that the resolution might be sprung upon us. Should it come up I propose to move an amendment by adding "and Hayti."

Where are yr letters on Hayti? They move slowly.[1]

I said nothing at the time to which you refer, for several good reasons, one of which was Houston's earnest request to me to say nothing but to leave Douglas to him.

I learn that Houston will probably be in New York on July 5th. He would like to speak in the Park.

Ever Yrs

P.S. Should you not publish [Truman] Smith's judgt. vs. the Fug.[itive] Sl.[ave] Bill? It is able, grave & powerful. If well sustained by the press, it may influence public opinion, also other courts.

[1] Some letters about my tour in the Antilles were given by me in the columns of the *Evening Post*, but the storm-clouds of slavery were gathering so fast in the South that writing letters about Hayti seemed like fiddling while the country was burning.

SUMNER TO BIGELOW

Boston, 11th Oct., '55.

My dear Bigelow,

I am grateful for that article, worthy of the best days of the *Evening Post,* which shews so completely how small all other practical reforms are at this moment by the side of the overthrow of the Slave Oligarchy. They drain the treasury by millions, while we are fighting to save hundreds. And every principle of the Constitution is bent to sustain their intolerable largesses, & to limit still more the doles which we may obtain.

I trust it will be seen at length, that so long as the Oligarchy rules the Country, we shall have chiefly rude, vulgar & unprincipled men in power. The govt. is now in an abnormal condition. And our aim should be to bring it back to the rule of Freedom, everywhere within the *National* sphere, when men will no longer be ostracised for the opinions which Washington, Jefferson & Franklin always rejoiced to express. But these things are all more familiar to you than to me.

I *do* hope you will stick!

Ever Yours

THEODORE PARKER TO BRAMHALL

Boston, 14 June, 1856.

Mr. Bramhall,

Dear Sir:

I never heard that Mr. Fremont ever wished to have slaves. It was his neighbors, not he, whom his wife persuaded out of that wickedness. I know nothing against Mr. F. at all & see nothing to prevent my giving him the heartiest support. I hope to see him the next President & intend to do my possible to bring it about.

Yours truly

THEODORE PARKER TO BRAMHALL

Boston, 25 June, 1856.

Mr. Bramhall,
Dear Sir:

Your first note seemed to require an immediate answer, so I stepped into a Counting Room near the P. O. & answered it—while persons were continually talking to me. But I wrote what I thought—tho' the form of it be awkward the substance is as it should be. *Make any use of it you like.* I shall do all I can to secure F's election—& look upon this as the last chance for a peaceable solution of the quarrel. If F. is not elected—then I see nothing but to fight. Yet I am sanguine that he will be chosen—then I hope to have a little leisure for my own studies.

Yours truly

JEFFERSON DAVIS TO N. P. BANKS

War Dept., Aug. 8, 1856.

Hon. N. P. Banks,
Speaker of the H. of R.
Sir,

In reply to the enquiry contained in your note of this morning, I have the honor to inform you that I know of no such Report as that to which you refer in which Genl. Scott recommends John C. Fremont for the brevet of Captain. In June 1844 Genl. Scott submitted to the Secretary of War a list of 35 officers of the Army proposed for brevet promotion. Among the number 2d Lt. John C. Fremont is recommended for the brevet of 1st Lieutenant for highly distinguished services in the cause of science, &c. This list was not confirmed by the Senate and was withdrawn by President Tyler in Fillmore's time, 1845. In the meantime the President must have nominated Lt. Fremont for the brevet of Captain—though there is nothing on the records of the Department to show this but the resolution of the Senate (of Jan. 27. '45) confirming it.

Very respectfully
Your obt. Servant

My impatience for a country residence was aggravated in 1856 by the serious illness of my son Poultney, then an infant in arms. I had almost despaired of his recovery when I was invited by Mr. James J. Van Alen to visit him with my wife and children at a country place he had recently purchased for himself at New Hamburg. Within twelve hours after reaching there, all my son's unfavorable symptoms disappeared, and at the expiration of a week we left with his health completely restored.

On my way to the city, at Garrisons, the late Mr. Alfred Pell came into the cars and took a seat by my side. I told him what I had been doing, and that I felt tempted to purchase a home at New Hamburg; that I had looked in every direction within fifty miles of New York, and had been able to find no place where the change of air was sufficient to compensate for the privation of the privileges and comforts of the city. He said: "That is true. I reached that conclusion some time ago. Now, I know exactly a place for you. It is near where I am building, on the opposite side of the river, at Buttermilk Falls, adjoining West Point." He told me of all the advantages of the scenery, air, climate, vicinage, etc., and then proposed that I should come up with him the following Friday night, spend Saturday and Sunday with him, and see the place, which I promised to do.

Saturday morning we walked up to the place he recommended. I was charmed with it, bought it before I left, and, according to the country fashion, handed the owner a dollar to bind the bargain. In the course of that year I managed to rig up a tenement that I thought would answer our purpose temporarily, to which I have since made four or five successive additions, and in which I have resided every summer since. I was fortunately able to sell my house in town about the same time for a sufficient advance to pay all it had cost me in interest, for I had paid little if any on the principal; so that, thanks to Mr. Field's advice, for those five years I lived practically rent-free.

On the 22d of May, 1856, Senator Sumner was assaulted and brutally beaten with a cane, while engaged in writing in his chair in the Senate, which had shortly before adjourned, by Preston S. Brooks, a member of the House of Representatives

from South Carolina and a kinsman of Senator Butler of the same State. The impression which this outrage left upon the public mind, and its contribution to the inflammatory elements of the period, have been fully set forth by Mr. Pierce in his very careful and elaborate biography of Mr. Sumner.

Mr. Burlingame, a member of the House of Representatives from Massachusetts, on the 20th of June following the assault, took occasion to characterize the act of Brooks very justly, but in language scarcely less parliamentary than the action he rebuked. A challenge followed, and was accepted by Mr. Burlingame, and the place selected for the duel was Niagara Falls on the Canada side. On his way from Washington to the proposed place of meeting, Mr. Burlingame spent the night at the Astor House, where I was invited with two or three other gentlemen to meet him in the evening. It was there that he learned that Brooks had declined to follow him so far from Washington and so far from his friends. It was the first time I had seen Mr. Burlingame. I found a young-looking man for the rank he had already taken as a speaker in Congress. He was a very prepossessing person and with what seemed to me a very becoming sense of the solemnity and magnitude of the cause which circumstances had so unexpectedly called him to represent.

As Sumner's was the first blood that was shed in the Civil War, and Brooks the ruffian who shed it, and as the attempt to assassinate Sumner and the successful assassination of Lincoln were the two events which contributed perhaps more than any other to extinguish all sympathy in the free States for the slaveholders, I esteem it a piece of great good fortune that Colonel James, who was the second of Mr. Burlingame, left among his papers a detailed account of the affair from the day after Burlingame's denunciation of Brooks to the refusal of Brooks to follow him to the field of honor to which he had challenged him. It was given to the *Washington Post* a short time after Colonel James's death by one of his oldest and most intimate friends, W. A. Croffut. As this record has probably been seen by very few outside of Washington, and as the event of which it gives such a graphic account from the best possible witnesses is certainly a very important link in the chain of events which led to the Civil War of 1861–65, I will insert it here.

It may be proper to premise that I became acquainted with

Colonel James in the Fremont campaign of 1856 and had preserved very agreeable relations with him to the time of his death. He was selected by Secretary Chase, when Mr. Lincoln came to the Presidency, for Collector at San Francisco. He was a born orator and full of resources. Of the Brooks challenge Colonel James said, as reported in the *Washington Post* of October 27, 1901:

"I arrived in Washington one morning from New York and read in the *National Intelligencer* the card of Anson Burlingame, Congressman from Massachusetts, in relation to the attitude of Preston S. Brooks ('Bully Brooks'), Congressman from South Carolina. Mr. Brooks had beaten Mr. Sumner over the head with his club, and no one had interposed to take a hand in the quarrel.

"Believing that Burlingame's card would bring about a hostile meeting, I immediately went out to look for him. We met on the Avenue at the corner of the National Hotel. His first question was, 'Have you seen my card?'

" 'I have.'

" 'What do you think of it?'

" 'I think it will bring you a challenge before ten o'clock.'

" 'What would you do?'

" 'Every man situated as you are must decide that for himself.'

" 'Well, James, I intend to fight. I 'd rather die ten thousand deaths than suffer what I have during the attempted adjustment of this affair.'

"Burlingame was a very vigorous and impressive speaker—an actor even in conversation. He spoke now with great emphasis. He had said in the House, of Brooks: 'He stole into the Senate and smote him as Cain smote his brother.' As he now said that he meant to fight, I said: 'Your mind is made up. Then I think you are entirely right.'

" 'I want you for my second,' said Burlingame.

" 'That you cannot have.'

" 'Why not?'

" 'Because, in the first place, I know nothing practically of the code. In the second place, he will have some famous Senator or Representative, or, perhaps, two of them, for his seconds, and they would so far outrank me as to put me at another disadvantage. You must get a Congressman or a Senator.'

" 'Are you going to desert me now?'

" 'Not if you put it in that way,' I replied.

" 'That is the way I feel compelled to put it.'

" 'Then you can depend on me for the best that is in me.'

" 'That 's more like you. I am satisfied.'

"After some further conversation, we separated, each to go to his hotel. I found mine alive with excitement. The first question of nearly every Southerner was: 'Will Burlingame fight?'

"At breakfast, Humphrey Marshall, a fat member from Kentucky, and a duellist himself, sometimes urbane, but often rancorous to the verge of personal encroachment, was particularly inquisitive. I told him that at last I thought they had found a Yankee who at least would not run. The cool manner of the announcement seemed to startle him, and he expressed regrets at the situation.

"Shortly afterward I met the Hon. Francis P. Blair on the Avenue. He had driven in from Silver Spring in a country wagon and invited me to a seat beside him. As we drove along the Avenue he said it looked as if there would be a duel, and that from my intimacy he thought I would know of it, and he desired to give me some hints and cautions in regard to the course to be pursued. It would not do, he said, to have the meeting come off within the District, because Brooks would be surrounded and supported by friends, while the New Englanders would probably shrink away from Burlingame. That, he said, was the case in the Cilley-Graves duel, and he believed it was the cause of Cilley being killed. He thereupon extracted from me a promise that if I had anything to do with the affair it should occur outside of the District.

"Leaving Blair, I hurried to the Capitol, and at the door of the House met Mr. Eustis, a young member from Louisiana. The difficulty between Brooks and Burlingame was the theme of every tongue, and the excitement was intense. Mr. Eustis, after saluting me, asked earnestly: 'Will Burlingame fight?' I replied that I thought he would, but made no further disclosure.

"He responded: 'He ought to, for it is not every day a man has the opportunity to fight for a whole section as Burlingame has now.' He continued that the whole difficulty had been brought on by Douglas inserting in his bill admitting Kansas and Nebraska the clause which repealed the Missouri Compromise. I assented to that.

"At that moment Douglas came up, and said: 'Good morning, gentlemen.' We returned his salute, and Eustis said:

" 'Judge, we were just talking about you.'

"Whereupon Douglas replied: 'I want no better commenders than you and James.'

" 'But,' said Eustis, 'we were condemning you.'

" 'Well,' Douglas retorted, 'when the devil has work on hand I know of no more apt ministers that he could call upon.'

"The good-natured badinage would no doubt have continued had not Burlingame at that moment touched me on the shoulder, and taking me one side said he had received a challenge.

"When Burlingame told me he had received a challenge I asked him what General Lane said when Brooks handed it to him. Lane said that Brooks praised Burlingame's courage, and then he added that he was in a state of frightful excitement, and desired that the meeting should come off as soon as possible that he might be relieved of it. This somewhat incensed me, and I replied that if Brooks was in that state he had better send for a doctor. I then told Burlingame that I had about as lief see him shot as arrested, for the authorities were all against us, and would, if possible, turn it to his discredit, and that he had better go at once to his hotel, pack his trunk, and await me at a certain place in the Smithsonian grounds, which I designated. I then went in search of another second.

"My first application was to General Sam Houston, whose career is known to most Americans, who was then a Senator from Texas. When I made known to him what I wanted, he replied, in his bland way, 'Oh, see here! I can't do it. I 'm a member of the Baptist Church. But if Mr. Burlingame will come to me I 'll give him advice that will be worth a million to him.' He rolled out the word 'million' as if he were Sisyphus with his shoulder to the stone.

"I replied to him that events were too urgent to wait for much advice, and, requesting him to keep secret what had occurred between us, I sought Ben Wade, Senator from Ohio.

"Mr. Wade took an hour to consider my request, and then declined, saying that he would fight a duel, but would not take the responsibility of acting as a second.

"Burlingame afterward said that he was present at this interview; and he may have been present at its opening, but he could hardly have been there at its termination, for I had hurried him off to make preparations for his secret departure, made necessary by the hostile attitude of the authorities, which were friendly to Brooks. On getting Wade's final answer, I went at once to Louis D. Campbell, member from Ohio, of whom I was sure. He responded at once, 'I will go; I have been trying to get a fight out of them for a month.' By 'them' he meant the party bent on extending slavery.

"As soon as he could get ready we repaired to the rendezvous and found Burlingame there. The afternoon was now more than half spent. I at once informed them of what Blair had said to me and that I had promised him the meeting should not take place in the District. This was at once accepted as final, and various places were discussed, some in adjoining States, ranging from the Bermudas to Cuba. At length Campbell says:

" 'Why not Niagara Falls on the Canadian side?'

"After some consideration this was accepted. It was now evening, and we could see groups gathering on the Avenue and knew they were

discussing the situation. I left to engage a carriage and to inform Banks, from whose house we had decided to depart, of what had occurred, leaving them to make their way separately, each in his own way, to Campbell's room on the other side the Avenue, where we were to meet again. On informing Banks that a fight was in prospect, he exclaimed:

"'Good, by God! It 's time there was a fight!'

"I told him as soon as the affair was quite arranged we would be at his house, and he said he would be ready for us. I had engaged a carriage at Willard's, telling the driver I would pay him double if he kept it a secret. While there Captain Marryat—I think that was his name—came hurriedly to me and said: 'There 's going to be a duel, is n't there?' I answered: 'It looks so.'

"'And if it comes off,' he says, 'it is likely to be a bloody one?'

"'It looks as if it might.'

"Whereupon he flew away, exclaiming, 'Damn indiscreet friends.' He had been in the Mexican War and was remarkable for his youthful looks and graceful demeanor. I never saw him afterward.

"From Banks's I went to Campbell's room. He and Burlingame were in waiting. We prepared the acceptance of the challenge, and Campbell went to deliver it. He was gone so long that he tired us out with waiting. When he returned he gave as a reason that he found Brooks in his room, surrounded by friends that packed it, smoking and drinking, and delayed delivering his message until they apparently took the hint and left. He then handed Brooks the acceptance, which designated the time and place of meeting only, leaving the other preliminaries to be arranged. He said that Brooks expressed his satisfaction, spoke highly of Burlingame, and gave not the slightest hint at dissent from anything that had been done.

"We then arranged a cipher telegraph code to communicate with Campbell, who was to remain, and we left for Banks's house, near the corner of K and Fourteenth. He had refreshments ready for us, wine, etc., which we partook of with a relish, for we had had nothing since breakfast, and we talked over the matter while waiting for the carriage. It arrived before twelve o'clock, and Burlingame and I left together for New York.

"We reached the cars at a station beyond Bladensburg without recognition. At Baltimore or Wilmington I wired Captain Bob Ritchie, who was or had been in the navy and was up in duels, to meet me in the depot at Philadelphia. He was on hand when we arrived. I told him what we had done and asked if so far we had proceeded correctly. He said we had, and continued, giving us considerable advice as to what to do when we arrived at the place of meeting. From here we went on to New York.

"Once on the way again, Burlingame said he would like to telegraph his father-in-law and let him know where he was, and also remarked that if the duel came off he would prefer to shoot Brooks in the leg.

"I protested against both of these suggestions, telling him the eyes of the whole nation were looking with interest to see what would occur, and that we must not try to see friends or relatives, but must keep absolute control of the management. This seemed to satisfy him, and I tried to kill time by amusing him with all the ridiculous accounts of duels that I had ever heard.

"On the way we kept by ourselves, and, singularly enough, met no one on the cars that we knew during the whole journey. On arriving at New York we went to the Everett House, registered under fictitious names, and ordered dinner in our parlor. The papers came in, and we learned from them that Brooks had been arrested in Washington, and discharged on giving bail. I told Burlingame it would not in the least alter the situation, for the cock that crows and won't fight is despised even by the pullets, and he will surely be on hand. When it was quite dark we went to a shooting-gallery on Broadway, and Burlingame's target practice was marvelous. He was cool as a cucumber and hit the bull's-eye with great frequency.

"In the morning we learned from the papers that Brooks would not fight, objecting, without any further attempt at negotiation, the distance and danger of going through the North. All cause for further secrecy was at an end, and when it was known that we were in the city, we were taken to the Astor House and given a great banquet, with much parade, where several famous public men made speeches and eulogized Mr. Burlingame.

"I was called in another direction, and did not return with Burlingame to Washington, but before leaving him, I strongly advised him to answer Brooks's querulous objection in the spirit which Shakespeare makes Norfolk adopt in his answer to Bolingbroke when clearing his honor from what he declared to be a false charge:

> And meet him, were I tied, to run afoot
> Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
> Or any other ground inhabitable,
> Wherever Englishman durst set his foot.

And it must be conceded that he answered in this spirit."

It will be seen that nobody except Burlingame himself was so well qualified to give the complete story of his side of this affair as was Colonel James. He was with him every hour from first to last, and he was evidently Mr. Burlingame's chief support and adviser. Henry Wilson has given a fragmentary and imperfect account of it,

but he was deliberately excluded from all knowledge of it except that which the general public possessed; in fact, it was his conduct that brought Burlingame into the threatened collision. Wilson had denounced Brooks on the floor of the Senate, saying that he would answer for it there or elsewhere, but when called to account, had replied that he would not fight a duel, but would defend himself if attacked. This greatly disgusted Burlingame, and Banks, when it was reported to him, retorted with severe irony, "A rat will do that!" These were times of wild excitement. The Rebellion was coming to a head. The rupture between the sections was nearly in sight, and this incident was called by some the first gun of the Civil War.

W. A. Croffut.

J. VAN BUREN TO BIGELOW

My dear Bigelow,

Assuming that you look on the Native American spirit as Democrats generally do & have, it seems to me a moderate editorial in the *Post* against it would aid the Dem. party, & be of essential service to the *Post*. The True National Democrat, I fear, has been bit by the Know-Nothings, but I would not allude to it. The *Union*, on the other hand, strongly denounces the Know-Nothings. Perhaps this may drive you off, but I am confident the South will seize the Nat. Am. movement to fortify itself in Nebraska & Kansas. I think the *Union* will cave in. This may console you. I would ask the *Atlas* to do this, but Cassidy being Irish, it would come better from you. The *Post* can reiterate its own views mildly but firmly.

June 13th, 1856.

When Mr. Douglas, after his report against the Nebraska Bill, had been persuaded to give it his support, its friends supposed they were strong enough to pass it without the President's influence. This was a part of their plan to head off his power in the South. But some unforeseen difficulties arising, among others that of bringing Southern Whigs into the measure, they concluded it was not safe to risk it without

executive patronage and favor. It was not difficult to obtain the *verbal* assent of the President, who, by his inaugural and his first message, as well as by the *Union,* to which he himself was a contributor, had been at first strongly opposed to its introduction, denouncing it as an equivalent of the abolitionism of Senator Sumner; but the friends of the bill desired something more than this. They desired the President's consent in writing. To obtain this some care was necessary. Mr. Douglas therefore, on a certain Sunday evening, calling upon the President, naturally led the conversation to the subject of the great measure, in the course of which the President, by an indirection not difficult for so skilful a man as Mr. Douglas, was led to suggest some slight amendments, which he thought would greatly facilitate its passage. While this was going on, Mr. Atchison accidentally came in. The President was requested to repeat his propositions, and—Mr. Atchison at once giving his approval—to make them more clear, in connection with the context, by inserting the alterations in the bill itself. The President, highly gratified in being able to relieve such experienced statesmen as Messrs. Douglas and Atchison, in so important a measure as the Nebraska and Kansas Bill, from the difficulties which surrounded it, in the most obliging manner immediately complied with their request, and Mr. Douglas, taking the bill with the President's interlineations, quietly folded it up and placed it where Hamlet's uncle put the crown of Denmark, "in his pocket." This was the President's committal "in writing," which fact was everywhere proclaimed on Monday by Mr. Douglas's friends, who were unwilling, from some events which had transpired in relation to the subject of harbor improvements and tonnage duties, to assume his consent and support expressed in any less definite manner. Perhaps Mr. Douglas will publicly state, if this be not so, that he has never *had* or *seen* a copy of the celebrated Nebraska and Kansas Bill, *interlined* in the President's own handwriting. But certainly Mr. Marcy's friends will have no further difficulty, in the absence of Mr. Douglas's denial, in receiving Mr. Marcy's apology for allowing the Administration to commit so irreparable a blunder "that before any member of the Cabinet had heard it proposed as a measure of the Government, the President had committed himself to its support *in writing.*"

SUMNER TO BIGELOW

Alleghany Mts., Penn., 18th Aug., '56.

My dear Bigelow,

. . . . . .

The mountain air & idleness are doing the business for me. My physical condition is improving daily, so that I have seemed to be able to leave. But my physician is most urgent in his injunction to stay, & says that I cannot leave without danger of a relapse. Unless something untoward should occur, I shall expect to bear my part very soon in the Campaign of Freedom—the great Campaign of Liberation, which is now commencing.

You must be more than satisfied with Thayer. As a correspondent, he is most efficient. It was remarked by my clerk at Washington that for weeks he was the only person whose presence could draw me into anything like gaiety. I feel truly attached to him.

Remember me to Mr. Bryant.

Ever sincerely Yours

P.S. We *must* succeed in the coming election.

GEORGE SUMNER TO BIGELOW

Care Revd. Dr. Furness,
Phila., 3 Oct., '56.

My dear Bigelow,

I wish you would write Charles one line—(referring to our conversation of last Saturday in regard to his taking the stump)—in wh. you wld repeat what you then said to me.

Charles is fretting himself to death, or to death's door, by his anxiety to be in the field.—At *least,* if he cannot go through the whole State, he must, he says, make one rousing speech in Independence Square before the 14th.

Now his physician (an able & clear headed man) declares that, however well & bright he might appear at ye Commencement, in 15 minutes he wld. break down,—not to rise for an indefinite time, perhaps years.

If perfectly quiet, he will be strong & fit for duty in December. Since he came from the Mtns. he has had a relapse,—out of 7 nights he has slept only two,—last night was a little better,—but he is like a racer chafing to be off.

I hoped to see him at work, and to have him up this week, but I fear all work must be given up.—If you can convince him he *ought not* to speak, he would sleep quietly for a week, and thus get strength enough to speak.

Buchanan complains of the "deplorable inactivity" of his friends. There seems to be enough activity—tho. not always wisely directed—among our friends. Think however of their sending *their* men to stump old Dutch Pennsylvania!—to talk to those who believe only in fat, sleekheaded men & such as sleep o' nights.—I have found one round full-bellied jovial old Dutch parson who begins to-day,—and by the luckiest chance, Preston King has just arrived. I have expounded the case to him, & he promises to use his physical advantages in the best manner—to speak to old German Democrats—and not waste his fatness on the unappreciating.

Charles was much pleased with Mrs. B's kind remembrance.

Ever yours

SUMNER TO BIGELOW

PHILADELPHIA, 9th Oct., '56,
AT MR. FURNESS'S.

My dear Bigelow,

Never did I expect this long divorce from my duties, which spins out its interminable thread. Constantly from week to week I have looked for restoration, and have made plans for speaking. But at last I must give them all up. I am still an invalid, with weeks, if not months, of seclusion still before me. All this has been made particularly apparent to me to-day by my physician, while Dr. Howe of Boston, who has kindly vis-

ited me, has enforced this judgment by his authoritative opinion. My brain and whole nervous system are still jangled and subject to relapse. My only chance of cure is repose.

And yet in many respects I am comfortable; indeed so well that I am unhappy not to be better. But however comfortable or well I am still disabled.

I long to do something. The wounded Philoctetes did not sigh for companionship with the Grecian chiefs against Troy more than I do for our present battle. I am grateful for yr kind thought of me, and for your promised welcome under your roof. I do not expect to stop in New York, nor do I know when I can venture into Massachusetts. With kind regards to your *confrères,* oldest & youngest,

Ever sincerely Yours

SUMNER TO BIGELOW

Boston, 18th Nov., '56.

My dear Bigelow,

I am not strong enough to travel comfortably, or I should visit New York at once to learn what I could about my brother & his family. Will you kindly ask Thayer to make some inquiries for me at the French Consulate & of any survivors who may be accessible? I observe that there is a Miss Solomon in New York—also sailors at 79 Leonard St. & then there is the mate when he returns.

Perhaps some of these will remember something of my brother, who would be noticed for his appearance & his carriage, & also of his wife & daughter. In what boat did they embark, & how did they pass the day of preparation?

Pardon my freedom with you, & believe me, dear Bigelow,

Ever sincerely yours

(P.S. If Thayer is not with you ask one of yr reporters to make these inquiries, & let me know how I can thank him.)[1]

[1] Sumner's brother George was smitten with paralysis while in Europe, where he had spent much of his life. He was on his way home at the date of this letter. He died in the Massachusetts General Hospital on the 6th of October, 1863.

N. P. WILLIS TO MRS. JOHN BIGELOW

IDLEWILD, June 23/57.

Dear Mrs. Bigelow:

When I tell you that your exquisite present, for my bran new boy, arrived at Idlewild only an hour ago, you will perhaps begin to forgive me for my apparent neglect as to acknowledging it. The fact is that our over-careful clerk at the office put it into a box which was to be sent by freight-barge, & it was most tardily delivered at Cornwall dock, where I chanced to find it today. Fortunately, the head for which it was so kindly designed has been meantime growing to fit it, & there was a general scream of delight when it was first tried on. My wife wishes to express her very most grateful & gratified sentiments, & to beg you to come & see how it looks, *on.*

I write this to you instead of to Bigelow, because I could not lose the opportunity of doing so much pleasanter a thing than writing to an Editor—preferring the less shop-y communication of the voice. Please say that I hope soon to *talk* my answer to his kind note.

I do *not* much like "The Squirrels," but it will grow to be classic very soon. But is it altogether fix'd & irreversible?

My wife & Master Bailey Willis are florescent, and we are all hoping to see you soon; & meantime, dear Mrs. Bigelow, believe me

Yours Most Sincerely

PRESTON KING TO BIGELOW

OGDENSBURGH, Oct. 1, 1857.

Dear Sir:

Yours of Friday last is recd. You were by no means singular in your idea as to Denio. And wherever I do not go straight along with your suggestions I am in the habit of feeling it necessary to the satisfaction of my own mind to be able to state a reason, and so apprehending Denio to be wrong on the question of the construction of the U. S. Constitution recently invented which makes the Judiciary a political agent to change the Constitution, I wrote you. It seems to me it would not do for the Republican party to nominate or aid in

the election of a Judge who would sustain the scheme of making judicial decisions accomplish a political object—the supremacy of Slavery, which the popular vote will never, I hope, sanction or sustain. In this hope I am sure we never differed.

. . . . . .

Yours truly

PRESTON KING TO BIGELOW

Ogdensburgh, Oct. 17, 1857.

Dear Friend:

. . . . . .

I thank you for your advice to give no encouragement for an Extra Session of the Legislature, for altho in exact accordance with my own opinion one is strengthened by finding he agrees with others. I am glad to see there is to be none. I am heartily glad, too, to hear that you intend to make the *Evening Post* speak in favor of Jenkins's Election. I wanted to express to you the wish that you would. Let it be done heartily, he is a true and able man.

I have admired the course of the *Post* in the recent storm not yet cleared off. There is more wind and smoke than real hailstones, though the Cloud is very black and much is overturned by fury of the wind. A paper dollar is more easily manufactured than a silver dollar, but it is not so solid. The raw material of the paper dollar is much more abundant than the raw material of the Gold or silver dollar. Yet the public opinion of this Country demands the free use of paper. On this single point this is a good time to practice in our comments the Scriptural injunction, "be moderate in all things"! And we must never fail to practice upon the injunction "Be just and fear not." Be true to your own opinions and be kind, be indulgent to the opinions of men who are suffering under calamity.

I might undertake to talk if I did not know you are in the focus and see & know and feel more and better than I can. I will simply say—the world turns on its axis every day as

usual. The grass grows after a shower—and there is to be a bright sky even over the City of New York, however dark the cloud that overshadows it. I shall come and see you next month. I read your letter with great pleasure. My kindest remembrance to Mrs. Bigelow & the little ones.

Yours truly

PRESTON KING TO BIGELOW

Washington, Decr. 19, 1857.

My good Friend:

. . . . . .

Douglas talks and acts well. He is frankly cultivating the good will of Republicans in conversation. . . . It looks to me as if the events were at hand and the blow struck that will make the democratic party a purely southern proslavery party. When reduced to this it must die out. But the democratic party has been for a few years like a Kaleidoscope presenting a new formation with every jostle—blacker & blacker.

The exact position in which Kansas may be presented to us is not yet certain. . . .

Yours truly

N. P. WILLIS TO BIGELOW

Private

Idlewild, May 12/58.

My dear Bigelow:

I am rather anxious that my opinion of *Trelawney* (as expressed in the enclosed verses) should be at least *heard.* When in England I saw a great deal of Lord Byron's sister, (Mrs. Leigh) & of Col. Leicester Stanhope, & others who knew Byron's personal qualities well, & they all had a far more

generous & favorable opinion of his nature than is given in this book. *It seems to me an ingenious letting out of the matter of an old sore of envy & hatred.* Will you oblige me by copying the lines into the *Post*—though without saying whose they are?

I am a considerable cripple just now, from having played ploughshare on a stony bit of road, & being trampled on meantime by the horse, (I enclose you the paragraph of our rustic Daily describing it), & the escape of my "shop tools," (head & right arm) is considered by the neighbors quite a miracle. My daughter Imogene happened to be taking her afternoon walk & she picked me up with the assistance of a passing neighbor—so it all turn'd out "as well as could be expected." But my legs were fairly *kneaded* with the Black Prince's galloping feet.

I hope to be able to get to town in a week or two, and to have a chat with you on board the *Powell* or elsewhere, &, meantime, with best remembrances to Mrs. Bigelow, I remain

Yours very Sincerely

BYRON'S TRELAWNEY-FICATION

Poor Byron in life had an intimate friend;
He told him his secrets, he read him his songs;
And he trusted that when he should come to his end
Trelawney would shelter his ashes from wrongs.

In this friend of his bosom he trusted—and died—
'Neath the sky of the stranger—neglected and lone.
And his friend from the corpse drew the cerements aside,
To count every sore and to measure each bone.

Of deformities hidden, of sores never told,
His friend gained the sight by the shroud thus uplifted;
For, of all that the world will the soonest pay gold,
There is nothing so relished as scorn of the gifted.

The scorn makes a book—and the secrets are known!
The bard so immortal was pitiful, even!
But, hereafter, the gifted will pray, with a groan,
From Trelawney-fication deliver us, Heaven!

PRESTON KING TO BIGELOW

OGDENSBURGH, Oct. 27, 1858.

My dear Friend:

I regret exceedingly that I shall not be able to see you and counsel with you on my way to Washington. Your going abroad is so entirely an unexpected event that I do not know what to say. Your arrangements to take your family look like an absence of considerable time, though of that you say nothing. My only consolation in your absence—for I feel as if you were gone—is that the scenery of Europe and its people will interest and make the time pleasant to yourself and Mrs. Bigelow. I wish I could meet you there. How long shall you be gone? And where will you go? I must hear this much from you before you go.—And now & then must hear from you over your autograph after you get there—I shall read of course but I shall not be content with what I read in common with everybody in print. I have heard you speak of visiting Europe. I have thought or dreamed of doing so myself, but your news is so sudden and unexpected that you and all your family are to start on the 13th that it seems as if a wall was growing up between us. This I know cannot be. I shall think of you more when the sea is between us wide and deep than I have. It has never occurred to me but that I was close by and could communicate with you or see you at any time. If I had any right to do so I believe I should remonstrate, but I ought not to do so. I have no doubt your going abroad will be valuable as well as pleasant to you and that is enough. With Grace and Johnny & little Poultney you will have to have anchorage and a home in Europe. Abijah Mann was here today—he came about noon on business—and is gone this evening. He is not well pleased with the condition of things—but he is not prepared to point out a better course than the one we are on. I enquired what he would advise? But he is only prepared to say that affairs do not look well. I look upon the present condition of things & the prospects of the future with confidence and hope. The first and essential thing to be done in public affairs is to settle the contest between freedom and slavery so that both powers shall see and understand that freedom is

strongest and best and must prevail in giving character and direction to the administration of Government. . . . I would come to see you, if I thought it was best, and bid you all good-bye in person when you started. I have no doubt of the identity or coincidence of our opinions and I trust you will not permit any consideration to prevent your talking most freely and fully with Mr. Bryant so that he may see & know what you have seen & known in his absence & also what you judge we should do in the future. I shall see him after you are gone and shall certainly talk with him most freely that he may understand what I know and think—and that I may have the benefit of his counsel. I have no fear that your views & mine will differ materially whether we are five feet or five thousand miles apart. I am looking for an overwhelming majority for our "State Ticket." Tell Mrs. Bigelow I think the "State Ticket"—about which she used to laugh at us a little some time ago—is at last safe. With my warmest wishes for the happiness of yourself and family & with the expectation that you will take a few minutes to write me before you leave New York, I am

Ever Yours truly

This is awful long but I could not make it shorter.

VIII

FIRST VISIT TO EUROPE

1858–1860

DURING the first nine years of my connection with the *Post,* Mr. Bryant made two excursions to Europe, one to Egypt and the Holy Land. Shortly after his return in 1858, I thought it was due to myself, to my wife, and to our paper to visit the Old World and to improve the opportunity to inform myself more correctly about the way things were done on the other side of the Atlantic. Besides, seven years' continuous and most arduous work on the paper made me feel the need of a change.

I accordingly sailed with my wife and children in the steamer *Fulton,* Captain Wotton, on the 13th of November, 1858. We reached Havre on the 28th, and Paris on the 29th of November, taking lodgings temporarily at the Hôtel du Bad.

Of course I was very much interested by what I saw, heard, and read in Paris. To an American Paris could not help being a fascinating place, but one of the things which impressed me most during my brief stay at this time is not set down in any of the guide-books. That was, when walking up the Champs-Élysées, to see so many people of mature years and belonging manifestly in a large proportion to the educated and mature classes of society, sitting on benches or chairs by the hour without a book, not infrequently without any companion, and with no occupation apparently but looking idly upon what might be passing up and down on that famous driveway. I had been all of my adult life so constantly employed and so accustomed always to have work in prospect demanding my attention or forecast, that I was for some time utterly at a loss to understand the state of mind or theory of life of a man of mature years sitting for hours in any place doing nothing and apparently thinking of nothing. It was a sight which could never have been seen in New York since I

have known it. One might have found our people sitting alone or in groups in cafés drinking and smoking and reading the newspapers, or playing dominoes or games, but never on the street doing none of these things. It was not till I had been in Paris fully three weeks that I began to understand the cause of this difference, and was able to sit on the Boulevard, like Widow Bedott's husband, "a-thinkin' o' nothin'," as long as any Frenchman. The secret was in the climate of Paris, and, I may indeed say, of all France—so much less mercurial and exciting than that of the United States. I have since discovered that the same difference was remarked by Dr. Franklin more than a century before. Whenever I have since visited France, I have uniformly found that for most of the first month of my stay I was languid and indisposed to much physical or intellectual exertion. I felt as I imagine a man to feel who has been deprived suddenly of his customary tipple. Hence it is, I presume, that our physicians so wisely prescribe a few months' exile in Europe for Americans whose nervous system has been overtaxed.

I have very little of special interest to recall further than to say that all of us, from the greatest unto the least—myself, wife, and three children—spent a good part of every day in becoming better acquainted with the languages of the countries. The venerable Robert Walsh of Philadelphia was Consul at this time, and I recall one remark he made which subsequent experience confirmed: that I must n't believe a Frenchman when he said he spoke English. "They master a few words, and will pretend to understand you, but they never do."

On the 29th of December we left Paris for Lyons, where we stopped over a day to visit a velvet and silk factory, under the auspices of Mr. Joel White, our Consul in that city. In the evening we were introduced by Mr. White to General Castellan, who was the officer in command of that department. He impressed us as a weak old man, though he had won some fame as a soldier under the First Napoleon.

On the 31st of December we went to Chambéry, taking lodgings at the Hôtel du Petit Paris, where we nearly froze.

The following morning being New Year's, we drove out to the Charmettes, famous as the residence for a long time of

Jean Jacques Rousseau and Mme. de Warennes, and where he says he passed the happiest portion of his life. An old woman with a touch of the goitre, the first specimen of this Alpine disorder I had ever seen, showed us the room, which had undergone no material changes since it was occupied by the most illustrious of its tenants. An archaic-looking piano falling to pieces, a picture, a bust of Jean Jacques, and a portrait of Mme. de Warennes were the only decorations of the room. If Mme. de Warennes's portrait did her no more than justice, she must have been a very handsome woman. My wife tried the piano, and found it had but four octaves.

We were shown two or three volumes in which had been recorded the names of visitors, with such remarks as the visit suggested to the visitors, or as seemed to them calculated to instruct future visitors. Some complimented Rousseau as a philosopher, some as a writer, some for his independence of conventional morals, and some testified their gratitude to Mme. de Warennes for what she had done for his comfort. There was great sameness, if not dullness, in most of the inscriptions, as might have been expected, though occasionally the eye rested upon something of interest. Of this character were the following lines in the familiar chirography of my friend, the Rev. Henry W. Bellows, then pastor of the Unitarian Society in New York:

> The beauty of this fair region, to which a curiosity concerning Rousseau has led me, makes up for whatever is wanting to excite genuine enthusiasm. Yet notwithstanding his moral errors and weaknesses, it was much, in an age of artificiality and outwardness, to attempt to return to nature, even though he mistook license for liberty, and passion for truth, and folly for simplicity, on the way to it.
>
> (Signed) Henry W. Bellows,*
>
> New York, —— 28, 1848.

The very next entry was made by some person who either did not share Mr. Bellows's views or doubted the wisdom of publishing them in that place. An asterisk had been added to the name of Bellows, and an asterisk preceded the following inscription:

> * May your name be as ridiculous as the above words must ever make it.

Here is another entry, in French:

Avoir été l'un des deux grands noms d'un siècle; avoir fait "Émile," "Le contrat social," "La nouvelle Héloïse"; avoir signé "Les confessions" et être jugé par des Commis-Voyageurs de marchand, des soirées et des Pianistes, ces pages ne sont-elles pas les colonnes d'Hercules de la sottise humaine?

24 août, 1858.

(Signed) Rony Réveillon.

This entry seemed to have been regarded as personal by the next visitor:

Les Colonnes d'Hercules de la Sottise Humaine sont les stupides préjugés dont M. Réveillon semble plein, qu'il en applique apelle à Jean Jacques, puisqu'il passait avoir l'un sans le comprendre.

(Signed) C. Danjehn, septembre.

Afterwards, feeling apparently that he had not done full justice to the subject, M. Danjehn returns to the attack with the following postscript:

Imbecile! Née à St. Laurent, dans une maison de la levée, sa mère apprenez à lire à des petits enfants; quelle illustre original. Et a-t-il bien le droit de faire fi de Jean dont les professions n'ont rien que S. T. honorable.

(Signed) C. D.

The Charmettes was then owned by M. Raymond, professor of mathematics of the Collège National of Chambéry, who spends September, October, and November there.

We left Chambéry in the five-o'clock train that afternoon. At St. Jean-de-Maurienne we took the diligence at 9.30 P.M., reaching Lanslebourg, at the foot of the mountain, at five in the morning. Here we exchanged our diligence for a covered sledge in which we ascended and crossed the Alps.

It was the night of the 1st of January. The tunnel, though in progress, was not yet complete. The night was fearfully cold, though the sleighing was very good. We were indebted for our escape from freezing chiefly to our clothing, no provision being made for artificial warmth. It was a dreary ride, the children alone getting any sleep. We happily reached the

summit of the mountain just as day was breaking on it, and I never shall forget the impression I received as we went down the mountain on the other side, with the view of Italy spread out before us, warmed and illuminated by the rising sun.

We tarried in Turin long enough to visit the university and refresh ourselves, and then took the train for Genoa, where we arrived January 5 at the Hôtel de la Ville. Here we found it so impossible to warm the apartment we occupied in the hotel where we stopped that we concluded to reserve the pleasure of slaking our thirst for information about the birthplace of the discoverer of our country until warmer weather, and to push on where there was either more sun or better fireplaces.

I should not omit to state that while at Turin I bought a worn copy of Irving's "Columbus," translated into Italian and published at Turin in 1829, only a year or two after the original appeared. I was pleased to see that it had evidently been pretty conscientiously read. It is still a feature of my library.

On the 6th of January I engaged a vetturino to take us to Pisa. As everything that we saw and heard was new, as I had all that was dearest to me in the world in the carriage with me, and as they were all the time in the highest spirits, our journey was an exceedingly pleasant one to all of us.

We stopped a few days at Carrara to visit the most famous marble quarries in Italy. At Carrara, among the things that attracted our attention, were the unfinished statue of Columbus ordered for the city of Genoa; an elaborate marble mantel and ornaments preparing for the Ridgeways of Philadelphia; the statue of Michael Angelo by himself, located only a few feet from the house in which he used to live; and the façade of an old church.

The artist who received the original order for the Columbus died insane. The causes assigned were, first, that he found he had taken the contract at too low a figure, and lacked the means of executing it properly; and, second, one of his brothers had thrown himself out of a window and killed himself, and a third had died in a fit of anger. The survivor's grief, his poverty, and his loneliness so preyed upon him as to unsettle his mind, and he died at the comparatively early age of forty.

We slept the first night at Sestri, the second at Spezzia, the

third at Pietro Santa, and reached Pisa at eleven o'clock and took lodgings at the Hôtel Grand Bretagne, where we tarried a few days. Here for the first time since leaving Paris we were able to get comfortably warm. The sun was bright and the thermometer rarely below 74° in the daytime.

A VISIT TO THE SILENT MONKS OF ITALY

About seven miles back from Pisa, and just at the edge of the mountains, is one of the oldest and richest convents of Carthusian monks in Italy, or indeed in Europe. Silence and solitude are regarded by this order of monks as the two cardinal human agencies for the regeneration of man, and the more strict and faithful of their order never speak when they can avoid it, even to their brethren. The convent of which I write was founded by one Petrus Mirantis, in 1366, and endowed by him with an income of some twelve hundred dollars a year. It received large accessions of wealth, however, afterwards, from the persons who were admitted to the society—most of whom are said to have been of noble origin—much of which has been invested in a structure or series of structures covering not less than four acres of ground, and a tract of land of indefinite extent, which is cultivated for the use of the monks. The stories that reached us of this convent during our stay at Pisa determined us to visit it. There were two ladies of our party, who indulged a faint hope that they might also be admitted to a view of its mysteries, though aware that, by the regulations of the order, none of their sex were ever permitted to pass the gate without leave from the Pope, who, by virtue of his general power of dispensing all ecclesiastical obligations, could allow their curiosity to be gratified, and frequently grants such favors, I am told. We were about an hour driving to the convent, which is approached through a high gate, from which extend, for at least two hundred feet in opposite directions, buildings devoted to the secular and industrial necessities of the community. Over this gate was a statue of St. Bruno, the founder of the Order of Carthusians, and immediately beneath the following inscriptions:

O Beata Solitudo,
O Sola Beatitudo.

Cartusia Pisarum fundatu, An. R. S. M CCC LX VI.

Habitantibus hic oppidum carcer est et solitudo paradisus.
D. Hieron, de Solit. Laud.

Solitaria vita Cœlestis doctrinæ schola est et Divinarum Artium Disciplina.
D. Basil, De laud. Vit. Solit.

An unusually liberal assortment of beggars lingered around the gates waiting our approach, and immediately upon our announcement a man presented himself dressed in a white flannel cassock and a cap of the same material closely fitting to the top of his head, which was as round as a peach, and with just about as much hair on it, for he was closely shaved. From his girdle hung a rosary, at once a badge and the principal implement of his calling, while in one of his hands he bore a bunch of keys. He looked as if the mortifications of the flesh to which he had submitted had not disagreed with him in the least, for he answered in every particular to Thomson's

Fat, round, oily, little man of God

in "The Castle of Indolence." This man, though dressed, as we afterwards ascertained, like all of the order, was a servant, and was not charged with the higher class of religious duties imposed upon the brethren in full communion. He was to be our guide, and entered upon his duties with an amiable smile, which showed that they were not at all unwelcome ones. When we proposed to take the ladies with us he said it could not be, but promptly invited them into a reception-room, to which there was access by a door in the side of the arched gateway that led into the enclosure. On the wall of this room, opposite the entrance, we read the following words, which, as the apartment was designed mainly for the accommodation of ladies, were suspected of having a special significance:

Non delectent verba sed prosint.

The main building, in the centre of which is a magnificent marble entrance, leading by many steps to the chapel, is about five hundred feet in length and three stories high, with wings

of equal length running from each end backwards and across the rear, forming a large enclosure, into which open the cloisters, or dwellings of the monks. Each monk has his own apartments, of course, for solitude and silence could not be fully enjoyed without them. They consist of a kitchen, a sitting-room or study, a sort of working-room, and a bedroom. To each is also added a small garden, in which we saw some oranges ripening, and various flowering shrubs. There is also a little hole, or rather closet, in the wall, opening upon the area, within which their food is placed by an invisible hand, so that they may have as little communication as possible with each other, and prolong to the utmost their enjoyment of the unutterable pleasures of silence. In the main building, to which we were first introduced, we traversed I know not how many apartments, handsomely furnished, with large beds, which our guide informed us were for the use of strangers. In former years it had been the usage of the convent to give any strangers who called a lodging for a single night, but now he said they were not rich enough to continue the practice. As it had been discontinued, I marvelled to find so many large double beds, all made up and ready for immediate occupation. Perhaps our guide did their hospitality injustice.

Over the door of the cloister to which we were admitted was the following inscription:

> Cella non facit sanctos, sed operatio bona cellam sanctificabit et nos. Aug. Serm. 27.

Over all the cloisters were inscriptions, more or less in sympathy with the peculiar polity of the institution. I copied two of them only. One ran thus:

> Sedit solitarius, sed pro re Christiana non Tacuit.

The other, which reflected more of the spirit of the church militant, ran as follows:

> Vivit in effuso sanguine prisca fides.

The halls and almost countless apartments abounded in pictures and statuary, but I saw nothing of much merit, save some small bronzes on the altar of the chapel, by John of

Bologna, and an angel in marble—an exquisite thing—which was presented anonymously to the society. The altar was all of mosaic, and the silver candlesticks of immense size and weight —facts to which our attention was particularly invited.

We passed out of the chapel into the sacristy, where we were shown several closets, each resembling Hering's large safes, within which were preserved the relics of sundry saints. These we were not permitted to examine.

The refectory of the convent, where the monks dined together on feast-days and Sundays only, was about forty feet long and twenty-five feet broad. In one corner, and nearer to the ceiling than the floor, was a pulpit and a shelf of books, from which one of the order is accustomed to read during their repasts, both for the purpose of discouraging the yearnings for conversation natural on such occasions, and also to assist in withdrawing the wandering thoughts of the brethren from secular topics. They never speak to each other, even on these occasions, we were told, except to ask for something they may want—a reticence which they did not violate even when Cosmo di Medicis dined with them, and a Queen of France waited on their table—two great events in the history of the society, of which prodigious frescoes on the walls bear record. Over the picture of Cosmo sitting with them at table is the following inscription:

Abstinuere, loqui quanquam—Essent lege Soluti.

At the end of the hall was a fresco designed to represent the Last Supper, after the manner of Leonardo da Vinci, and I am bound to say it was a long way after it. But what struck me about it was the burden of provisions and joints under which the table groaned, and the prominence given to the prodigious ham in the centre. Our guide informed us with undisguised pride that it was the work of one of the fraternity. The artist evidently had felt that, though the somewhat Lenten fare provided by Da Vinci may have answered in former times, something more substantial was required by the apostles of this generation. Another thing struck me about this fresco. The brethren eat no meat, nor even eggs or fish, on certain fast-days, nor do they speak at table; and yet the apostles are represented indulging themselves in all the deli-

cacies of the season, their Master in the attitude of conversing with them freely, according to the sacred record.

After spending over an hour in wandering from room to room, each having the same general characteristics, I asked to be shown the place where they buried their dead. They took me out again into the area, with which I have already said the cloisters communicate. In passing to it through the hall I was a little startled by the fresco of a Grecian sage near the door, of colossal size, with his finger on his mouth, as if prescribing silence, and beside him a famous goose, its open mouth stopped with a wedge-shaped stone, also inculcating the same lesson. From the selection of instructors it is evident that the artist intended the lesson should be intelligible to every grade of understanding.

A plot of ground, about thirty by forty feet, in the area, was shown to us as the last resting-place of all of the brethren who had died since the foundation of the convent, nearly six hundred years. When I expressed my surprise that so small a space should have answered for the burial of so many, I was told that they used no coffins; that in that soil decomposition went on so fast that no traces of a body remained after lying in it five years; that they erected no tombstones, and consequently they kept on burying in the same little plot, and might continue to do so for centuries to come, without disturbing any one's visible remains. When I say they erect no tombstones, I mean to members of their own fraternity. Strangers who die there, especially if wealthy or distinguished enough to make it an object,[1] have tablets placed over their remains, but they are interred in a different plot of ground, separated by a wall from that which is devoted to the monks.

The monks think the rapid decomposition which takes place in the soil a great merit, as it in that respect resembles, in some degree, the ground brought from the Holy Sepulchre, at great expense, in the Middle Ages, for the famous Campo Santo of Pisa, in which it is most distinctly affirmed that a body would decompose in a single day.

All these spacious and costly accommodations, representing a capital of not less certainly than half a million of dollars,

[1] Thus Tasso's remains are deposited at Rome, in the Convent of St. Onofrio, where he sickened and died when he came to the Capitol to be crowned with the poet's laurel, which had been decreed to him by the Pope.

are now appropriated exclusively to the physical and spiritual refection of twenty-four persons. I saw most of them as they passed in to vespers, but tried in vain to detect any evidence, either in their appearance or employments, of their having turned their choice opportunities for retirement and repose to much account. They are all required, I was told, to preach at least one sermon during Lent, and, I believe, it is among the obligations of their order to visit the sick and dying; but it is mainly by silence and separation from the world that they hope to guard themselves most effectually from the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil, and thereby best commend themselves to the Author of their being. I knew that there were many monasteries of the Carthusian Order in Europe, but I never had a realizing sense of their existence before. I had no just conception of any phenomenon so illogical as an apostle of Christ living for years without opening his lips—of a teacher of the Gospel avoiding all communion with his fellow-men, or of a "doer of the Word" doing nothing. It seemed like one of those absurdities which only deranged people perpetrate, and which do not endure: like an idiosyncrasy or a folly which must perish with its author, or vanish with the darkness or disorder in which it finds refuge. But the Carthusian monasteries are among the oldest institutions now in existence; they are older than the art of printing, or the science of navigation, or the Newtonian theory of gravitation; they were antiquities when America was discovered. The followers of St. Bruno might have discussed the merits of his religious system with Galileo, while he was working out his theory of the pendulum at the cathedral in Pisa, and when all the world still believed that the earth was the centre of the solar system. If the Carthusian method of perfecting the Christian character, then, be a delusion, as I have no doubt it is, it is one of those delusions for which poor human nature must have very strong affinities of some kind, to endure so long and still offer the strongest attractions to multitudes every year. In seeking for the explanation of such an extraordinary vitality in an organization which seemed at war not only with our Protestant notion that a Christian has positive as well as negative duties to his neighbors to discharge, but also at war with common sense, I was led to the conclusion that the delusion of which these poor creatures are the victims is

by no means confined to the Carthusians, or to Italy, Romanists, or even to any particular religious sect, but that it prevails to a large extent among all sects and in all countries. All who permit themselves to become so absorbed by their employment as to neglect what seem to be secondary duties: their duties, for example, to their family, to their neighbors, to their country, and even to their Maker; all who devote more than a due share of their time to adding to their worldly fame and possessions; all who overtask their strength, peril their health, or unduly tax their time to ensure the accomplishment even of apparently desirable results—and who does not one or all these?—are guilty of precisely the error, I may say the folly, which seems to most of the world altogether ridiculous and incomprehensible in the Carthusian. All act alike from a common want of faith in Providence, and a common impression that there are some duties required of them which, if they discharge faithfully, will entail evil consequences, against which their Maker will forget or neglect to protect them. Therefore, as if to guard against the oversight of the Godhead, or any false estimate of their strength to do good or resist evil which it may possibly make, they undertake to judge for themselves which of the divine commands it is most important for them to observe, and which can be most safely disregarded. Whatever may be their possessions, they cannot rest till they erect one more barrier against the wolf which they are ever expecting at the door—till they have taken one more bond from fortune. However influential they are among men, they will never cease their efforts to grasp new power and influence, when an opportunity offers, lest God's promises to those who serve Him faithfully should be shabbily kept. How many "exemplary Christians" may be found in every religious community, and more especially in the United States, who, though blessed with ample, sometimes princely means, rarely find time even to dine with their families more than one day in seven, much less to take a direct and active interest in their pleasures and employment; who immure themselves in shops far more gloomy than the conventual cloister, without a glimpse of the beautiful sky, or the green grass, or the running brooks, from one year's end to another, except perchance from the rail-car in which they may be hurrying through the country on errands of business, or to place their families to board for a season; who

take no thought whatever for the culture of their tastes or sensibilities, and scarcely give a moment's heed to one of the thousand appeals which society is constantly addressing to them! And their excuse for taking so much better care of the future than of the present is that they wish to make themselves a little more secure against reverses—as if reverses were never blessings to men, if ever anything else. They wish to strengthen their power and influence by a few more acquisitions, as if they supposed, like the children of men in the plain of Shinar, they could build them a tower and make them a name which would enable them to defy misfortune in all future time. When these results are accomplished, and the future is properly secured, then they all promise themselves great pleasure in attending to the homely duties which lie neglected at their fireside. In other words, like the architects of Babel, they have more confidence in what they can do for themselves, a great deal, than in what Providence will do for them.

It is a similar want of faith in Providence, this practical atheism, that leads the Carthusian to seal his lips and shut himself up in his cell, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," for the purpose of dedicating himself to God. To escape the temptations of the world, he neglects all his duties in the world; lest the sinner should entice him to sin, he withdraws his support of his precept and example from his struggling brothers; though voluntarily dedicated to the preaching of the Gospel, he shuns the paths of men, lest sufficient strength should not be given him to resist the fascinations of the devil. He buries his talent in a napkin, because, of the two powers which rule in this world, he thinks Satan is much the most wide awake, if not the most powerful. The entire sum of a Christian life, in his eyes, is to do nothing, that he may do no evil. To him perpetual sleep would be the highest spiritual privilege. The idea of doing good, of resisting temptation, of overcoming evil, of setting an example by which others may be guided and supported, forms no part of the Carthusian's religious economy; and why? because he practically distrusts God's promise to give, to such as earnestly ask it, the strength necessary to resist all the temptations to which they may expose themselves in His service. He only half believes the Bible. He believes the devil will do all it says he will, but he has not entire confidence that God's promise will be as faithfully ob-

served. Hence, like the large class of Christians to whom I have compared them, the Carthusians undertake to be a Providence unto themselves; to judge exactly how much temptation they can stand whether they have divine aid or not, and rest there.

When I came to reflect how universal was the weakness, the infidelity rather, of which this convent was but a single and certainly a well-disposed expression, I ceased to feel that it was a subject for ridicule, as it seemed at first, but regarded it rather as a mirror, in which even the best of men may see but too faithfully reflected the animating spirit of what they often class among their best endeavors. Whether we show our distrust of Providence by withdrawing from the world, or in our dealings with it, is of little consequence in the eyes at least of Infinite Wisdom; peace purchased with the sword, truth propagated by violence, reform conducted fanatically, human policies and plans persisted in without reference to the prejudices and infirmities of our fellows, betray the same want of faith in God, and undue confidence in ourselves, which brought confusion upon the builders of Babel; and those who participate in such follies merit contempt or pity quite as much, for aught I see, as the eremite who spends his lonely days in watching the decay of all his faculties for usefulness within the cloisters of a monastery.

Among other things which we visited while at Pisa, was a painting by Guido in the Palace San ——, which I believe is rarely seen by tourists. The subject of it is Amor Sacro and Amor Profano, and it was the only picture exhibited in the palace. Amor Sacro is represented burning the quiver and arrows of Cupid, who is blindfolded and bound with his hands behind him to some indistinct object, perchance a tree. Beside the picture of Amor Sacro is a music-book open, a violin, two pipes, with some other musical instruments, and a pen. It was an admirable painting, of course, and reminded me at once of Bryant's "Burial of Love," but in conception how inferior!

In the afternoon we drove by the Palace Lanfranchi, also on the Arno, where Lord Byron lived in 1822, and kept there a sort of menagerie. Valery intimates that he had to leave Pisa in consequence of some misconduct only hinted at. We also drove to the grand duke's farm, where he had over two hun-

dred camels. The attendant told me that camels had been on the place over two hundred years, and that all I saw had been born on it. This estate extends from the city of Pisa to the sea, about five and a half miles one way, and about six the other.

When we were thoroughly warmed through, which took about a week, we started for Florence. Here we took an apartment and tarried for a month, studying Italian when not visiting the famous galleries of the city and its shops, which then were to us an inexhaustible if somewhat expensive pleasure.

My wife purchased a very considerable number of alabaster figures, and as it was idle to think of carrying them about with us in our baggage, we had them carefully boxed up by the merchant from whom they were purchased to be shipped to New York. Not hearing for a month or more of their arrival, we were told upon inquiry that the vessel in which they were shipped was lost. I think it more possible that they were never shipped at all, which I learned was not an uncommon experience with green Americans.

It was during this visit that I made the acquaintance of Mr. Crawford, the sculptor, some of whose works had made him famous in America. Mr. Bryant had been good enough to give me a letter to him.

While in Florence I received the following letter from Preston King, pregnant with dissidences which after the lapse of fifty years are still subjects of debate.

PRESTON KING TO BIGELOW

Washington, Jany. 3d, 1859.

My dear Friend:

I received your letter of Saturday before you left the Squirrels and was very sorry I could not come and see you. As I could not I consoled myself with the idea that . . . whether we talk it over together or not our minds will come to the same conclusion upon pretty much all questions of public interest. . . . I was imperiously required at home and did not leave there till the 29th of November. I made no stop at all in Albany. In New York I saw Mr. Welles of Hartford, who, as

you know, has apprehensions of Govr. Seward and of the success of an administration of which he is to be the head. I told him I was distinctly and decidedly for Seward's nomination in 1860 and desired and trusted that the Republicans of New York would be united by him & cordially in his favor. Our friend Abijah Mann looked with more hope upon the condition of things than he did a few weeks before the Election when I saw him at Ogdensburgh. I had a talk with Mr. Bryant and stated frankly my opinion in favor of Seward's nomination. He said he should support any nomination made by the Republicans; that he preferred Seward to anybody the Democrats had of late years presented, though he had some apprehensions of Seward. He had no candidate or at least he named none. Mr. Welles[1] and I dined with Governor Morgan and his family and spent the evening at his house. . . .

At the expiration of the month we decided to move on to Rome. Here we were obliged to take a new vetturino. The day before our departure a friend wrote to ask us, as he understood we had a vacant seat in our carriage, if it would be agreeable to us to let a young gentleman from Boston, who was going to Rome, occupy it, the writer vouching for his availability as a travelling companion.

We were rather pleased than otherwise at this addition to our party, and subsequent events led me to regard this application as a memorable and a happy coincidence. The young gentleman proved to be a Mr. James W. Brooks, the son of a country lawyer of Petersham, Massachusetts. Later on I may have further occasion to speak of him.

We spent a month in Rome. We visited everything recommended by Murray and paid our respects to Pio Nono, for which occasion my wife had loaded herself down with necklaces, beads, crosses, and other ecclesiastical "bigotry," which, after receiving the blessing of his Holiness, were distributed on our return to the United States for several years as presents to her faithful domestics of the Catholic communion.

We also visited so many churches that when we left I made

[1] Neither Welles nor Abijah Mann ever struggled quite successfully with their prejudices against Seward. Both had fought him too many years as a Whig Governor and United States Senator to have their antagonism neutralized by the harmonizing oil of antislavery only.

a vow, which I have pretty faithfully kept, never to visit another church merely to gratify my curiosity.

My most pleasant recollections of my visit to Rome are associated with the home of Miss Cushman and her friend, Miss Stebbins. They kept the most agreeable American house in those days, and Miss Cushman herself was alone enough to fill any salon. I had been a great admirer of her histrionic talent, but had never been presented to her before. I may be excused for referring here to an evidence of her professional talent which I had witnessed only a few years before in New York and would be ashamed to forget.

She was playing Meg Merrilies one night at Niblo's Garden. I was in the right-hand box nearest the stage, accompanied by the young lady who afterwards became my wife, and her cousin.

My future wife, being of Quaker descent, had had very little experience of theatres, and I esteemed it an encouraging evidence of the progress of my suit for her hand that she was permitted to go with me on this occasion.

Miss Cushman in that play made her first appearance from the opposite side of the stage almost directly in front of our box. Those who have seen her in that part can only understand—no one can describe—the effect which she produced by her make-up. As she stalked in slowly, my wife began to rise—forgetful of everything but that weird and fearful figure approaching us—till she was standing straight up, not suspecting the attention she was attracting until her cousin pulled her skirt and told her to sit down. But what interested me more than her entrancement was to see it reflected in the face of the veteran manager of the Bowery Theatre, who was sitting on a bench four or five yards from us in the pit, watching with a delighted professional interest this demonstration of the power Miss Cushman was exerting on at least one of her audience.

I left Rome after a visit of only about a single month, for Naples, under the firm conviction, which has never been shaken, that it was the most interesting city I had yet seen or ever expected to see.

THE MARBLES OF THE MARQUIS DE CAMPANA

During my stay in Rome the famous collection of marbles and historic remains of ancient Rome, excavated under the auspices and largely at the expense of the Marquis de Campana, were on exhibition. The marquis, I understood, had in some way incurred the hostility of the papal government in acquiring or retaining possession of the excavations, and was compelled to put this collection of marbles on the market. The feature of the collection which interested me most, and which was quite unique, was the heads of the Cæsars, more complete than any other collection in the world. The Metropolitan Museum of Art had then just been established in New York, and it occurred to me that this collection was just what it wanted to give it a start in the world. I wrote the following letter upon the subject to Mr. Bryant, who had been one of the most active promoters of the museum, giving him a brief account of the collection, and recommended him to bring the matter before the trustees of the museum; and in my letter I enclosed another from Mr. Wolff, a German sculptor of distinction, then prosecuting his profession in Rome, in which he gave a professional opinion of the merits and value of the collection.

BIGELOW TO WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Paris, June 20, 1859.

Dear Mr. Bryant:

There is just now to be had at Rome what the French shopkeepers would call an "occasion," and I wish I knew how to invoke some muse by whose aid I might persuade my countrymen to take advantage of it. The splendid art collection of the Marquis of Campana, embracing one of the finest galleries of antique statuary in the world, is now for sale, upon highly favorable terms, and presents an opportunity for laying the foundation of a school of art in the United States which has not occurred before in many years, and can hardly occur again in centuries.

The Marquis of Campana, it will be remembered I presume by many of the readers of the *Evening Post,* was arrested, tried and imprisoned about a year ago upon the charge of embezzling the funds of the Monte de Pieta, of which he was the head director. From what I can learn he was as much sinned against as sinning. It was his duty as an officer of the Monte de Pieta to lend its funds; as an enthusiast in regard to antique art he was forced in spite of his large resources to become a borrower, and his associates in the Monte de Pieta were but too happy to have him take its funds at the liberal rate of interest which he was willing to pay. He continued to buy statues and excavate monuments of ancient art until his obligations to the Bank amounted to more than $2,000,000, which he secured by mortgages upon his collections. At last some suspicions were awakened, unjustly as was afterwards proved, that he had been secretly impairing the value of some of the securities, replacing diamonds and pearls with paste and things of that kind, which resulted in a sudden demand being made upon him for his entire indebtedness. He was unable to meet it within the time allowed him by his enemies (for he was undoubtedly pursued in a hostile spirit), he was tried and convicted and sentenced to lie down and rise up every day with a throng of the most desperate thieves and cut-throats in one of the foulest prisons in the world, the Papal prison at Rome, for twenty years.

The Papal government at last, partly through shame I think and partly in consequence of the strong representations made by other governments in behalf of the Marquis, consented to take his collection and give him liberty, with the privilege of selling all or any part of it and of retaining all that he could get for it over and above one million scudi, the scudi being worth about a dollar and ten cents. He was released about a month ago upon these terms and is now residing in or near Naples.

The Papal government stands very much in need of money and cannot much longer get along with the money which it has been obliged to advance to the creditors of the bank. The European governments have just about as many claims upon their finances as they are prepared to meet, and there is no probability of any individual or private company stepping forward to purchase such a gallery as this, unless it should be

from the United States, where such exhibitions of public spirit are not uncommon, and where the constitutional limitations of the government furnish more occasion for them. It is sufficiently obvious I presume from these facts—the destitute condition of the Marquis, the desperate state of the Papal finances and the absence of all serious competition, for the present—that a more propitious moment for purchasing this collection could hardly be selected.

I will now endeavor to give some idea of the extent and value of this collection, though it must necessarily be a very imperfect one, unless I expand this letter to a volume.

I have already intimated that the misfortunes of the Marquis had their origin in an undisciplined passion for antique art. He came honestly by it, for both his father and grandfather had it before him; and among them they have excavated almost every corner of Italy and parts of Greece. The Marquis himself has made his most elaborate excavations in the vicinity of Rome, among the cities of ancient Latium, the territory of ancient Cuma and Sorrento, among the old burial places of Etrusca. His collection is divided into ten sections.

The first embraces ancient Greek and Roman sculpture. It is the finest collection in the world outside of Rome, as I am told by artists familiar with all the collections of Europe. It certainly contains the finest collection of the Cæsars in the world, not excepting that of the Vatican, or that of the Pitti Palace at Florence, both of which I have seen, and about which therefore I feel prepared to speak with some confidence. But of the marbles I shall have something more to say by-and-bye, for it is in them only that I wish to interest all who rejoice in every new attraction that is added to our great metropolis.

The second collection embraces bronzes—Greek, Roman, Etruscan; statues, busts, urns, defensive and offensive arms, mirrors, vases, candelabras, strigils, domestic and sacred utensils in use among the ancients.

The third embraces the largest collection of antique terra-cottas in the world.[1]

[1] An account of this collection of terra-cottas was published at Rome in 1852, entitled "Antichi Opere in Plastica da G. P. Campana, Marchesi di Cavelli, Conte Lateranense, Commendatore di Danebrog e di Passonia, Ufficiale della Legion di Onore, Membro della Pontifica Academia di Archiologia, Correspondente del Institute di Francis, etc." In folio, Roma, MDCCCLII.

The fourth embraces gold and silver jewelry of every kind in use among the ancients for the toilet of the men and women; for the ornament and attire of priests, warriors, etc., and also at funerals.

The fifth embraces a precious collection of Etruscan vases, also the most complete in the world, taken from the burial places of the Veii, Ceres, Tarquinia, Volscia, Perugia, Vetulonia and Chiusi. Upon these vases may be found a representation of all the Homeric poems; the battle of the Giants, the taking of Troy, the history of Achilles, of Hector, the Argonauts, the Danaides, etc.

The sixth contains medals, of which more than four hundred are of gold and cover most of the entire period from the republic down to the overthrow of the empire, terminating with the Emperor Phocas. The historical value of such a collection of coins can hardly be over-estimated.

In the seventh section is a collection of cameos and engraved stones, rings, etc., of which more than two hundred are mounted in gold, and mostly Etruscan. Among the cameos is a head of the Empress Julia, and another of the Emperor Pertinax, found at Tusculum.

The eighth collection is devoted exclusively to glass used for domestic and ornamental purposes. A glance at this collection shows that the ancient Etruscans understood the art of making and coloring glass as well as the moderns, if not better.

The ninth section embraces the finest collection of antique frescoes, mostly from Pompeii and Herculaneum, to be seen out of Naples; and the tenth a miscellaneous collection of curiosities disinterred exclusively at Cuma and Sorrento.

Precious and unique as is this entire collection, I have already said that it is the section of antique statuary alone that I wish to bring specially to the notice of Americans—for it has seemed to furnish almost a providential opportunity of laying the foundation of a school of art in the United States, where it should be laid, in the antique.

Before attempting to do what I can in the compass of a letter, to convey some idea of what I saw in the course of several visits which I made to this statuary, permit me to premise that very satisfactory photographic impressions have been taken of some of the more valuable pieces, and a set of them has been transmitted to the United States by Cambridge

Livingston, Esq., who had begun to interest himself actively in the effort to secure the collection before the war and the exigencies of the Papal treasury had added so materially to the chances of success. Those impressions no doubt are or will be made accessible to those who feel interested in looking at them.

There are in all 531 pieces of sculpture proper, to which must be added a large collection of Latin, Greek and Etruscan inscriptions in marble, in peperino, and in altro pietro, of more or less historical and archæological value, and numerous fragments of columns and of sculpture, which would be of more value in a country like ours, comparatively destitute of historic memorials, than in any other.

Of the 531 pieces, about 150 represent divinities and heroic and mythical subjects; over 100 represent Roman Emperors and members of their families; about 200 are sarcophagi, bassorilievi, urns, vases, candelabra, tripods, altars, masks, etc. The remainder are busts or statues of literary men and of personages as yet unknown, of the time of the Empire. Of the statues forty-three are larger than life and thirty-eight as large as life.

I enclose a complete catalogue, which is my excuse for noticing more at length only such subjects as will best serve to give a general notice, rather than a precise knowledge of the contents of the collection.

Most conspicuous among the statues in the mythological department is a colossal Jupiter in a sitting attitude, grasping his bolts, with a mantle over his knees, originally, it is presumed, of bronze, but replaced with stucco. It is about eleven feet high, five feet less than the famous Jupiter of Phidias, so much praised by Cicero. It was found on the borders of Lake Albanus, near the villa of Domitian; and as this emperor is known to have paid special devotion to Jupiter, it is probable that this statue occupied a place in some of the chapels attached to his palace.

. . . . . .

There are too in this collection the nine Muses, all of about the same size, which is something that can be said of no other collection. Those of the Vatican, it is obvious to the most superficial observer, are of the most unequal height. This uniformity in the Muses of the Campana collection is the more

remarkable as they were found in several different places—Thalia and Urania at Pozzuoli, Polyhymnia and Clio at Tusculum, Euterpe and Terpsichore at Vera, Melpomene near the forum in Rome, Calliope in the ruins of the Circus Maximus, Erato in the vicinity of Arde.

. . . . . .

There is a bust of the Laocoon, a little larger than life, which evidently has belonged to some large group. The friends of the Marquis insist that for grandeur and force of expression it is superior to the Laocoon in the Vatican. That is unnecessary if not excessive praise. The head in the Campana collection is a very wonderful fragment and must impress all who look upon it as the work of a master mind. It was found at Tusculum.

. . . . . .

Among the historical pieces in this museum the most remarkable is the collection of Roman Emperors, which, as I have already stated, is the most complete in the world; and I may add that the heads, of which there are duplicates, are in much more perfect preservation than those of any other gallery. It is one of the most serious disappointments which one experiences in walking through the Uffizi Gallery at Florence and the Vatican at Rome to find nearly every portrait and bust of classic celebrities defaced and restored. I am not sure that there is one figure of any historic interest that does not wear a false nose. After frequent and pretty careful studies of the Campana collection I feel quite confident that there is not one of these statues or busts whose face has been defaced. It is in this respect as well as in point of numbers that this collection of the Cæsars is the finest in the world. Among other things it contains three or four statues or busts of Augustus, as many more of Livia his wife, and one or more of his nephew Marcellus, three of Tiberius, one of Drusus, the brother of Tiberius, of Antonia the wife and Germanica the son of Drusus, of Agrippina the wife of Germanicus and Drusus the son of Tiberius, several taken at different ages of Nero, Caligula, Domitian, Galba, Otho, Vitellius, Titus, Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian, and of Antinous his favorite, Marcus Aurelius, Antoninus Pius, Annius and Lucius Verus, Commodus Pertinax Albinus, Alexander and Septimius Severus, Caracalla, Gæta, Macrinus, Heliogabalus, Maximin, Balbinus, Papianus, Gor-

dian the Pious, Gallienus, Diocletian, Constantine, together with the wives of nearly all, many taken at different ages and extremely curious for the various styles of coiffure in which they were taken.

. . . . . .

There is however a department of this collection of far greater interest to the modern world than that of the emperors; I refer to the orators, poets, and other intellectual celebrities of antiquity, among which I may properly include the somewhat mythical person of Homer, though Pliny did say that "when the features of a great man are not transmitted by tradition, they are invented, *as was the case with Homer.*" Whether there ever was such a man as Homer or not, and if there was, whether any bust of him was ever made or preserved, are questions about which there will always be controversy perhaps; but such controversy will cease long before the world will cease to feel an interest in knowing what conception the ancients had of the personal appearance of the greatest of epic poets. The Campana bust was found at Ostia.

. . . . . .

The finest head of Cicero that I have seen anywhere is here —a head worthy of his fame, and that is something that could not be said of the popular effigies of the great Roman orator which ornamented the school books of the last generation. For several hundred years Cicero has been passing for one of the meanest-looking men that ever breathed. Thanks to the busts in the Vatican and in the Campana Gallery, his great fame is no longer at war with all the accepted principles of physiognomy. Rogers the sculptor has already received an order from an American gentleman for a copy of the Campana Cicero.

. . . . . .

The full-length, semi-colossal statues of Julius Cæsar, Caius Marius and Sylla, are three of the most striking figures in the Gallery and are in excellent preservation. Cæsar is in his sixty-fourth year or thereabouts, holds in his right hand, drawn across his breast, a roll of papers—his Commentaries, perchance,—and wears a laurel crown upon his head, a custom of his, it is said, to conceal his baldness. The face of Sylla bears an extraordinary resemblance to that of Frank Blair of Missouri. It was found on Mount Viminal in Rome. The

Marius was found at Otriculum, and was presented to the grandfather of the Marquis of Campana by Pius VI. It is perfectly unique, no other gallery possessing an undisputed full-length standing figure of Sylla's famous but unsuccessful rival.

. . . . . .

On the 21st of June, 1859, I sent the *Evening Post* another letter stating that "last winter the price upon the statuary was about five hundred thousand dollars and the entire collection might be had for one million." This letter and the grounds for those estimates appeared in the *Evening Post* on the 9th of July following.

Soon after the *Evening Post* containing a copy of my letter reached Rome, I received the following from Mr. Wolff, enclosing another from the Marchese de Campana. The book was a folio containing imperial photographs of all the Cæsars in the collection.

EMILIUS WOLFF TO BIGELOW

Rome, 30 September, 1859.
132 Quattro Fonteme.

Dear Sir:

It is only two days that I received the following letter from the Marchioness Campana, which having been sent to me open on purpose to acquaint me with its contents I have read, so that I scarcely find it necessary to add anything to the object. Mr. Campana in his own letter recommends the greatest secrecy of the affair, being afraid that his powerful enemies in Rome would rather frustrate the success of the undertaking. He is convinced that letters to his address would be opened by the agents of the Roman Government, but he is not in any fear of the same ill treatment with regard to Naples, where any letter might freely be directed to him.

I read the two articles in your journal with great interest, and hope that your endeavors will be crowned with entire success. I really consider it as one of the greatest services that you could render to your country to introduce there the taste

for classic art, and I doubt that ever another opportunity of that kind might present herself again.

I pray you to present my best respects to Mrs. Bigelow and trusting that I shall have the pleasure to see you again in Rome in the case that your undertaking should be carried into effect, I remain,

Dear Sir,

Yours most truly

MARCHESE DE CAMPANA TO BIGELOW

Naples, Sept. 22nd, 1859.

Sir:

I take the liberty of addressing you these lines, in reply to yr. interesting letter, date of July 27th, forwarded to us by Mre. Campana's old and valued friend, Mr. Wolff. Your letter gave us the greatest pleasure, and we thank you greatly for the interest you have taken in our misfortunes and the wrongs received by us from the Papal Gov't. I see from yr. letter, that thanks to yr. influence & that of the paper *Eve. Post,* of which you are the proprietor, that in America the real importance of the Museum is known, & that yr. countrymen have an idea & desire of purchasing it. It is, therefore, well that you should be acquainted with the particulars as to how the purchase of the museum by the Papal Government stands, and on this subject therefore I venture to intrude on you with this letter.

It is perfectly true that the Pontifical Government, taking advantage of the position and captivity of their victim, chose to make him sign a contract by which they hoped to save their own dignity & justify the "faux pas" they had made, but on the other hand, the contract is such, (worthy of their past conduct), that Mre. Campana can when it suits him so to do, attack it and have it destroyed as void, & therefore tho' the museum has been purchased by the P. Government, Mre. C. when he has negotiated and agreed on the price with a foreign gov't or nation, will be able to vindicate his right, and unmask the bad faith and abuse of position of the P. Gov't.

To this I may add, that the influences were different under which the contract was made. On one hand was the Pope, who from *amour propre* desired to assure the museum and his Capital & thus silence the public voice which loudly exclaimed against such artistical treasures being lost to Rome. On the other side was the Card. Secretary of State, who in his bitter, implacable and inexplicable enmity to Mre. Campana, would gladly have scattered and destroyed the museum, the existence of which is a living monument of the bad faith and iniquity of himself & the other ministers, who together with the Tribunals are the servile tools of the Minister of State, but being unable to prevent that on which the Sovereign was bent, he spoilt the execution of the Pope's desire, & penned the most infamous contract that malignity of man ever imagined. These opposite sentiments still exist, & most gladly would the Minister, on the plea of financial difficulties, obtain from the Pope his consent to the sale of the museum; but Mre. Campana requires not their co-operation, as he could legally obtain the above, but for which it is necessary to have a *purchaser* of the museum. You thus see that whilst the Papal Gov't have nominally bought the museum, this need not alarm any parties desirous of purchasing it; but as the P. Gov't are capable of any iniquity, it would be well to conduct the negotiations with reserve, treating directly with Mre. C., who would facilitate to the commissioners the view of the museum, without the "enemy" being acquainted on the subject, & when the terms have been agreed on, he would himself obtain the consent of the P. Gov't, or on their refusal, have the contract legally annulled, but to do which it is necessary a purchaser should be found; & in carrying out yr. plans, not only you would enrich yr. country with these treasures of art, but you would have contributed to the vindication of the rights of the oppressed. In writing to Mr. Wolff, recollect that at Rome letters are opened at the post, & that it would be better to adopt some other course. To me you can write freely, addressing simply "á Naples." Mre. C. begs you to accept his kind regards, and pray make my compliments to Mrs. Bigelow. Believe me with much respect,

Yr. Ob'd't Serv't

MARCHESE CAMPANA TO BIGELOW

The Marchese Campana presents her compliments to Mr. Bigelow and begs to enclose an article from the *Morning Post* (and which she requests may be returned as soon as copied), and a copy of the defence, but the summary of which is not to be had, as not a single copy remains. She begs to offer for Mr. Bigelow's acceptance, the accompanying work on the statues, and which is considered a most interesting and valuable book and is not in commerce; but she and the Marquis are most happy to offer it to Mr. Bigelow, and hope that in return he will, whenever the opportunity presents itself, endeavor to make known the worth of the case. The Marchese begs to offer her compliments to Mrs. Bigelow, whose acquaintance she hopes to have the pleasure of making at some future period.

Rome, April 8, 1859.

Mr. Bryant wrote me in reply that the amount demanded was so far beyond the means of the museum's resources as to discourage any hope of its acquisition of the collection.

I do not at this moment remember the price demanded. It did not seem to me to be a large one, but millionaires were not as plentiful in those days in New York as at present. The money to-day could be raised in twenty-four hours to purchase such a collection, which would have been then, and have remained to this day, and perhaps for all time, the most unique if not the most distinguishing feature of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Not long after I left Rome, the collection was sold, part to the Russian Government, and part to the Imperial Government of France. This separation was the more unfortunate as it was to all human vision irreparable.

We reached Naples early in April. Our time there, of course, was mostly consumed in seeing the sights; and I doubt if there

is any city in the world of its population which has so much to show that is more worthy of a pilgrimage to visit. The Museo Borbonico, the never monotonous performances of Vesuvius and the ruins of the cities it has buried, the Isle of Capri, the tomb of Virgil—these alone are sufficient to make of Naples a pilgrim's shrine.

The event of our visit there which had most sequence with me was finding at an old book-stall a copy of De Bausset's "Histoire de Fénelon" in three volumes—the only biography of Fénelon that deserves the name, though far from being such a biography as would be written now by a Protestant, or probably by any eminent writer even of the Latin Church. De Bausset was a cardinal, and wrote, of course, subject to all the restrictions which his relations to the church imposed in his day. I found it, nevertheless, a most interesting book. I wondered that it had not been translated, because I had never met with a copy. I learned, however, a few months later at the British Museum, that it had been translated, and after a good deal of delay they succeeded in bringing me their copy. It was not on their catalogues, but in a pile of books which had never yet been made accessible to the public, so that the book was practically unknown to the English-reading people.

The approaching confinement of my wife compelled us reluctantly to abridge our stay in Naples, and on the 30th of April I secured tickets on one of the Messaggiera Imperiale steamers for Marseilles, to sail the evening of the following day.

I cannot take final leave of Naples without noting what Dr. Franklin would have called an erratum—indeed, in my judgment a serious erratum, which a day or two before I sailed I took the first step—the step that costs—to correct.

I felt depressed by the reflection that I had made no notes, except in two or three letters to the *Evening Post,* of my first impressions of Italy, already realizing sadly that we can never have first impressions a second time. I determined I would no longer have this neglect to reproach myself with, and went into a stationer's shop and bought a small quarto blank book bound in parchment, in which I commenced to set down whatever further observations I might make in my wanderings that I might think it would sometime be a pleasure to me to recall.

It was a happy though tardy inspiration, and has yielded many satisfactory results already. Since that time I have endeavored to make notes of what seemed to be the more important events of my life, as well as such as I thought might specially interest my descendants.

It has been a source of constant and profound regret to me ever since I left Italy that I had not had this inspiration before I landed in Europe.

The United States steamer *Wabash* had arrived from Leghorn on the 29th, and my wife and I went on board to pay our respects to Rear-Admiral La Valette. Captain Baron was with them. They had been on shore, where they had learned that 15,000 French troops had landed at Genoa on the 27th, that 10,000 and upward were on their way to Sardinia through Savoy, that 40,000 had been ordered to Toulon and preparations were making at Spezzia to receive 30,000 immediately, and that General Marmora was hourly expecting an attack from the Austrians.

The time we had selected for our journey back to Paris was unfortunate, inasmuch as the news we had received had created such a panic in Italy that all the transports out of the country were crowded to suffocation. We had on our steamer, built to accommodate less than 200, some 350 passengers. A large proportion of them, refugees from Rome, joined us at Cività Vecchia.

Only a small portion of the passengers could be provided with rooms or beds to sleep in. The decks were covered with women and children, as was the cabin floor. A heavy storm of rain in the night made most of the passengers sick, and the condition of the deck when I went up in the morning was, as may readily be supposed, indescribably disgusting.

Among the passengers who came on board at Cività Vecchia was our friend and neighbor from Garrisons, Harry Livingston and his wife. She had been ill from Roman fever, and of course I gave up my room to her, and was fortunate enough to secure a mattress and a blanket, with the privilege of laying it upon one of the dining-room tables, and myself upon it.

On landing at Marseilles we were startled by reading Napoleon's declaration of war posted about the streets. I thought it a very skilful statement of the reasons for the

course he had taken. In it he announced his intention to take the field himself. The impression prevailed there that he would start the following day. It was also reported that Lord Derby had been defeated in his election to the new Parliament, and that Palmerston had been successful, portending, as it was supposed, a less permanent neutrality for England than had been anticipated. We also learned that the Austrian army had crossed the Ticino on the 26th.

We reached Paris on the 7th of May, and were soon established at the pension of Mesdames Sillick and Kilson, No. 29 Rue de Courcelle, subsequently purchased by the Saxon Government for its legation, where we had in advance secured rooms.

The Emperor left Paris at six o'clock on Tuesday, the 10th, for the seat of war. The Empress accompanied him a short distance, and was observed to sob and wipe her eyes all the way to the depot. Her grief, however, did not prevent her enjoying a drive that afternoon in the Bois de Boulogne, where I met her as I was driving with Mr. Phalen. Our new home was almost immediately opposite the palace of the Emperor's cousin, la Princesse Mathilde.

On the 10th of April I called upon the Hon. John Y. Mason, our Minister in Paris, with Mr. Angel, at that time our Minister to Sweden, who presented me to the Minister, whom I had never before seen, though as a journalist I had had frequent occasion to speak of him, in connection with the Ostend Conference and other matters, in language not always complimentary. I found a pleasing, good-natured, hale-looking old gentleman, who enjoyed life, told stories very well, though they did "something smack and something grow to," and was reputed to play a good if not always a lucrative game of whist.

Our conversation naturally turned upon the political situation in France. In the course of it he told us that France and Russia made peace in 1856 at the expense of, or, to use his own phrase, "to kick" John Bull. The agent between the two emperors was Seebach, the Minister of Saxony, the Secretary of the Paris conferences, the son-in-law of Nesselrode, and the first to occupy the house in which I was then residing, which he converted into his legation.

Seebach had professed an irrepressible desire to go and see

his father-in-law at St. Petersburg. He obtained leave, went, and brought back Russia's assent to the proposition which had emanated from Napoleon, which was ultimately accepted. Napoleon made England believe that the proposition emanated from Austria and would be indignantly rejected by Russia. Lord Clarendon said of course Russia would decline, but if Napoleon had no objection, his Government had none. Hübener, the Austrian Minister, read this news eighteen hours in advance of any one in Paris. He shut himself up and would neither see nor be seen of any one till the news had had time to reach Paris in the regular way. He then repaired to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Walewski, who as yet had not heard the news, and told him of it. Walewski turned ashy pale with indignation and alarm. He had been speculating heavily for a fall in the funds, presuming that no peace was near. "Napoleon was obliged to pay him," said Mason, "600,000 francs out of his own pocket to indemnify him for his losses and restore his good nature."

Mason also said that Drouyn de Lhuys told him, when asked if there were any truth in the report that he was to take the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, "No, I will never consent to serve any sovereign as Minister if I cannot know what is going on in my own department." This, like all of Mason's stories, was a good one: how much of it was true I neither knew nor cared; neither did he, I suspect. Those who remember the later stages of the public career of Drouyn de Lhuys, if familiar with Shakespeare, may be reminded by this story of Benedick's oaths to die a bachelor.

On the 11th of June the news reached us of the death of Dr. Bailey, the editor of the *National Era,* the only anti-slavery paper then published on any of the slave territory of the United States, and through the columns of which Mrs. Stowe's famous story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was first given to the world. The doctor died on board the *Arago,* the fourth or fifth day out from New York, while on his way to Europe in quest of health. He was so feeble before he left Washington that he had asked Mr. Thayer, one of my staff on the *Evening Post,* to engage lodgings for him in New York on the first floor while waiting for the steamer. He was a good man and a useful man, without genius or any particular talent. It seemed hard that he should be called away just as

he was so near witnessing the triumph of the noble cause to which he had devoted the best energies of his life. However, he had no great reason to repine at the time selected for his departure, for he had been spared to work effectively for the cause of Freedom through its crises and agony, and, like Moses, was permitted to point out the Promised Land to his followers, if not to lead them into it.

Charles Sumner was at this time in Paris, under treatment by Dr. Sicard for the bruises received, while sitting in his seat in the Senate, from a bludgeon in the hands of a member of Congress from South Carolina by the name of Brooks. I saw him frequently and enjoyed very much his conversation about the literary interests and associations of Paris, which he was probably as familiar with as any foreigner ever was. On the 10th of June he rode with me to the cemetery of the Rue Picpus to see the place where repose the remains of the ancestors of Lafayette and of many other aristocratic victims of the Revolution of 1789. The privilege of a burial in this cemetery belongs still and only to the descendants of the families interred there, and it is the only cemetery inside of Paris to which the privilege of intermural burial is accorded, for the following reason given to Sumner, as he said, by De Tocqueville:

"Between three and four hundred victims of the guillotine in the Revolution of 1789 were thrown promiscuously in a pile upon the site of this cemetery. Some of the victims were identified by the sorrowing members of their families, and a law was passed by the Government after the Restoration that that piece of ground should be converted into a permanent burial-place for all the descendants of the families any of whose members had been deposited there." Most of the noble families of France were there represented, among them the Noailles, the Mothes, the Montmorencys, the Choiseuls, the Rohans, and the grandfather of De Tocqueville.

I asked if De Tocqueville himself had been buried there. He said not, that he believed that he had requested to be laid in the churchyard of the parish where he lived near Cherbourg. Such was the fact.

Sumner also showed me the house in which Mme. de Sévigné lived, where Marguerite de Valois spent the last week she was in Paris, where Mirabeau died, and the Sorbonne, which re-

minded him that he had attended a lecture by St. Marc Girardin a day or two previous, and his subject was the Fables of La Fontaine. The speaker gave an account of the Fable of the Rabbit and the Lion, the despot of the forest, who ordered that all animals with horns should have their heads cut off. The Rabbit, suspecting from their shadows that his ears were long enough to be taken for horns by his enemies, decamped with the other horned animals.

Apropos of this fable, the speaker said there was once a speaker of Parliament who said that if he were accused of carrying off the towers of Notre Dame on his shoulders he would not stop to defend himself but would take refuge in flight. This incident is only worth repeating as an illustration of the way in which the literary talent of France in those days was enabled and only enabled to defend the people's rights in spite of an enslaved press and a despotic sovereign.

The following memoranda I copy from my diary:

Sunday, June 19.

Last week I made the acquaintance of the Sorbonne and some of its lecturers. I heard Beaudrillart on the Law of Nations, A. Frank on the same, though he discoursed mainly upon the freedom of religious worship, Philarète Chasles, who is something of a coxcomb, St. Marc Girardin and Laboulaye. Girardin I enjoyed very much. Sumner accompanied me there. The subject of his course is French Poesy apropos of La Fontaine. I followed him tolerably well, and was gratified to find myself capable of understanding the French when spoken so rapidly. Laboulaye's subject is "Comparative Legislation," but he occupied himself with the dullest possible narrative of the lives and public career of the immediate descendants of Clovis. The genealogy of an American savage could not have been a less profitable study for me.

Theodore Parker arrived in Paris on Sunday last. He told Sumner he coughed more than when he left home, and has no hope of recovery or even of returning to his native land. He has had seven brothers and sisters (I think that was the number he mentioned) all of whom died of consumption between the ages of forty and fifty, and Theodore is now forty-seven. He has been invited by Delaure—the Swiss naturalist who

A.D. 1780 Béranger A.D. 1857

came to America with Agassiz, quarrelled with and left him—to come and stay with him in one of three houses he owns there and will place at his disposal. By the death of a sister-in-law who inherited a fortune of some 10,000-franc *rentes* which went to her husband, and by his death subsequently to M. Delaure, the latter is now a rich man for Neufchâtel, and promises to do his best to make Mr. Parker comfortable and cure him if possible. He also promises to botanize, geologize and philosophize with him as much as will be agreeable to his invalid guest. Mr. Parker left this morning, as I learned to my cost on going to call on him.

This week I may be said to have commenced my acquaintance with Bérenger. I met with a pocket edition of all his works, very complete (Perrotin's), and bought it for five francs. It includes his Autobiography, which I enjoyed extremely. I have found in his early life a curious confirmation of my conviction that, much as we worry about our children, their destiny is not more, if so much, affected as our own by what we do for them. His grandfather was a poor tailor in the Rue Mont Orgeuil. His father was bookkeeper in a grocery-store in the same street, where he made the acquaintance of the tailor's daughter, who then went daily to sew in a *magasin des modes* and who was destined to be the mother of Bérenger. They married and separated at the end of six months, the father to go to work in Belgium and the mother to continue her trade of *modiste*. As soon as he was born he was sent to nurse in the neighborhood of Auxerre, where he remained nine years, the first three without being ever asked for by any one, in charge of a nurse whose milk gave out very soon and who fed him on bread saturated in wine. At nine years of age he was sent to school in the Faubourg St. Antoine, where he saw the taking of the Bastille, which was about all the instruction he says that he received. "I do not recollect," he says, "their giving me a single lesson in reading or writing."

In the fall of 1789 and in his tenth year, his father, whom he never saw but three or four times, tired of paying his *modique pension,* though then become *notaire* at Dural, sent Bérenger, in charge of an old woman, his cousin, to Péronne with a letter recommending him to the care of a maiden sister who kept the little Auberge l'Epic Royale in that village. Bérenger had

never seen her. She received him with hesitation, read the letter, and then said: "It is impossible for me to take care of this boy." Bérenger proceeds: "The moment is present with me now. My grandfather paralyzed and retired from business on an income too limited to support me longer, my father declined the burden, and my mother cared nothing about me." (His mother had gone previously to live by herself near the Temple, leaving Bérenger with his grandparents.) "I was but nine years and a half old, but I felt myself repelled by all. What was to become of me? Such scenes ripen rapidly the reason of such as are born with any." ("De pareilles scènes murirent vite la raison chez ceux qui sont nés pour en avoir un peu.") He then adds that he was a handsome child, and, without wishing to diminish the merit of his consignee's hospitality, he says he saw her look at him through a corner of her eye, and afterwards, moved and softened, she pressed him in her arms and said, with tears in her eyes, "Poor outcast, I will be a mother to you." Bérenger adds that never was a promise better kept. This good woman, upon whom he passes a fervent eulogium and from whom he received an education and an excellent moral training, to say nothing of a comfortable home, died in her eighty-sixth year, after having dictated her own epitaph: "Jamais elle ne fut mère et pourtant elle a laissé des enfants qui la pleurent."[1] "Son neveu le poëte n'eût pas trouvé mieux à dire."[2]

Thus born in poverty, of parents unfaithful alike to each other and to him; left to the untried guardianship of a country nurse for many years; abandoned finally by both his parents, and sent, a poor outcast, to a relation whom he had never seen and who knew nothing of either of his parents to awaken the least interest in or sympathy for him, he arrives by the most tortuous and apparently the most perilous paths in a home more desirable in every respect than he could possibly have hoped for had his parents been faithful to each other and entertained for him the ordinary allowance of parental affection. It would seem as if Providence had deliberately hardened the hearts of the parents and reduced the resources of the kind old grandfather, that the child might be led into the wilderness, destitute of home, friends, and hope, there to find them

[1] "She was never a mother, yet she left children who weep for her."
[2] "Her nephew the poet could have said nothing better."

all, and with them an object worthy of absorbing all his young affections and capable of turning them to the best account.

Though the resources of Providence are inexhaustible, and therefore some other way might perhaps have been found to rear young Bérenger as well or better than he was reared without alienating him from his family, or rather his family from him, yet it is very clear that he had no relative in the world who, if he or she could have had things occur according to their best and most cherished plans, could have provided for this child so advantageously as he was provided for by Providence.[1]

Two lines of Bérenger's Autobiography convinced me that he was both a wiser and a better man than I had supposed him before I came to read his history. He was offered his choice of two positions in the Université Impériale, one worth 2000 francs and the other worth 3000 francs. He accepted the less remunerative because he said it gave but little occupation to the mind, and therefore he thought it "mieux convenir à un rhymeur." But he adds: "C'était un tort, car avec 3000 francs j'aurais été plus utile aux miens; mais je ne savais pas encore faire passer complêtement mes devoirs avant mes goûts."[2] That is a remark not likely to occur to a man who had not progressed a long way toward repairing the deficiency of which he complains.

On Tuesday, the 21st of June, my wife presented me, about 7.30 in the morning, with a second daughter. The young lady announced herself with a yell, and once or twice in the course of the day coughed. At the time of her birth her mother was herself slowly recovering from the whooping-cough, which it appeared she had shared with the child. To the early and severe exercise which the daughter's youthful lungs then received, I have always been disposed to attribute the fine chest and voice which were thus developed in her.

The Fourth of July I spent in visiting Meaux, the cathedral of St. Stephen, and other objects associated with the resi-

[1] See article written by me *circa* July 1, 1859, on the Autobiography of Bérenger, in the *Evening Post*.

[2] "That was a mistake, for with 3000 francs [$600] I could have been more useful to my people; but I did not yet know how to completely subordinate my inclinations to my duties."

dence, name and fame of Bossuet. The cathedral was commenced in the twelfth century and is a very fine specimen of Gothic architecture. The place where the remains of this famous prelate were found in November, 1854, was exhibited to me, and a monument erected by the department to his memory in 1820, which I thought a rather insipid affair. I also visited the *cabinet d'Étude* of Bossuet, and the yew walk where he found the seclusion and quiet he required for the prodigious amount of literary as well as professional work he managed to execute.

On my way from the cathedral I stepped into a book-store to see what sort of books the market of Meaux demanded, and among other things I succeeded in purchasing an autograph letter and an autograph sermon by Bossuet himself. The latter I considered something of a prize, as it was Bossuet's habit to speak mostly from notes and with great freedom of amplification. A complete sermon, therefore, in his handwriting is a great rarity. I paid for the sermon 175 francs, and 35 francs for the letter.

On my return to the United States I presented the autograph sermon of Bossuet to Archbishop Hughes in acknowledgment of his courtesy in sending me, when I was about leaving New York, a letter of introduction to all the prelates of his communion whom I might wish to meet.

An English expert, when I told him of my purchase, said that an autograph sermon of Bossuet was so rare that it would be worth from two to three thousand francs. I fear my friend the archbishop hardly valued it at either of those figures, for Bossuet's battle for the Gallican Church was not in good odor at Rome, of which the Jesuits had recently given evidence.

In looking over an account of the exhumation of Bossuet in 1854, which I picked up at the book-shop, I found it stated that his once white hair had turned to a chestnut color, and the teeth of the upper jaw were "parfaitement conserve." He had then been in his grave about one hundred and fifty years.

I returned from my pilgrimage to Paris in time to dress and attend the dinner given by the American colony at the Hôtel de Louvre, in honor of the day. Judge Mason, our Minister, presided, his wife occupying the seat at his right hand. On the judge's left sat Keitt, the abettor of Brooks in his assault upon Sumner, and his bride. Dr. Evans, the dentist, and Mrs.

Evans, George Francis Train, a Mr. Hart of Troy, and Mr. George Butler, the artist, son of George B. Butler, the junior law partner of Daniel Lord, were all the guests with whom I had any personal acquaintance.

Judge Mason made a few remarks about the Fourth of July, and then warned the rest of us to say nothing that would give offence to the authorities. His first toast, "The Day We Celebrate," was to have been responded to by Mr. Keitt, but the judge had to respond to it for him, on the ground, as he said, that Keitt, being newly married, was no longer in a condition to celebrate independence.

I was called upon to reply to a toast given to "The Press." I said in reply that I had not much to boast of in this world, but that I had one distinction to which few of my adult compatriots could lay claim, that was that I had never made a Fourth-of-July speech, and I did not intend to forfeit that distinction by making one then: that if I were possessed of distinctions like those around me, I could afford to surrender this; but that under the circumstances I thought it rather ungenerous that they should try to take from me that which, not enriching them, would leave me poor indeed. I went on to say that had I been disposed to make a Fourth-of-July speech, and been permitted to choose the time and place, I should certainly choose the country which sent us Lafayette and Rochambeau, and the time when that country is displaying supernatural energy in delivering the oppressed of other lands; I would select France and this present moment, when she is bringing to a head the long-standing issue between dynasticism and constitutionalism, and by the success of her arms and the prospective triumph of constitutionalism rendering a permanent peace practicable in Europe—a condition of which she had had little experience in her past history.

"If there be any member of the press here present who does not appreciate the sufficiency of my motive for not speaking in behalf of a craft to which I owe so much and with which I am always proud to have my name associated," I said, I would give them another reason which I was sure they would appreciate. They would find it in the old proverb, "Never speak of the gallows in a family where any one has been hung." That I regarded as reason enough for not toasting the press in France.

When I sat down, the judge rose and observed that, from the way I assigned my reasons for not making a speech, he hoped that whenever I did make one, like John Gilpin he may be there to see. He added that, while I professed to continue in a bachelor state as to speech-making, he felt called upon to announce, as a fact that had come to his knowledge officially, that an American lady had quite recently given birth to a French Yankee girl, and that before the child was sixteen days old, the mother was about as usual. The lady was Mrs. Bigelow, the wife of, etc. Thereupon the health of Mrs. Bigelow was proposed and drunk with noise.

On Saturday, July 9, accompanied by George Cranch, a son of the poet Cranch, a lad of fifteen or sixteen years, I started for Passy to look up the place which had been occupied by Dr. Franklin during his residence as the diplomatic agent of the United States. I found the place without difficulty. A part of the building or *dépendance* of the De Chaumont estate which he occupied was at this time still standing in the street, then known as No. 40 Rue Basse. It was occupied by some Sisters of Charity who conducted an institution for poor children. I visited the crèche, the infirmary and the school-room. The air was almost pestilential, the place excessively dirty, the walls and every corner covered with rubbish, doubtful odors meeting one at every turn. A pleasant plot of grass and trees, embracing perhaps half an acre, lay in the rear. Some years later I had occasion to look up the history of this property for some American friends who wished me to purchase it and construct a suitable home for the United States Legation in Paris. The result of my investigation may be found in an article entitled "Franklin's Home and Host in France," which was published in the *Century Magazine* for the month of March, 1888.

I gave the Sisters a few francs, of which they seemed as much in need as their pupils, and then drove to the *mairie* to find, if I could, the house in which Bérenger lived. I had reason to believe it was in the same street, the Rue Basse, but no one at the *mairie* could give me any information whatever upon the subject. We then drove to No. 5 *bis* Rue de Pompe, a châlet occupied by Jules Janin, then the most justly popular feuilletonist connected with the press of France. The place was enclosed by a high wall. I asked permission of the gardener to see it. He told me I could look around, while

another gentleman, whom I took for a seedy littérateur, was told to let M. Janin know that we were there. We wandered about the grounds, something less than an acre in dimensions, a frame house *à la Suisse* standing nearly in the centre of the lot. Shrubbery and flowers, with a few trees, grew along the walls. Along the gable of the house was written in German character, "Sumit materiam vestris viribus equam." Below, but above the *rez-de-chaussée*, a line of similar import from Boileau was inscribed, signifying that we must limit our building to our resources.

Before I had fairly seen what was before our eyes to see, the servant came and asked us *de monter* ("to come in"). We ascended the stairs, which were outside, to a piazza which gave into a library, where we saw a lady writing at one end of the room, and a gentleman sitting with his back toward us, also writing. The lady turned to take a look at us, while the gentleman, without turning, said in a perfectly cordial and offhand manner, "Entrez, monsieur, entrez." He then turned around, and I found myself in the presence of Jules Janin. I immediately proceeded to make the best excuse I could for this intrusion by telling him that I was an American come to Passy on a pilgrimage to the residence of Franklin, and that I was reluctant to leave without seeing another celebrity whose name was not strange, at least to members of the press, in America, and who I had heard had been building a country place here.

"Yes," he said, "a little affair of wood. You build a great deal of wood in America, don't you?"

I replied that we did, although the frequency of fires was bringing stone more into use among us. We discussed that subject for a few minutes, but as soon as I conveniently could I took my leave, seeing that I had evidently arrived during his working hours, upon which I felt that I had no right to intrude. I have often regretted since that I was so considerate, and have felt provoked that I did not engage him in conversation, for which he seemed to be quite disposed. He was then apparently about fifty years of age, his person rather corpulent, his hair quite gray, his face round, full, and wearing a very agreeable and kindly expression. He was confined to his seat by the gout, which he made his excuse for not rising to receive me. I left him with the conviction that I should have liked him if I could have known him familiarly. He looked like a

happy man. I presumed that the lady who was in the room with him was his wife, if he was a married man; if not, *d'une autre espèce.*

From his house I drove to the cemetery to visit the monument to Michaud, the historian of the Crusades. It was a rather unpretending piece of marble, with a bust of Michaud on the top, and the following inscription on the marble:

A Michaud
L'Historien des Croisades
Le Voyageur en Orient
Le Chantre du Printemps
D'un Proscrit
Le Publiciste Courageux et Fidèle
Né à Albans en Savoie
En MDCCLXVII
Mort à Passy
Le XXX. Septembre MDCCCXXXIX
Ses Amis
Domine in te Confidè

On the morning of the 12th of July one hundred guns from the Invalides in the afternoon proclaimed the conclusion of the peace between the Emperor of France and the Emperor of Austria. This was the last of some of the most memorable forty days in the history of France. Paris was illuminated that night from one end to the other.

Just four weeks to a day from my wife's confinement I embarked with her and our children for Switzerland, Thun being our destination. Joyful as was our journey through the green fields of France and our escape from the July dusts of Paris, only one incident occurred which seems worth repeating here.

When we arrived at Berne we stopped at a hotel for a midday dinner. It chanced that besides our party the only other guests at the table were an English gentleman with his wife and two children, very pretty girls. My wife asked the waiter for potatoes, and she would not begin her dinner until they arrived. After waiting some time I called the waiter again and asked for the potatoes. Simultaneously we observed that the husband of the other party was also negotiating for po-

tatoes, without success. We caught each other's eyes and orders, and exchanged smiles. Neither my wife nor our fellow-travellers had considered that the season of new potatoes had not arrived and that old potatoes were very scarce and expensive, if possible to get at any price.

We separated at dinner, and my party arrived at Thun late in the afternoon. We were agreeably surprised when we came to our hotel to meet our fellow-travellers there, thinking their children would be companions to ours. After our supper I walked out upon the piazza, where I met the gentleman and entered into conversation with him, and very soon found means of confirming a suspicion that I had formed at Berne, that he was "Our Own Correspondent" of the *London Times*, William H. Russell, whose "Letters from the Crimea" all the world except some of the generals of the British army had read with admiration. We planned for the following day an excursion together to the glaciers of the Splügen. We all went up on mules except my wife and her infant child, then but five weeks old, she with her burden carried by four stalwart men. The child, to my surprise, found the exercise and the air so congenial that it did nothing from the start until we returned at night but eat and sleep. That was the commencement of a friendship and correspondence which I greatly valued and which continued through the lives of Mr. Russell and his wife.

After a couple of weeks' stay at Thun I started for a tour alone, which lasted for the best part of a month, through the north of Italy, to Venice, to Triest, and so on to Vienna, where I found I missed my family so much that I took the shortest way to rejoin them in Switzerland. The only event that I remember of particular interest after leaving Thun was riding through the fields where the battle of Solferino had been fought only two weeks before, and seeing by the abundant harvest and the trees loaded with fruit or decorated with their healthy leafage how little note nature takes of man's inhumanity to man.

I never allowed myself to be separated so long from my family again but once, and that was after all of my children were grown up and only for the three or four months that I accompanied Governor Tilden to Europe in 1877.

PRESTON KING TO BIGELOW

Ogdensburgh, April 11, 1859.

My dear Friend:

Your favor of the 11th of March was duly recd on my return home. We had a short extra session of the Senate and I remained at Washington some days after it adjourned to bring up all arrearages of outside work. . . . If I could spare the means without inconvenience or even with some inconvenience to myself I would come & see you in Paris, but, with the regard I must have to my ways and means, I think I cannot come. In short I owe some and mean to get out of debt which I hope and expect soon to do. I have reached my quiet home in Ogdensburgh, where I expect to spend most of the summer and read more than I have been able or disposed to do for some years.

. . . . . .

The session of Congress has been disastrous for the administration and the democratic party. The administration of the War and Navy Departments has been shown to be corrupt. The Post Office Department profligate and bankrupt. The President feeble & unsound. The whole administration about as bad as bad can be. The Cuba scheme by which the public attention was to be excited & diverted was in the hands of Slidell & the President sustained by Douglas a miserable failure. Douglas has failed to hold the amount of public attention he desires. The President, Jeff Davis, Slidell and that class of men are irreconcilably hostile to him. Wise and Hunter are at war with one another, but either of them as well as Breckenridge would be willing to receive the support of Douglas, though neither of them, I think, would be willing to support him or able to do so with any efficiency. There has been some effort to bring out Guthrie as a man upon whom they might all unite but as yet without much developed result. Douglas has hopes for himself at Charleston. Toombs & Stevens it is said rather favor him though it is said too that Toombs has aspirations of his own. Douglas disclaims being a candidate but it is given out that his purpose is to go to Charleston as a State delegate from Illinois & there present and contend for popular sovereignty as the true construction

of the Cincinnati Platform and the true test of Democracy, subject only to the constitution and the decision of the Supreme Court I suppose, and to require the adoption of popular sovereignty by the Charleston convention as the condition of his adhesion. He hopes to prevail there and if he does that he will be made the representative of the platform he established. There are those who are determined he shall not succeed in either purpose and enough of them I think to destroy him in the convention, though by his schism the final dispersion of the democratic organization should be threatened. I think if his success is possible at Charleston it would produce a Southern Schism equally disastrous to the democratic organization and I think too the positions of Douglas are so unsound as well as inconsistent that he can never be sustained by the Country. You have seen the debates in the *Globe* for the last session and the events at Washington, so that I give you more speculation & less detail of facts than I otherwise would. The recent session of Congress has increased the confidence of Republicans in themselves, in their principles and in the consistency and strength of their organization, and the courage of the democrats is weakened, especially that of the silver grey Whig democrats who supported Buchanan. Many democrats who supported Buchanan are at last beginning to doubt the democracy of the democratic party.

On our side there is very strong confidence in the success of the Republican Party in 1860 and there is no sign that this confidence of success will produce any such rivalry for the Republican nomination as will prevent the hearty unanimity of the party in the Election. The desire for success is as strong as the confidence that it will be attained. The general expectation is Governor Seward will be our candidate. I told you, I think, in my former letter that he and his friends in this State considered his nomination pretty much a certain thing though there are other candidates whose expectations are not laid aside by their friends or themselves. There is some uneasiness with some of our folks in this State of democratic antecedents, but so far as I can learn there is a general expectation and disposition to give the Governor the unanimous support of the delegation from New York. The solicitude you express for the course of the *Post* induces me to speak of it especially. I should as you know be reluctant and slow to

criticize or dissent from it, but there is no reason to do so. The course of the paper is certainly discreet and just and I am glad to see by the increase of its columns prosperous. Mr. Bryant talked frankly with me when I saw him last fall on my way to Washington and whatever may be his own personal preference as to a candidate he will cheerfully acquiesce in & support the choice of the Republicans. We talked about our State and its action and I as frankly stated my opinion in favor of Governor Seward and the importance to our cause of unanimity in this State. I have not seen any thing in the *Post* indicating a disposition to discuss the question of Candidacy. Out of this State in addition to those who have been more or less talked of there are indications that Cameron of Pennsylvania, who has been understood to be favorable to Governor Seward, may be in the field as a Pennsylvania candidate. Wade of Ohio and Bates of Missouri are also named. It seems to me that the more candidates there are the better Governor Seward's prospects will be with this Great State unanimously for him. The *Era* and other papers are becoming impatient of being still. Dr. Bailey is frankly for Chase first but satisfied with Seward & proposes to discuss the subject in a series of articles already commenced. The *Tribune* opened on the subject last winter—as you have I suppose seen. But enough and more than enough. I must say however that Governor Morgan is deservedly winning the respect and good opinion of everybody with very few exceptions—and these not because he does not deserve them but because they will not be pleased. . . .

Yours truly

SUMNER TO BIGELOW

Bains Frascati,
près de Havre,
22 August, '59.

My dear Bigelow,

It was kind in you to think of me at Coire with the Splügen & that Italian descent before you. But perhaps you wrote to

make me unhappy at the thought that I could not taste again that delight. Oh! I envy you that tour—made with a perfect *back-bone.* I can not imagine anything more full of various charm.

The cities between Milan & Venice are overflowing in interest. But you are to go by Trieste to Vienna. What a road! And Vienna itself—offensive as it is as the capital of a despot —has the look of a metropolitan centre of govt. It is a study. Then there is Prague, where, standing on the bridge of the Moldau, & looking at the palaces, you may catch effects which will remind you of Martin's spaces in his Feast of Belshazzar & his throne of Satan; & there is Dresden, with a gallery of exquisite beauty & a Raffaelle, which you may call the first picture in the world & I will not quarrel with you; & Berlin with complete galleries of all kinds; & Munich, & Nuremberg —"quaint old city &c"—& Augsburg (don't fail to stop at the Drei-Meeren & try its Wein-Carte) & Stuttgart & Heidelberg, Frankfort—& the Rhine.

You are wise to make a hurried tour through Germany, & then return to France. In attempting to get both languages you would lose both. See Germany, physically, geographically, esthetically, as well as you can, & return to France, where you will keep among Frenchmen as much as possible. In travel, *you* will do best *alone,* trusting to the society of the day, & the opportunities of making acquaintances, from whom you will get some idea of foreign life & thoughts. Of course, always have a book with you, as a companion, should other society fail. But keep alone—always excepting the companionship of a friend, whose society might compensate for the loss of all that chance can throw in yr way.

I have been here several weeks, splashing daily in the salt water & going to bed at 9 o'clk & shall continue through the first week of Sept. when I shall set my face towards Paris for the last time. Shall I see you? No.

God bless you!

Ever Sincerely Yours

We returned to Paris the last of September, where we remained until the 1st of February. A night or two after our

arrival, I noticed Molière's play of "Tartuffe, or the Hypocrite" billed at the Comédie Française. I had read this play some eighteen years before, but the study that I had been giving of late to the religious phases of civilization in France during the age of Louis XIV. gave me a special interest in seeing the play on the stage; and putting all other engagements aside, I took tickets for Mrs. Bigelow and myself.

Being familiar almost exclusively with the American stage, I was profoundly impressed by the marvellous dramatic talent displayed by the artists who represented this play. I was even more impressed with the courage, not to say the audacity, of Molière in venturing to put such a play on the stage in the lifetime of a monarch who could not endure "Telemachus" because of the liberal principles which it inculcated in politics and its rigorous principles in religion. It was natural that a monarch who deemed Fénelon unfit to have charge of the education of his grandson should find "Tartuffe" offensive. A sovereign whose proscriptive and arbitrary course both in state-craft and church-craft had made so many hypocrites could hardly permit them to be held up to public ridicule without himself becoming ridiculous. After proscribing Fénelon, how could he let Molière go unscathed, while one no less than the other was using all the weapons of his genius to expose the rottenness of the royal government?

Bossuet, as the chief ecclesiastical pillar of Louis XIV.'s throne, of course denounced Molière, whose comedies, he said, were full of impieties and infamies. This remark of the "Eagle of Meaux," as his admirers were wont to designate him, has half inclined me to believe the stories of certain unclerical weaknesses as insinuated by Voltaire, and discussed at length by the Abbé Le Dieu in the appendix to the first volume of his "Curious Journal."

The following day I read Bazain's Life of Molière. He says that the current Life of the great French dramatist adopted by Voltaire and all who had written subsequently of him is for the most part fiction, and adds: "There is this double singularity in the existence of a man who has written much and whose profession has long kept him in view—that he has not left a single line of his own handwriting, and that none of his contemporaries or friends have communicated to the public anything relating to his personality; that no biography of him

was attempted until 1705, thirty-two years after his death, when a man by the name of Grimaust, 'and who,' says Boileau, 'knew nothing of Molière and was mistaken in everything, not even knowing facts familiar to all the world,' wrote his Life, which has held possession of Molière's character ever since, having been reprinted thirty times." It seems to be established that Molière was the son of a *tapissier,* and after working some time at the trade, studied law, and finally quitted that profession for the stage as an amateur actor, with no thought then of becoming a dramatic author.

On the 30th of September I called upon Charles Sumner, whom I was happy to find still in Paris, though prepared to leave for London in a few days. He spoke very warmly of Villemain's "Lectures on French Literature" as the best in any language. I said I thought it was the most readable. He said that it was the most readable there could be no question, and that when I used that word he was balancing in his mind whether Hallam's "History of Literature" was not of a higher order of work. I told him that I made the modification for the benefit of Hallam. He seemed divided between his annoyance that I should qualify his expression, and his admiration of Hallam, and went on to pass a high and deserved eulogium upon Hallam's work.

Sumner cannot bear to have any one talk as though anything could be found in books about literature and literary men that he did not know. I have seen him snap up poor Bemis, one of his satellites, and Mr. Lyman also, in a most ferocious way, for attempting to quote a book to him, as if he did not know it already. Indeed, such are the only occasions in my long acquaintance with him when he has ever appeared unamiable. But he was then an invalid of a kind that excuses everything.

At a subsequent visit Sumner told me that Mason, our Minister, is not much encouraged to attend the card-parties at the Tuileries, because he is very awkward in the use of his right hand since his paralytic stroke, and the habit of putting his fingers to his mouth, which is always surcharged with tobacco spittal, and then to his cards, soon spoils his pack, beside rendering it disgusting to those less accustomed to this popular Virginia decoction.

Sumner left for England the next week and returned to

America early in November following. I saw no more of him until my own return to America.

Sunday, October 2.

Judge Mason died this morning at nine o'clock after an illness of only eight hours. He had retired for the night, and was talking with Mrs. Mason about some one who had died of apoplexy, when, observing something strange in his articulation, she asked what was the matter. "Nothing," was the imperfectly articulated reply. She looked at him, saw his tongue was much swollen, and she shrieked. He never spoke again. This occurred about one o'clock in the morning. Dr. Bigelow was sent for.

At one o'clock on the following Wednesday I attended Mr. Mason's funeral. The Emperor sent a dispatch directing one of his chamberlains to attend with a guard of honor. They arrived late, and, as usual, made a good deal of disturbance with their guns and militarynesses, but no doubt were a comfort to the family of the deceased. None of the diplomatic corps were present except the Turkish Ambassador. Some say the diplomatic body were not properly notified; others that they were on vacation in the absence of the Emperor and are not in Paris.

I occasionally saw, during my stay in Paris, Dr. Smith, who held some relation with the Curia at Rome, and was the agent through whom Americans usually were assisted in obtaining audiences of the Pope and visiting the papal institutions of interest. Speaking one day of the then critical relations between France and the Church, he said there was a letter in the Vatican, written by Napoleon to the Pope just before the Franco-Italian War, pledging himself to guarantee the integrity of the papal territory. The war went on; the legations revolted and peace was made, but nothing was said or done by Napoleon about restoring the disaffected legations. It was in reference to this written pledge that the Pope used the following language, as translated into English, in his allocution of the 20th of June:

"This hope is strengthened because, according to the declarations of our very dear son in Jesus Christ, the Emperor of

the French, *the French armies in Italy will do nothing against our temporal power and the domination of the Holy See, but, on the contrary, will protect and preserve them.*"

In calling my attention to the italic lines, the doctor says this language is not nearly so strong as the letter of the Emperor itself.

In reply to the Pope's remonstrance at the time of the peace, and his reminder of the imperial engagements, the Emperor suggested certain reforms as conditions preliminary to the restoration of the legations. "No conditions whatever," was the Pope's reply. "Keep your engagements to me: restore the legations, and then I will talk of reforms."

The doctor told me that Odo Russell, the agent of England in Rome—she has no Minister there—had informed him that Napoleon cheated Austria into a peace just as he cheated the English in 1856 to close the Crimean War. He drew up in his tent certain conditions of peace, which he transmitted to the British Minister of Foreign Affairs with the request that he, representing a neutral power, would communicate them to the Austrian Government. At first the English Government declined to have anything to do with the matter, but finally concluded simply to transmit the document without note or comment. Napoleon kept advised of the day that the document should reach the Emperor of Austria—he was then investing Peschiera—and sent word to the Emperor that he wished to see him. They met; he told Francis Joseph that he was aware that his Majesty had received proposals for a peace from the neutral powers, described them, and then said, "I will give you better terms; I will do so-and-so." The Austrian cabinet were either taken in completely, or thought they could not do better; and, after taking a night to consider, accepted Napoleon's proposition.

This is one of the many stories in circulation about the means by which the war was so abruptly brought to a close, and has the merit of being the one believed to be true at the Vatican.

Sunday, October 9.

As I was walking this morning in the Boulevard du Fille Calvaire, I picked up a volume of *éphémérides,* and under the month of October read that Cardinal Bérulle, the founder of

the Oratoire in Paris, died while engaged in saying Mass, giving occasion to the following distich:

> Coepta sub extremis, nequeo dum sacra sacerdos
> Perficere, at saltem, victima perficiam.[1]

On the 13th of October I set out for a brief visit to Geneva alone. I spent the first night at Dijon. After an unusually good dinner at the Hôtel Cloche I walked down to the Place Jean in the Rue Bossuet, where the house still stands in which Bossuet was born, and beside it the church, now used as a shop of some sort, in which he was baptized. The house is of two stories, and, as I say, still stands, though only the side walls of the original remain. The peaked roof of the Middle Ages has given place to a modern French hipped roof. The lower floor is occupied as a book-store, and the upper part by the family of the proprietor, who proved to be an intelligent man.

I asked him about the monument to Bossuet, which my friend M. de Tassy, a professor of Oriental literature, had once told me had been interdicted by the bishop. The proprietor said that was a mistake: that the bishop was in fact vice-president of the commission for receiving subscriptions, and the Count Montalembert, whom I was fortunate enough three or four years later to reckon among my most valued friends, was president of the commission. The opposition referred to by M. de Tassy came from the clergy, who had become so virulently ultramontane that they discouraged any tribute of respect to the great apostle of Gallicanism.

It was a curious illustration of the change which had come over the Holy See since the time when the Jesuits were expelled from all Catholic countries and denounced as a religious organization by the reigning Pope in a formal bull. The name of Bossuet in these days evidently was no longer a name to conjure with among the hierarchy of the Latin Church.

13th October, Dijon.

This morning after breakfast I took a fiacre and drove out to Fontaine, about a mile and a half distant, picturesquely situated so as to overlook Dijon and all the neighboring country, so famous for its Burgundy wines.

[1] "If I cannot finish the Holy Sacrifice as a priest, I will at least finish it as a victim."

The purpose of my excursion was to see the birthplace of St. Bernard, the antagonist of Abélard and the most influential preacher of the Crusades.

I soon found the curé, a very intelligent, amiable and earnest young man, scarcely thirty years of age apparently. He first conducted me to the chapel, which occupies the most conspicuous position on the hill and is visible from Dijon, in which chapel the mother of St. Bernard and the saint himself were baptized. He showed me the very spot, at the same time deploring the removal and destruction by one of his predecessors of the original large stone fountain at which the ceremonial was performed, now replaced by a modern and smaller one.

As we entered he first proceeded to the basin of holy water, dipped his finger in it, and then extended the finger toward me. I did not know what he would be at, but presumed he wished to give me the benefit in some way of what he had been doing; so I pointed my finger, gloves and all on, at him, and he touched it. What I was expected to do next I was at a loss to guess and had little time to decide. I lifted my hand toward my forehead, while he went on with a prayer, I standing silent.

I fear I may have appeared to him like a heathen, and I confess I felt a little like one.

He next called my attention to an admirable bust of St. Bernard which he says was made from life. Saints' images and saints' biographies I have usually found a good deal like the marchioness's lemonade made out of orange-peel—one has to make believe a good deal. But if this bust was genuine, the saint had an excellent head and a fine face, which looks well in spite of his monastic dress and cropped hair.

I was next shown a piece of Gobelin tapestry, very old of course, for it purported to represent the beatific vision of St. Bernard as described in Ratisbonne's Life.

The birthplace of the saint was a little farther up on the hill. It was spoken of as the château, for the father of St. Bernard was in the service of the Duke of Burgundy, and evidently the great man of the village if not of the department.

The curé, as he led me into the chapel, told me that it was built by Louis XIII. as an expression of his gratitude for the birth of a child to him after a pilgrimage to Fontaine and special invocations for the intercession of the saint. His wife, the famous Anne of Austria, had been so long barren as to

have abandoned all hope of offspring. His faith and prayers were rewarded by having Louis XIV. for his son.

The chapel, though small, is very pretty. It originally had three domes, small, but beautifully ornamented, the letter *A* under the arms of France being placed under one arch for Anne, and *L* under another for Louis, the third arch having been cut off by a partition as unnecessary. I understood the curé to say that the chapel was given to the monks of the Order of St. Benedict, but during the Revolution it was used as a stable and afterwards sold, and finally was bought by a priest who now occupies it. When the saint's mother died the curé said all Dijon came up to see her buried.

When we walked back the curé insisted upon my going in with him and tasting some of Fontaine's wine, which was indeed uncommonly fine. At the same time he introduced to me two others of his order who were at table taking their breakfast, which consisted apparently of wine and grapes. After a little conversation and a suitable recognition of the curé's courtesy, I bade him good-by.

While at Geneva, where I arrived the night after this visit, I of course drove to Ferney, which the fame of Voltaire has made a pilgrim's shrine. The château is fine without being pretentious. The present possessor, M. David, who made his fortune as a lapidary, bought the property about eleven years previous. I was permitted to visit its interior, and what I saw one may find fully described in Murray. The view of Mont Blanc and the ranges of hills on either side was indescribably fine; the sky had a warm coloring, and the entire landscape was altogether charming.

I walked through the *berceau* in which Voltaire used to dictate to his secretary; visited the elm that he is said to have planted; picked up some horse-chestnuts to plant at The Squirrels (and where, I am happy to say, they are still thriving); begged an apple for the seed, which I meant to put to the same use, and some geranium seed.

His chapel, so called, was then used as a storehouse; the motto, "Deo erexit Voltaire," in large letters, still stares at one from over the entrance. The approach to the château is through a fine avenue of elms.

The village of Ferney has its Hôtel Voltaire and its Café Voltaire.

On the 14th I drove with a Mrs. Paine, an American lady from New York, to the Deodati château, where I was permitted to see the sleeping-room and bed which had been occupied in other days by Lord Byron, also his study. Though the furniture was old, the house was neat and in admirable condition.

The descendants of Milton's valued friend, whom his muse has made immortal, have ceased to occupy the Deodati château for many years. They are in the habit of letting it to strangers for $800 a year. This year of my visit it had no tenant. The site and everything about it is delightful, and it is difficult to conceive of a more attractive summer retreat for a student.

Before leaving Geneva I bought Rousseau's "Nouvelle Héloïse," thinking it might be worth looking over *in situ,* as it were, during my trip. Before retiring, the night after leaving Geneva, I read an hour in the book, but without profit. It impressed me as a foul book, though full of cleverness.

THE LAST DAYS OF TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE

I returned to Paris by way of Lausanne, for a look at the dwelling there to which Gibbon had given classic importance, and then I next took the somewhat unusual route over the mountains to Pontarlier. I wanted to get a view, if possible, of Mont Blanc from the heights of the Jura; to become better acquainted with the people of this department of France, whom of all the French I most admire; and, above all, to visit the famous Château de Joux, where Mirabeau was confined at the time he contracted his scandalous relations with Mme. de Monnier, the "Sophie" of his Vincennes correspondence, and where Toussaint L'Ouverture died, a victim to the treachery of Napoleon and the severity of an Alpine climate.

As the diligence passed under the Fort de Joux, the chief object of my pilgrimage before reaching Pontarlier, I dismounted, allowing my baggage to go on to the *bureau de poste.* The fort, now more than seven centuries old, stands upon the very summit of a solid rock about five hundred feet high, which descends very abruptly on all sides, and by its position at a defile in the mountains, commands the approach from

every direction. With three hundred men it was impregnable in former times, notwithstanding which, in consequence of its great value as a frontier fortification, it has changed hands more frequently perhaps than any fortress in France outside of Paris.

I found a small garrison at the fort, consisting mostly of soldiers just returned from Italy, who were lounging about in the last stages of disgust with the monotonous perch to which they were condemned. A chatty old woman, who acted as *concierge,* promptly responded to my request to visit the castle, by running for her keys. She then led me over the portcullis, the ornaments of which showed that it was built before battle-axes and bows and arrows went out of fashion, into the courtyard where the commandant resided. The first curiosity to which she invited my attention was the well of the castle, dug through the solid rock down to the level of the little river Orbe, which winds along the base of the hill, a depth of at least five hundred feet. My cicerone, to give me some idea of the depth of the well, threw in some stones, from which no sound or echo of any kind came up. This well was built for the use of the garrison during a siege, though in ordinary times they are supplied with water caught in cisterns. It has not been used for many centuries, if ever; the citadel, when it has changed hands, having generally been betrayed, or shared the fate of battles fought elsewhere.

The well was built, my guide told me—and her information I have confirmed from other sources—by the serfs and vassals of the feudal proprietor of the fort, in the ninth century. She lowered her voice when she added that multitudes who went down to work in its abysses never returned to the light of day. Indeed, the tradition is that they were told when they were sent to their work that they were not to return till it was finished. They were obliged to dig large recesses at regular and convenient distances in the sides of the pit, as their excavations progressed, and these were their homes during their frightful imprisonment, from which most were relieved only by death.

Of all the dreadful shapes which "man's inhumanity to man" has ever taken, there are few which feed the imagination with more fearful visions of misery and despair than were reflected from this dark, impenetrable mirror, framed five

hundred feet deep in granite. When I considered that all the enormities of which this structure had been the occasion and the theatre were perpetrated in the quest of water, in all ages and countries the consecrated emblem of truth, I was struck for the thousandth time with the resemblance which runs through all the forms of human perversity.

While pondering the question whether France had gained any more substantial advantage from her endless and sanguinary ecclesiastical wars than from the sinking of this dismal pit, which the dews of heaven, that fall alike upon the unjust and the just, made superfluous, my guide led me to another part of the fort, where she showed me an opening like a closet in the wall, about three feet deep and high, and perhaps four feet long. Here, she informed me, Amaury, one of the earliest proprietors of the château, confined his wife, a young woman of only seventeen years, for infidelity to him during his absence with the crusaders in the Holy Land in 1170. He hung her suspected paramour upon the mountain immediately opposite, and confined Bertha—that was her name—in this mural sepulchre, which was too small to admit of her standing erect or lying prostrate, or indeed of stretching her limbs in any direction. The only view of the outer world that she could get was through a little window, cut so that she could see the remains of her lover dangling from a distant tree. After some ten years of indescribable misery, death released her from her prison and from her brutal jailer.

The good old woman, who related this legend tearfully—although I have no doubt she had told it a thousand times before—gave great force to her denunciation of the cruel crusader by adding that, "after all, Bertha was innocent."

Crossing the court and passing along the gloomy corridor of stone, I was next led to a door which, as my companion proceeded to unfasten, she informed me was occupied by the "naygre." It was the dungeon of Toussaint, first called "L'Ouverture" by a French officer, because of his military prowess in opening the ranks of the English soldiers with his sword during some engagement. Though of African origin, and forty-eight years a slave, he took advantage of the revolutionary troubles in France, and subsequent hostilities between France and England, to make the blacks of St. Domingo independent, and himself President for life. Bonaparte, who

approved of the lead he took in saving the colony from the English, was solicited to approve the action of the Central Assembly which made him President. Toussaint's letter bore the following somewhat memorable but not altogether conciliatory superscription, "The first of the blacks to the first of the whites." Bonaparte's answer was taken out by Leclerc, his brother-in-law, and thirty thousand of the best troops in France, who issued a proclamation apprising the islanders that the French general had been sent out as the first magistrate and captain-general of the colony. Toussaint bade him and his master defiance, set fire to the Cape, retired to the mountains, and resisted the invaders with such success that at the end of eight months Napoleon's brother-in-law had but three thousand effective men out of the thirty thousand that had landed with him. Finding it impossible to conquer Toussaint, Leclerc invited him to a conference, under the usual pledges for his safety, and when in his power, regardless of his own honor or that of his master, or of the nation so gravely compromised by his conduct, he hustled the too confiding negro on board of a ship and sent him to France. After a brief confinement in the Temple at Paris, Napoleon ordered him to the Fort de Joux. The room which he occupied, and to which I was now introduced, is some twenty-five or thirty feet long, by, say, twelve broad. There was a fireplace on one side near the middle, but no furniture of any kind. Its walls were all of stone, and arched with stone overhead. Near the ceiling one end was pierced by a small window which admitted what light and air the inmates were expected to enjoy, but which seemed enough to keep the place sufficiently dry for habitation. On the mantel over the fireplace was the lower half of a skull, most of the brain-cover having been taken off, and resting on what remained, was the following *avis,* which my guide forbade my copying, as contrary to the orders of the commandant, and for a transcript of which, as for many other gratifying attentions, I was indebted to M. Girod, to whose archæological and historical labors I have already made allusion:

Toussaint L'Ouverture, who effected the enfranchisement of the negroes of his country, and in the day of his prosperity designated himself as the Bonaparte of St. Domingo, and who wrote to Napoleon, "The first of the blacks to the first of the whites," terminated his

career in this casement of the donjon of Fort de Joux. It is pretended that he answered an *aide-de-camp* of the First Consul, who came to ask him where he had concealed his treasures: "Say to your master that I will die before he shall know anything from me."

The Chef de Bataillon Amiot, commandant of the Place du Fort de Joux, found him here in a corner of his fireplace struck with *apoplexie foudroyante*, the 17th Terminal, the year 11. Some days before his death he declared that he had buried 15,000,000 in the mountains by slaves whom he had destroyed.

I felt indignant at finding such a gross calumny as this upon the character of one of the bravest, and, according to his opportunities, one of the most remarkable men of his day, perpetrated by the authority of the Government; and when I was refused permission to take a copy of it, my inference was that those who placed it there knew that it was one of those lies that would not bear ventilation, and therefore kept it from the public, but left it to do what it could quietly to poison the minds of all who made the pilgrimage to his tomb. I was afterwards satisfied by M. Girod that I did the French Government injustice, at least in one respect, for he assured me that no orders to prevent copies being made of the paper on the mantel had ever been given to the *concierge*.

It is a shame, however, for the Government to perpetuate such an absurd scandal upon the memory of Toussaint as that he destroyed the slaves who helped him hide his treasures; for the story not only is supported by no evidence, but it lacks the first element of plausibility. That he may have said he had treasures buried in St. Domingo, and that he may have added, for the purpose of being sent back to find them, that there were no living witnesses of their burial, is not impossible; but it is preposterous to suppose that such a man as Toussaint would have perpetrated such a gratuitous crime, or, if he did, that he would have told of it, without any apparent motive.

This story to the prejudice of "the first of the blacks" is as unfounded as another which has been current ever since Toussaint's death, and which is generally credited in Hayti now; that he was poisoned by the orders of Napoleon, or at least upon the supposition that his speedy demise would gratify the Emperor. Even supposing there was some motive for getting

Toussaint more completely out of the way than he was, which is hardly credible, the circumstances of his death are not matters of conjecture or suspicion, but of public record, and exempt the authorities of that day from any other responsibility for his sudden death than naturally attaches to his treacherous arrest and removal in midwinter from the climate of the tropics, in which he had lived sixty years, to a bleak Alpine region, more noted than any other in France for the severity of its winters.

The day after his death two physicians of Pontarlier made an official examination of his remains, and certified that he died of apoplexy and pleuro-pneumonia. Their certificate, or *procès verbal,* as it is termed, is filed among the archives of the *hôtel de ville* in Pontarlier, from whence M. Girod was kind enough to procure for me a copy duly authenticated under the seal of the mayoralty of Pontarlier. As this certificate had never been in print, and as it finally disposes of a very painful suspicion which is still widely credited, I give it entire.

Copy of the Minutes of the Post-mortem Examination of Toussaint L'Ouverture

We, the undersigned, Doctor in Medicine and Surgeon of the city of Pontarlier, pursuant to the invitation of Citizen Amyot, Commandant of the Fort de Joux, and of Renaud, Justice of the Peace of the canton of Pontarlier, have gone to the said Fort de Joux, when, in their presence, we have proceeded to the opening and the examination of the body of the negro Toussaint L'Ouverture, prisoner, whose death yesterday we have verified.

Post-mortem Examination

A little mucus mixed with blood in the mouth and on the lips, the left lateral sinus and the vessels of the pia mater gorged with blood, serous effusion in the lateral ventricle same side, the choroid pleurus infiltrated and strewed with hydatids, the pleura adhering almost entirely to the substance of the lungs; sanguineous engorgement of the right lung, as well as of the pleura corresponding, but of a purulent nature in these viscera; a little fatty polypus in the right ventricle of

the heart, which otherwise was in a natural state; emaciation of the epiploon—pathological state of this membrane such as it presents after a long sickness. The stomach, the intestines, the liver, the spleen, the veins, the bladder, exhibited no alteration.

In consequence, we declare that apoplexy, pleuro-pneumonia, are the causes of the death of Toussaint L'Ouverture.

Made, and certified to be true, at the Fort de Joux, the 18th Terminal, An. XI of the French Republic.

(Signed) TAVERNIER, *Doctor of Medicine.*
SURGEON-MAJOR GRESSET.

Certified to conform with the original by us, the undersigned Secretary of the Mayoralty of Pontarlier.

PONTARLIER, 5th December, 1859.

(Signed) JACQUIT, etc.

Through the kindness of M. Girod I was enabled to derive from the archives of Pontarlier some further particulars respecting Toussaint's condition and treatment during his confinement here, which seemed worthy of exhumation. They are embodied in documents the originals of which I inspected.

The first simply acknowledges the notice sent to the prefecture of the department by the subprefect that Toussaint had arrived, and informs that functionary that the arrangements for the security of the prisoner are to be under the exclusive direction of the general in command of that division.

The second notifies the prefect that the Minister of War had given orders that Toussaint should receive healthy and suitable food, and that he should be clothed suitably for the season, with the understanding that *he must not wear a general's uniform.*

The estimation in which their prisoner was held by the French Government, and the rigor of treatment to which they deemed it necessary to subject him, are revealed in the third letter from the prefect of the department to the subprefect at Pontarlier. The following extract from it might have been clipped, *mutatis mutandis,* from one of Governor Wise's heroic appeals to the chivalry of Virginia against John Brown:

I recommend you [he writes] not to lose sight of this important object. If any man imprisoned for the rest of his days, whatever the degree of his guilt, did not appeal to our humanity, I would say that this person, who is known only by his repeated perfidy, murders, pillage, incendiarism, and the most frightful cruelties, did not deserve any. But whatever be the opinion we ought to entertain of him, the orders of the Minister are precise. Toussaint must not see any person, nor must he be permitted to leave the chamber in which he is confined, under any pretext whatever. The guard of the fort should be set with the greatest exactness, and without the relaxation of vigilance. The General of Division only can modify the rigor of these orders, and I know he will not do it without being authorized by the Minister. The commandant must sleep at the fort, unless specially authorized to the contrary by his superiors. The supplies of the prisoner have been prescribed. They must not be exceeded upon any pretext. Every excess will be stricken off from the account.

The next letter, No. 4, was written immediately after receiving intelligence of Toussaint's death. In it the prefect says:

You will also please, on the receipt of this letter, make an inventory, in the presence of the *Commandant d'Armes*, of all the effects used by the prisoner, and sell them at auction to the highest bidder, after the customary notices. You will prepare a report of the sale for me, and remit the proceeds of it to the widow Benedict upon her receipt, deducting the sums due her for her supplies.

From these documents and others which I was shown it appears:

1. That Toussaint was guarded with unusual, if not excessive rigor, and that the view taken of his character and career at that time by the War Department, whose agent declared that if there was an exception to the rule that pity was due to the unfortunate, Toussaint was the exception, was very different from that which is taken of him now by the world, and indeed by the French themselves, who, through the mouth of the most inspired of their modern poets, have said of him, "Cet homme est une nation," and within fifty years after his cheerless death accepted the lesson of his life by striking the chains off every slave held under a French title.

2. They show that he was not poisoned, but that he died in all probability of a disease contracted in consequence of his

involuntary removal to a colder and more intemperate climate than at his age—over sixty—his constitution, used to the warmth of the tropics, could endure.

3. It appears that he was abundantly supplied with fuel and artificial light, for in two months these supplies cost one hundred and fifty-six francs, which, M. Girod assured me, is a very large allowance, for wood then was much cheaper, he said, than at the then present day.

4. Whether he had a servant for a while after his arrival, and if so, whether a negro or a Frenchman, does not appear. From the general character of the instructions in reference to him, and in the absence of any special provision for the access to him of one of his own color, it is to be presumed that, if he was allowed a servant, it was a Frenchman.

5. It appears that he was allowed to write and have some luxuries, such as nutmegs, sugar, bath, etc. These, I presume, came out of the four francs a day allowed him from the first for board, washing and mending.

6. It is apparent, unfortunately, as M. Girod suggested, that, since the moderate sum of 128 fr. 70 c. was all that the effects supplied by the Government brought after only seven months' use, his wardrobe was not probably supplied as it should have been for such a severe climate.

7. And finally, it appears that a woman was provided to keep his apartment in order.

The order forbidding Toussaint to see any one not attached to the service of the garrison seems to have been unnecessarily rigorous, but it was probably aimed at Rigaud, Toussaint's ablest and most trusted aide in St. Domingo, who was captured very soon after his chief, and sent to the Fort de Joux, where he remained until after Toussaint's death, when he was released. They never saw each other, though sleeping so near together, after they separated in St. Domingo.

Upon the walls of Toussaint's apartment I was surprised to find but one inscription from the hands of visitors; that was the name of Catiline Nau, a man whom I remember to have met at Port-au-Prince in 1854, where he discharged the functions of an Assistant Secretary of State in the Department of Foreign Affairs, under Soulouque, and who had the credit, which I do not doubt he deserves, of having written the telling and statesmanlike dispatches of the Haytian Government in

reply to the agents sent out by Fillmore and the English and French governments, many years ago, to compel the Emperor to acknowledge the independence of the Spanish or eastern part of the island. M. Nau is probably the only Haytian who has ever made this pious pilgrimage to the prison and tomb of the most renowned of African statesmen. M. Nau, I understand, has since died, much regretted by his countrymen, whose interests he carefully watched and tended during his life.

Toussaint's remains, consigned to a grave under the chapel of the fort, were discovered by a captain of engineers in 1850. The top of his skull, which had probably been sawed off at the time of the post-mortem examination, and replaced, he deposited in the city library of Pontarlier, where it was shown me by M. Girod, and the rest of the head stands on the mantelpiece in the room where Toussaint was confined and died.

While at Pontarlier and early in the morning of Tuesday, October 18, I witnessed a sale of wood in the *salle d'adjudication* in the *hôtel de ville,* under the direction of, or, to be precise, *devant le préfet du département de Doubs, Monsieur le Directeur des Domaines et de Monsieur le Receveur-Général des Finances et des Revenus des Communes Internes dans le vente,* etc.

These several and imposing dignitaries were seated in a row like judges, dressed in cocked hats, gold lace, and broadcloth, one of whom, who seemed to be the biggest toad in the puddle, was about sixty-five years of age and sadly in want of teeth. The property to be sold—*adjudication au rabais,* as it is termed—was the privilege of cutting certain wood in certain districts of the neighborhood, with the reservations prescribed in a large quarto catalogue distributed among the purchasers.

The first lot was put up by order of the venerable dignitary at 1000 francs. Thereupon a crier or auctioneer proceeded to cry it down. He kept offering it at a price lower by ten francs a cry until it reached the sum of 550 francs, when it was taken by a bidder.

When I had seen enough of this solemnity I waited upon M. Girod, the historian of Pontarlier and the keeper of the archives of that municipality. With him I visited the public library, which, though small, contained much rare historical material relating to the local history of Franche-Comté. He then took me to the *greffe* to see the letter of Mirabeau to

John Bright Richard Cobden Michel Chevalier

Sophie which was the foundation of their condemnation by the court and which Girod assured me had never been published. This letter defined the arrangements they had made for their flight.

M. Girod then took me to the house where Sophie and her husband, M. de Monnier, had lived, a two-and-a-half story and attic, thirty-foot house, with a large tailor's sign hanging over the front door. He also pointed out the route by which the fugitives escaped from this house.

I reached Paris on the morning of the 20th of January, 1860. On the 23d I went to visit the remains of the still famous monastery of Port-Royal, of which Sainte-Beuve had then only recently concluded a rather voluminous but pathetic history, the first product of his pen, I believe, which attracted public attention.

On the following day I called upon Mr. Cobden, who was still in Paris, negotiating the first if not then the only treaty of commerce between France and England having exclusively commercial interests in view. I remarked to him that he was demonstrating that the post of honor may be, occasionally at least, a private station. He said he was sensible that in his negotiations here he had been able sometimes to use arguments to the people about the Emperor which he could never have used had he been a member of the Government. For example, he said, these people have the greatest horror of a Tory ministry, Derby's intemperate speech about the Emperor, after the December *coup d'état*, being fresh in their memories. He, however, was in a position to assure them that the present ministry would not be able to sustain itself, after all the expense it had incurred in arming the country, unless something in the direction of free trade with France was accomplished. He thought that, with some, this argument had more weight than any other based solely upon merely commercial expediency. The Emperor and his friends dreaded nothing from England so much as a coalition of the Tories and old Whigs. He said also that, during the several months he had been here, M. Michel Chevalier, the imperial councillor of state who had charge of the negotiations on the French side, had been to see him, on an average, at least once every day and sent him notes besides, on an average of one every day.

I found Mr. Cobden suffering with an irritation about the

throat and a huskiness in his voice which gave me some anxiety, which I did not conceal. He made light of it and seemed indisposed to make any change in his habits. I left him with a firm conviction that he was not destined to be a very old man.

On the night of the 26th my wife and I were presented to their Majesties at a court ball. To us both it was a new and rather imposing ceremony. When I say "new" I mean no disrespect to the Emperor Soulouque and his court, where I had the honor to be presented six years before. I quote from my diary:

The presentation over, I was fortunate enough to get into the throne-room, the *salle des marcheauds,* close to the edge of the dancing circle and within twenty feet of the Emperor, who sat on the Empress's right, in a gilded armchair a little larger than any other in the room. On the Emperor's right sat the Prince Jerome, better known as "Plon-Plon," and on the left of the Empress the Princess Clotilde; on her left Princess Mathilde, and next the Princess Murat; behind them a half-dozen or more maids of honor. As this was the first opportunity I had had of seeing either of their Majesties so near, I do not think I took my eyes off them until they went into the supper-room after midnight. The Empress did not impress me as much nor quite in the way I had expected. She is a pretty woman; has a graceful figure; moves gracefully; has beautiful sloping shoulders, drooping eyelids; and yet there seemed to be nothing regal and sovereign in her appearance, nothing that indicated any comprehension of the part she and her husband were playing in the history of the world. From what I saw of her it would never have occurred to me, whatever my opportunity, to attempt to interest her in the career of which her husband was such an important factor, any further than as it affects her as a wife and a mother.

The Emperor also, whom I had seen only by the Empress's side in their carriage, disappointed me. He is short, with broad shoulders, large chest, and barrel tapering off into two legs, so short as to seem very, very small. His head, too, seemed rather large for his legs, and he looked, as the sailors say, "all by the bows," like a catfish. This impression, however, was not lasting; his movements were all slow and deliberate. Owing to the shortness of his legs, his walk is not

graceful. He seems to advance first one side and then the other, as on a pivot, his head moving from side to side as if trying to keep time with his legs. The first impression his face left upon me was that of an overtasked man going through a wearisome ceremonial when he was dying for sleep. His eyes were very small, without lustre or definite expression, which, with the slowness of his motions, made him seem to be terribly bored.

I soon discovered that this impression was erroneous. He was not bored. He seemed so because no other person's individuality seemed to impress him. He spoke occasionally to the Empress or to Prince Jerome, and later moved about so as in the course of the evening to address a few remarks to all the ladies sitting in a line with him, and to some notabilities who participated in the dance. He said but little to each, and sat silent most of the time; but whether he spoke or was silent it was evident that he did not do what he did from any influence outside of himself. The prompting of the Empress once directed his attention to the Duc de Padua, who appeared on the edge of the circle late in the evening. I had not watched him long before I began to realize the great economy of force he exhibited. He did not waste anything—not a smile, not a step, not a gesture, not a look, not a thought, not a word.

What makes company a bore to many, if not to all, when it is a bore, is that the company takes captive the individuality of the bored, arrests and directs his attention, subordinates him one way and another, makes him listen when and to what he may not want to hear, and interrupts trains of thought he would pursue. The Emperor's surroundings produced no such effect upon him, any more than the trees of the forest upon the philosopher meditating in their shade.

Such were my first impressions on making the acquaintance of the Emperor. I do not know how long they will last, nor how soon they will be exchanged for impressions informed by a larger experience and more reflection.

The Emperor's smile is very sweet, but it stops abruptly, and his face passes into shadow like the meadows on a November day, when no one would think he had ever smiled in his life. This kind of laugh is such an unmistakable evidence of insincerity that it always affects me unpleasantly.

Among the other notabilities who attracted my attention

during the evening were, first, the man with whose aid the Emperor is said to have invented the *canon rayé,* and who works privately with him, while totally unknown outside; another who was called the Emperor's Life-preserver and is never out of his sight unless represented by some one else, and who is charged with the arrangements of the police that are responsible for the Emperor's person; also the Prefect of the Seine, Baron Haussmann, who made himself indispensable to the Emperor by his wonderful capacity for conducting the improvements of Paris. I was told that the baron had his wife shut up in a madhouse the other day to get rid of her, though as innocent of madness as any woman in France. *Credat Judæus; non ego.* He is a man of herculean frame, but has his enemies who have tried in vain to supplant him. No one could be found, however competent, to fill his place.

Supper was served about half-past one o'clock. We did not reach home until about three in the morning.

Mr. Cobden, learning that I was going soon to London, was good enough to send me some letters which procured for me several very valuable friends in England, whither I was already preparing to wend my way.

On the 30th of January, at two in the afternoon, I was privileged to attend the session of the Institute and to listen to a discourse about the chemist Thénard from M. Flourens. M. F. is about fifty-three or fifty-four years old, I should think, with a puritanical expression of face and head; wears a scratch and what the Bowery boys call a "soap-lock" deployed down the centre of the forehead in the shape of a comma or an inverted squash. His address, which he read, was full of telling personalities and well received.

PRESTON KING TO BIGELOW

WASHINGTON, January 16, 1860.

My dear Friend:

Your two letters of June 26 and Nov. 15 were duly recd and read with a great deal of pleasure notwithstanding a single suggestion of what is impossible. You will never think I for-

get you. I know how much in every way I owe you and I am not of the kind to dislike a creditor in good acts because he is my creditor. I value them and the kindness of Mrs. Bigelow and yourself if not as much as I ought at least gratefully. You would not see that I was *outré* but took me home to your house supposing that I had some qualities which I hope I possess, and among them I can assure you is memory.

. . . . . .

The House of Representatives is not yet organized nor is there any way determined how it will be organized. It is believed by the Republicans that no combination can be made to choose a speaker against the Republican Vote. . . .

Governor Seward arrived in Washington by the 7 P.M. Train from Philadelphia on Saturday the 7th inst. He brought me your kind remembrances and tells me he spent much time in your company. He appeared in the Senate Chamber on Monday the 9th a little before the hour of meeting and was heartily greeted by the Republican members present who shook him by the hand and welcomed him home & back to the Senate Chamber. The democrats did not hasten to greet him but stood aloof or rather remained on their own side of the Chamber to which he did not go. This does not amount to much but it was remarked & spoken of by others rather than by me.

The *Evening Post,* sailing now in smoother water by its well proved chart, is doing its whole duty as it did in 55 and 56 when the stars were obscured by storm clouds and the Republican Ship went out upon the untried sea with its principles and its purposes for its guide. The sky looks brighter now. The events at Harpers Ferry were seized upon by the slave propagandists as a means of making party capital. The Christian Heroism of Brown after his capture confounded them—and drew the attention of men from what appeared to be the insanity of his conduct before. The democrats are overworked. What they absurdly charged to be a Republican plot and their action rather damaged than benefited them in the Election last fall. Harpers Ferry, Helpers Book and the irrepressible conflict have been the themes of declamation on the administration side in the House to prevent the election of a speaker, arrest the onward motion of Republicanism and save the Union. They have kept the House disorganized but

have not made much impression upon the Country. I think the democratic organization will cry in vain for rescue from the condemnation that already overshadows the party. Their internal feuds & the corrupt desires and ambition of their motley leaders impel them to destroy one another whenever the Republicans leave them leisure for battle in their own camp. Toombs and some others of the worst of the slave propagandists are I think friends of Douglas and I think he has capitulated without condition to them, being allowed to speak for squatter sovereignty while he sustains the Dred Scott Decision that annihilates it. I have no doubt Douglas hopes to be nominated at Charleston and believes if he is that necessity will compel all the slave propagandists to support him. The South-Americans, some of whom are reasonable men, desire I think to see the democrats beaten more than they desire or hope for any thing else. They are hostile to the Republicans—hold fast to their slavery ground—and mean to beat the democrats in some of the slave states if the Slavery flag is at all lowered by the democrats. This is one of the embarrassments of Toombs and Douglas in doing any thing for Douglas, who is, I think, done for any way but whose strength if he has any is in what there is left of the Territorial sovereignty delusion in the free states. Breckenridge, Hunter, Davis and others in the Senate and Guthrie, Wise and others out of it want the Charleston Nomination. Dallas, Dickinson and Seymour are understood to be looking for it—and some think Buchanan expects it & will kick if not satisfied with the nominee. The prospects of the democratic party are not promising and no man can tell what the Charleston convention will do.

In our Republican household it looks better whatever may happen. I think Seward will be the nominee. He thinks so I am sure—and if he is not nominated no man can tell who will be. The Pennsylvania delegation will be chosen unitedly for Cameron—asking for but not obtaining his nomination and I think Pennsylvania will prefer Seward to anybody but their own man. John M. Reed with Pennsylvania at his back would be a strong man in the convention but without Pennsylvania he will hardly be presented as a candidate.

Chase is earnestly desirous of the nomination and his friends are active for him. In positive strength through the

Country I think he stands next to Seward. But he is weakened some by McLean's friends in Ohio and there is also more or less talk of Wade of Ohio, who is an able man. Bates of Missouri seems just now to be the favorite of the conservatives who think it would not be safe to have a Republican elected, but who are willing to designate a National man for whom it would be safe and for whom they will consent that Republicans may vote. Our friends the Blairs, thorough and sound as they are themselves, are for Bates as a Missouri candidate and hope that with him as our candidate we could carry Missouri. I do not hear much said of Banks lately though he is a strong and skilful man. I have no idea the Republican convention will nominate any body about whose thorough Republicanism there is the least doubt & I trust there is better reason to expect this than my wishes, decided as they are. I do not know to whom the *Tribune* will in the end give its weight. Its editors are praising Bates and in conversation express a desire for somebody else than Seward. But I have thought they would be content with him. They express apprehensions for results and desire for success. I think the political atmosphere has become heated enough to make Seward the strongest candidate we can nominate. I only hope his administration will be as sound and decided as our opponents apprehend.

. . . . . .

With sincere Esteem Your Friend

During our sojourn in Paris I made the acquaintance of Sainte-Beuve, whose "Lundi" contributions to the *Constitutionnel* had made a great impression upon me, as indeed they did upon all Paris, and I thought I was fortunate in being able to make an arrangement with him to correspond with the *Evening Post.* It was soon evident that he required a larger space than a daily journal in New York could afford, to treat such subjects as he was wont to treat in the way he loved to treat them, and upon a hint I received from Mr. Bryant (which introduces the following letter) the correspondence was discontinued.

Mr. Bryant's letter, however, possesses a greater interest in giving his views about the candidates whose merits were to be passed upon at the impending Presidential election.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT TO BIGELOW

New York, Feb. 20, 1860.

Dear Mr. Bigelow:

I am not much disappointed by the loss of M. St. Beuve's letters. He is a brilliant writer, but much of French brilliancy disappears in translation, and I am not certain that a Frenchman can write good letters for an American newspaper.

It does not seem to me that the outlay of the correspondence you have planned will ever be returned to us, but if you think differently I would have you try it. The letters I am sure will not be read with the interest that your own have been. A clever man might gather, it appears to me, both literary and scientific matter from the French publications, matter as interesting as a Frenchman in Paris could possibly furnish, and put it into a shape better proportioned to our space and more attractive for general readers. Do not, however, let me stand in the way of any project of the kind which appears to you to promise well. The trial will shew.

As to the candidate for the Presidency, I do not recollect that I gave an opinion as to who would not get the nomination. I find that Bates is more and more talked of for the Republican Candidate. He is said, for example, to be the man who can carry Illinois against Douglas by bringing out a large number of old whigs living in the middle of the state —originally from the slave states. The probability—rather let me say the chance that Douglas will be nominated by his party seems to increase. The great reason for believing that he will be nominated is that he is their strongest candidate, and to that idea their minds are opening. There is not the slightest prospect of the nomination of Wise. Nine tenths of the democratic party regard the idea as absolutely ludicrous.

Mr. Seward is not without his chances of a nomination, though some of your friends here affirm that he has none. He is himself, I hear, very confident of getting it. While the John Brown excitement continued, his prospects improved, for he was the best abused man of his party. Now that he is let alone his stock declines again and people talk of other

men. For my part I do not see that he is more of a representative man than a score of others of our party. The great difficulty which I have in regard to him is this, that by the election of a Republican President the slavery question is settled, and that with Seward for President, it will be the greatest good-luck, a special and undeserved favor of Providence, if every honest democrat of the Republican party be not driven into the opposition within a twelvemonth after he enters the White House. There are bitter execrations of Weed and his friends passing from mouth to mouth among the old radical democrats of the Republican party here. I suppose Weed never behaved worse than now—and his conduct alarms the best men here—they think it an omen of what we may expect from Seward's administration. We have a shamefully corrupt legislature.

Captain Schultz is very anxious that you should return and electioneer for Seward's nomination. I must say frankly that I would prefer that the question should be left to the convention.

. . . My wife and daughter desire to be cordially remembered by you both.

Yrs truly

FIRST VISIT TO LONDON

On the 1st of February we reached London and took lodgings with Mrs. Cooper, 32 Jermyn Street. On the 6th my wife and I visited Westminster Abbey. I was disappointed in its size and in the arrangement of its monuments. I had imagined a more imposing edifice and more taste in the artistic quality and distribution of its contents. They seemed to have been thrown together with no eye whatever to any combined effects. As I stood near the statue of Addison, my eye fell by chance upon a paper pasted upon a stick lying on the floor, with these words in large characters written on it: "Lord Macaulay's Grave." There was no man in Europe upon seeing whom I had counted more than Macaulay, nor was there any one to whom I felt under greater obligations. This grave

was the nearest I could now come to what was mortal of that gifted man. Thackeray, by the way, had an excellent article on Macaulay and Irving in the February number of his magazine.

The only father and son who had reached the honors of sepulture in the Abbey by their public achievements were Zachary Macaulay and Thomas Babington Macaulay, and the two Pitts. The faculty of winning worldly distinction is not hereditary.

On leaving the Abbey we passed into the House of Lords, then sitting as a court of appeals. They were listening to Roundell Palmer, who was discussing a question of inheritance which depended upon which one of two persons, one a man and the other a woman, drowned by the same catastrophe, perished first. Among the peers present were Lords Brougham, Cranworth, and Chelmsford (Thesiger).

On the 9th of February I visited the *Times* office. The marble inscription over the doors, placed there by some merchants of London as a token of gratitude for the persistence and success of the *Times* in exposing a disgraceful swindling operation, was new to me. It was a satisfaction to see this evidence that the world sometimes appreciates the more painful and dangerous risks that journalists have to incur who do their duty.

February 20.

Russell and Thackeray called and informed me of my election to the Garrick for three months.

Thackeray said that a letter from Macaulay's brother informed him that the deceased, Thomas Babington, was reading the *Cornhill* when he died; that he had been in the habit of giving away a third of his income or more every year. Thackeray added that the sale of the *Cornhill Magazine* had gone up to 95,000 already, and that he told Lord Palmerston at Lady Palmerston's reception, a few nights ago, that he was now also a power in the state.

He said the story of "Lovell the Widower" was an old play which he had written years ago and would have gladly sold then for fifty pounds, but which his publishers did not think available. He now gets a thousand pounds and upwards for it.

In his next number, he told me, he means to give the true version of the story about Mrs. King of Charleston and himself. As I heard that story, Thackeray was reported to have said to her, "Mrs. King, I thought you were a fast woman." To which she replied, "Mr. Thackeray, I thought you were a gentleman." Thackeray said "nothing of the kind ever passed between them"; that she was eternally teasing him with her attentions till finally she said to him one day, "Mr. Thackeray, I was told I should like you, but I don't." "I replied," said Thackeray, " 'Well, I don't care a pin if you don't.' The other story," he said emphatically, "is a lie."

On the 25th of February I strolled into Stewart's book-store, where I discovered a copy of the famous book of a Spanish priest named Molinos, entitled "Spiritual Guide which disentangles the Soul and brings it by the Inward Way to the Getting of Perfect Contemplation and the Rich Treasure of Internal Peace"; also the substance of several letters sent from Italy concerning the Quietists, printed in the year 1699. I paid but half a guinea for it. I think the bookseller did not know, what I did not discover till some years later, that this book once belonged to Charles Wesley, and bears his signature, "C. Wesley, 1775," on the title-page; and on the first page, in the same handwriting, is written, "The gift of a truly noble friend, Lady H. 1775."

I take it for granted that "Lady H." was Lady Huntingdon, the friend of Cowper and of William Law, the author of "A Serious Call." The acquisition of this book was perhaps the first link in the chain of events which, many years later, led to the publication of my book entitled "Molinos the Quietist."

Dined that day with Mr. and Mrs. Hargreaves, to whom I bore a letter from Mr. Cobden. John Bright and Mr. Lucas, his brother-in-law and editor of the *Star,* were the lions. The impression Mr. Bright left upon me then, as I recorded it in my diary that evening, was one which I think he was likely to leave upon any one *au premier abord,* but which a subsequent and better acquaintance was sure to modify. I will quote it, however, subject to all the qualifications due to first impressions.

Mr. Bright's head and face betokened strength of will, independence, and a capacity to execute all he can conceive; but I

judge, from what I heard and saw of him this evening, that he is preëminently practical, not given to generalization or speculation of any kind; that he is very dogmatical, rather too fond of praise, rather intolerant of those who differ with him, if I may judge by the freedom with which he flung his denunciations right and left; and far from being either as wise or as useful a man as Cobden. He thought the *Times* of London and the *Herald* of New York were equally profligate and unscrupulous.

On the 27th of February I dined with William H. Russell, where I met Delane, the editor of the *Times*, and Romaine, Secretary of the Admiralty. Delane impressed me by the accuracy of his information on a variety of subjects, by his quickness to apprehend and eagerness to appropriate what seemed true and new in what he heard, and the correctness of his scent, in a rambling conversation, for what is reliable. After he left I mentioned my impressions to Russell, adding that Delane did not look to me like a man of very strong convictions, but would surrender any of his opinions without a pang to others that had any additional merit to commend them. Russell, in partial reply to this remark, said that Delane could never let Louis Napoleon up, nor could he bear a "pure Whig." I think he mentioned another notion that Delane was equally tenacious about, but I have forgotten it.

I was astonished to find what an interest all these gentlemen took in the fight between Sayres and Heenan, his American antagonist, which was to come off in a day or two. They could hardly have seemed more interested if the contest had been between an English and American naval squadron.

The last week in February Mrs. Bigelow and I accepted an invitation from Mrs. Hanbury, a sister of Mrs. de Bunsen, to attend a laundry-girls' reception at which we were notified that Lord Shaftesbury had promised to assist. The ceremonies were rather tedious, for the average Englishman is not a born orator, until Lord Shaftesbury took the parole, which produced a profound sensation in the by no means inconsiderable assembly. I quote from my diary:

His lordship is a tall, spare-looking man, with much of the natural expression of a *dévot;* his face thin, cheeks sunken, complexion sallow, and temperament apparently sluggish. He

has, however, a well-shaped head, the face of which wears a benevolent expression. He spoke very well; fluent, easy and sufficiently choice in his language. Though he touched upon many social questions which eccentric and extravagant minds affect, he said nothing indicative of an unhealthy tone of heart or mind. Some of his statements were interesting. He mentioned among other things that when he was in the Board of Health an inquiry was instituted to ascertain the cost of washing the linen of London, and they found it amounted to the enormous sum of £5,000,000 sterling, or $25,000,000; and also that three-fifths more soap was required for washing in hard than in soft water. He also stated, though without seeming to be aware of its bearing, that it had become quite difficult to get good servants, and when gotten, still more difficult to keep them.

He spoke of a young girl in the family of an acquaintance, who gave notice that she was going to leave. When asked why, her only reason was that she was tired of stopping so long in one place. He spoke of a footman who had been with him a couple of years, who said he also must leave. The earl sent for him and asked him if he did not get what he wanted, if his work was too hard, wages too small, or whatever else might be the reason for his leaving. He declined to assign any reason, but, after leaving, told the butler that he did not have time enough at his club. The earl then remarked that the facilities for travel and the cheap postage were rendering it such an easy matter for servants to find places that they went from one to another merely from curiosity—a desire to see more of the world; so that the tenure of domestic service in England was rapidly changing from what it used to be, when a servant always expected on entering to remain as long as his conduct was irreproachable.

It never seemed to occur to his lordship that the change of which he complained was rather a matter for congratulation than regret; that it defined the difference between a serf and a free man or woman, an enlargement of the market for labor, and a substantial amelioration of the social condition of the domestic wage-earner.

At the close of the exercises I was presented to his lordship, and after a few complimentary words I remarked that I was surprised to find him here in London deploring the difficulties

of securing satisfactory domestic service, which I thought was the special inconvenience of comparatively new countries like our own. "But," I added, "does it not tend to show that the labor market is improving, positions more easily acquired, and consequently that domestics are more independent in England now than formerly?" He said yes, undoubtedly that view might be taken, though he thought the facilities for changing places conferred by cheap postage and cheap travel had more to do with it. When a girl had to pay a shilling to send a note, it was a serious matter to answer an advertisement by mail, but when she could send all over the kingdom for a penny, it was an amusement.

As we rode home to our lodgings, my mind was wholly absorbed in reflections upon what I had just heard. Here was an unusually accomplished man, past middle life, one of the hereditary legislators of England, renowned for his piety and his charities throughout the world, practically denouncing cheap postage and cheap travel because it gave a considerable majority of his countrymen greater facilities for suiting themselves with the places in which and the persons with whom they would toil, than they previously enjoyed; as though such a right of selection should be enjoyed exclusively by employers. The privileges of belonging to a noble family in England are numerous and very substantial; but do they compensate for their effects in warping the judgment and hardening the heart against the truths of the two great commandments on which hang all the law and the prophets?

On the 4th of March we dined with Mr. Paulton,[1] and Mr. Bright came in after dinner, and we had a long talk about English and American politics. The new Reform Bill, enlarging the electoral franchise, had just been adopted. Mr. Bright said he thought the measure would add about 450,000 votes to the Parliamentary electorate.

In the course of our conversation he asked me if there was much bribery of votes in America. This was said apropos of a recent remark of Lord John Russell's about a bill he had introduced to prevent bribery at the polls, to the effect that if his measure failed, preventive punishment must no longer be relied upon exclusively.

[1] A brother-in-law of Mr. Hargreaves.

I replied that bribery was not unknown in my country, but, under our system of universal suffrage, I did not think it interfered with representation to any perceptible extent. I then added that I was not myself personally a believer in penal laws against bribery; that I thought a vote was only worth, in the eye of the law and true statesmanship, to a man who sold it, what it could bring, whatever we might think of him; that if a man cared enough about another's vote to buy it, he must pay for it more than it was worth to him who sold it. The representative principle, therefore, would be more fairly executed by the sale than without it.

Going down New Oxford Street the next morning, I stopped at Westall's old book-store, 549, and bought, among other things, a periodical published at The Hague by the authorities of Holland and West Friesland, called the *Monthly Mercuries,* translated into English, which commences with November, 1688, and comes down to 1708—nineteen volumes. I bought it for 6*d.* a volume; so cheap because one of the volumes of the series was wanting. I mention this because of a coincidence such as rarely happens in a lifetime. Only a fortnight after this purchase, passing through the Strand in the afternoon, I observed an auction book sale in progress. I could not resist the temptation to look in and see what kind of books were offered. Finding that the class which the auctioneer was offering did not interest me, I walked back toward the entrance, where the floor was strewn with bundles of pamphlets and odd volumes, or volumes not deemed worth cataloguing. After turning over three or four of them with my foot, I noticed one bundle that seemed to invite investigation. On examining it closely, I was delighted to find that a part of its contents was the missing volume of the *Monthly Mercuries* which I had so recently purchased in Oxford Street. I asked the auctioneer to put up the bundle, and I bought it for a couple of shillings. I afterwards discovered in the bundle three or four books besides the one I was in quest of, which were well worth, to me, all I paid for the lot. I had, therefore, the double satisfaction of perfecting my Oxford Street purchase, and at the same time of making a good bargain, which is something that always gives satisfaction, the more in my case as this odd volume happened to be of a date which gave it more value to me than all the other volumes of the set.

8th March.

Dined with the Rev. Mr. Gurney. His eldest daughter presided at the table, her father having lost his wife in giving birth to his ninth child.

I only remember of this entertainment a slightly unpleasant passage between myself and my reverend host in consequence of my venturing to credit the Emperor Napoleon's policy with higher motives, or rather with more important and desirable results, than he was disposed, or Englishmen generally were disposed, to credit him with. He seemed to think it monstrous that I did not regard Napoleon III. as a monster.

I felt that I had left an unfavorable impression upon his mind which I will hardly be able to efface. As we drove home, my wife reproved me for permitting myself to be drawn into a defence of the Emperor at English tables, where he is held in such universal abhorrence.

A day or two afterwards I called upon him especially to express my regret if I had been indiscreet in the expression of my opinions about the Emperor the other day at his table. He laughed at the idea, and seemed surprised that I should make it a pretext for any apology. I had not yet learned the freedom with which differences of opinion are tolerated and indulged at English tables.

This Gurney family, the more I come to know of it, is wonderful for its numbers, its wealth, its intelligence and its virtue. No one can help respecting them all, and families are rare in which so many virtues have so much prosperity to contend with.

On the 9th of March, Dr. Roget, the author of the best book in the language on English synonyms, called for me to go to a meeting of the Royal Society. Sir Benjamin Brody, a small man but bright and active, met us at the door. He took me for a relative of Mrs. Abbott Lawrence, *née* Bigelow, the wife of a late United States Minister to London. I had no opportunity to undeceive him entirely, as others required his attention. He evidently entertained very kindly feelings toward Mrs. Lawrence.

Faraday was present, talking science all the time, and every feature of his face, even his hair of the most taking silver-gray, seeming to be employed. I never saw a more earnest-

looking man. His head was not particularly large, but was symmetrical and rather round. His strength seemed to lie rather in the quality than the quantity of his brain. He was but about five feet six inches in height. While talking he seemed to be totally abstracted from everything but his subject and his hearer.

Babbage, the inventor of the calculating machine, was present. He has an uncommonly fine head. Sir Roderick Murchison also has a pretty good head and a remarkably high cravat.

Whitworth, the inventor of the gun, was present with his models. I heard him explain its principles to Wriothesley, who was present. He showed us a ball that one of his guns had thrown through a four-inch plate of iron at a range of four hundred yards. He afterwards explained it at length to Prince Albert, who was present and seemed to take a special interest in the weapon. The prince, though bald, is a remarkably handsome man. His carriage was erect and manly, his figure uncommonly fine, and the expression of his face open, frank and generous. He was attended through the rooms by Sir Benjamin Brody and by Mr. Weld, who pointed out the objects of interest, and to whose explanations he listened politely, if not attentively.

Among the curious things shown me in the rooms, of which some five or six were thrown open, was the first reflecting telescope made by Sir Isaac Newton, and the dial cut by him when a boy on a stone wall. The lines were not very distinctly visible by gaslight. They must have been made by some feeble instrument like a knife-blade.

There was a very large collection of England's most eminent scientists in the rooms, and perhaps England has nothing to show of which she has more reason to be proud than the contributions made by this society to her prosperity and strength. True, it turned up its nose at Dr. Franklin's first announcement of his discovery of the identity of lightning and electricity, but it was not long in correcting its judgment and electing him a member, with distinctions and privileges which had never before been extended to any member.

I dined that evening with Mr. Mackintosh, the biographer of his father, Sir James, and with Mrs. Mackintosh. Mr. Haggins, better known as "Jacob Omnium" of the *Times,* was the only guest. He had been a friend of Henry Hallam and of

Count d'Orsay. He was the tallest well-proportioned man I ever saw. He said Eton was one of the worst public schools in the world; that it had but twenty teachers for eight hundred pupils, and of these but one for French; that none of its graduates can spell, or, in fact, receive any thorough instruction. Mackintosh, who had a son there, said in its defence that somehow it had the knack of turning out gentlemen. It is a painful commentary upon this remark of my host that the son here referred to afterwards died of delirium tremens in a madhouse in Paris.

Mr. Mackintosh, noting my familiarity with his father's writings, and my respect for his genius, presented me with an autograph and very interesting letter from his father to Mr. Canning, which letter may be found bound in Mackintosh's Life of his father at The Squirrels.

This letter was unquestionably written in reply to some complimentary words from Canning about Mackintosh's introduction to the course of lectures which he delivered between the months of February and June of the year Mackintosh's acknowledgment was written, 1799. Canning, though politically opposed to the doctrines of Sir James Mackintosh, was his warm personal friend and a fervent admirer of the "Vindiciæ Gallicæ," which had appeared the year before in reply to Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution." Canning is reported to have read this work, on its coming out, "with as much admiration as he had ever felt."

To overcome the well-known aversion of the English bar to innovation and to secure from the benchers of Lincoln's Inn the privilege of discussing the principle of law which in a certain degree included the principles of politics, Canning, in cooperation with Mackintosh, had exerted his influence with the utmost zeal and with entire success.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH TO CANNING

Stoke House, 3d January, 1799.

My Dear Sir:

I send you the three copies of my Discourse which I have remaining here & if I could find words I would endeavour to say how much

your kind conduct is enhanced by the generosity of your language. I never meant to underrate the liberality of your Friends by giving utterance to the feelings which your Friendship produced in my mind. Certainly if they had not been men of the greatest candour & of the Strongest sense of equity even your Friendship might not perhaps have availed. I must add (& I say without the least Approach to flattery what it would in me be the grossest insincerity to conceal) that their approbation is of much more value in my eyes from their Character & extraordinary talents than from their high station. I do not affect to be insensible to the effect of high station even where it is more separated from personal & natural superiority than it is in those Gentlemen to whom I allude. If you will excuse the pedantry of alluding to my own lectures I may add that one of my objects in them will be to shew that a qualified respect for rank (very different from Servility) is natural, reasonable & useful to Society. Mr. Pitt is a Man whose approbation needs no such reflexions to enhance its value. I shall embrace with the most honest & heartfelt pleasure your kind permission to renew our intercourse of which Small as it was I always retained the most agreeable recollections. I shall certainly have the pleasure of calling on you as soon as I return to town & if you are not afraid of our smoky blackletter neighbourhood I shall feel myself gratified & honoured by seeing you in Serle Street.

I am

My Dear Sir

Most truly & affectionately Yours

On the 10th of March we dined with Thackeray, and the company consisted entirely of strangers, exclusive of his family. Among them were Mrs. Charles Dickens; Dr. Quinn, the earliest homœopathic physician, as he claimed to be; Mrs. Caulfield, a very pretty and unaffected woman whom I was permitted to take down to dinner; Sir Henry Havelock, son of the famous defender of Lucknow; Mr. Oliphant, the eccentric though gifted husband of an eccentric wife; and some half-dozen others whose names I did not learn. Thackeray, at whose side I was seated, was suffering with chills and fever. He drank a great deal, as it seemed to me, and garnished his food with red pepper and curry to excess, for the purpose, as

he said, of staving off or drawing off the chills. He succeeded in bringing on a profuse perspiration about eleven o'clock; at the same time he said he was tipsy, and talked a little to verify his diagnosis.

He and Quinn throughout the dinner kept sparring with each other, at the expense to both of a good deal of personal dignity. Quinn frequently called him a humbug, and other names of that ilk, with a degree of familiarity which could well have been spared. Thackeray said at an early stage of the dinner, "Look here, Quinn, you must not be so familiar. My daughter told me the other day that you were too familiar." He also said that the advertisements in the first number of his magazine, the *Cornhill,* were a loss to him, as they had calculated on a sale of but 40,000 and they sold 100,000, so that the extra paper consumed all the profits of that number.

Mrs. Dickens was not a handsome woman, though stout, hearty and matronly; there was something a little doubtful about her eye, and I thought her endowed with a temper that might be very violent when roused, though not easily rousable. Mrs. Caulfield told me that a Miss Teman—I think that is the name—was the source of the difficulty between Mrs. Dickens and her husband. She played in private theatricals with Dickens, and he sent her a portrait in a brooch, which met with an accident requiring it to be sent to the jeweller's to be mended. The jeweller, noticing Mr. Dickens's initials, sent it to his house. Mrs. Dickens's sister, who had always been in love with him and was jealous of Miss Teman, told Mrs. Dickens of the brooch, and she mounted her husband with comb and brush. This, no doubt, was Mrs. Dickens's version in the main.

My wife told me that Oliphant was expressing to Miss Thackeray his admiration of my wig. If he could get one like it—he is quite bald—he would wear it. Miss Thackeray replied that she thought I did not wear a wig. He offered to bet with her a pair of gloves that I did. The bet was referred to Mrs. Bigelow to settle, which she was no doubt proud to do in favor of Miss Thackeray.

A few evenings later I saw Miss Teman at the Haymarket Theatre, playing with Buckstone and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews. She seemed rather a small cause for such a serious result—passably pretty and not much of an actress.

On the 14th of March I dined with M. Chatelaine, to whom I had been presented by M. de Tassy, the professor of Oriental literature at the Sorbonne. The company consisted mostly of journalists. Among them was a Mr. Griswold, one of Thackeray's staff on the *Cornhill* and also an occasional contributor to the *Saturday Review*. He proved to be a profound believer in the English stratification of society and in conventional standards of merit, social and moral. He professed to detest Bonner of the *New York Ledger*, who, he thought, ought to be put down. He did not seem to comprehend me when I said I was proud of the *Ledger* as an illustration of the extraordinary development of a common journeyman printer's capacity for usefulness in my city.

"But what does it do?" said he. "What does it contribute to the literature of the world?"

I replied that it paid literary men of the first class better than they were paid anywhere else; that by its vast circulation it brought the brains of the highest and lowest intellectual strata of society into contact and sympathy, and, as an illustration of this, had published within a month a better poem than had appeared in the English press in the previous thirty years. I referred to "The Cloud in the Way" of Mr. Bryant, which, of course, he had not seen.

At the request of M. Chatelaine, I sent some of his translations into French verse of some of their poems to Bryant and Halleck. From Halleck I received the following characteristic reply:

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK TO BIGELOW

Guilford, Connecticut,
May 24, 1860.

My dear Sir:

A "whoreson cold," wanting the dignity of that of Justice Shallow's conscript, "Peter Bullcalf of the Green," which was caught by ringing in the "King's affairs upon his coronation day," has, to my exceeding regret, compelled me to postpone my answer to your letter.

With my returning strength I hasten to thank you for your

continued remembrance of me, preserved, as it so flatteringly has been, amid the million distractions of your active life, and with a distance so wide between us, alike of time and space, of years and miles.

"Much of wild and wonderful" you have doubtless met with in your "sightseeing" pilgrimages abroad, pilgrimages which I hope have proved pleasant and profitable to you; but pray tell me, and tell me candidly, if, in all the "Sights" detailed in Murray's handbooks, those you have seen, and those you have wisely refrained from seeing, in all the Museums you have visited from the British to Barnum's, have you met a greater curiosity than the Document which, to my infinite instruction and delight, you have done me the kindness to forward with your letter.

Instruction, for it enables me to appreciate, most feelingly, the force of Burns' lines,

> "O, would some power the giftie gie us
> To see ourselves as others see us!"

and admonishes me (reversing the medal of Falstaff's expression), of the heinousness of my twofold guilt, that of uttering Nonsense myself, and causing the utterance of Nonsense by others.

And Delight, by irresistibly reminding me of the hearty laugh with which I greeted the appearance of Liston some years ago in London, when he came upon the stage mounted upon a Donkey, and repeated George Coleman's lines beginning, "Behold a pair of us"!! and by bringing home to my own "business and bosom," the scene in the *Midsummer Night's Dream,* "Enter Bottom with an ass's head," and Quince's exclamation, "Oh Bottom, thou art TRANSLATED!!" and thereby placing me, in all the pride of Authorship, upon the top step of the ladder of literary ambition.

During my recent illness in New York, Mr. Bryant did me the honor to make my sick room a pleasant one by frequently calling upon me. I wish you had been present when he read the translation. His appreciation of the fun of the thing was visible in his eyes. They sparkled like stars in a frosty sky in the absence of moon and cloud: a study for an artist.

Allow me to hope to hear very soon from your pen that this

A.D. 1819 — Victoria — A.D. 1901

Late Queen of England and Empress of India

letter has reached you, and tell us when we are to have the pleasure of welcoming you back among us.

I take your expressed leave to enclose a letter for Mons. Chatelaine. Will you, after perusing it, have the goodness to forward it to him and greatly oblige, my dear Sir,

Yours very gratefully

I venture here to quote a few lines from my diary of the period:

Saturday, March 24th.

This was the day for the Queen's drawing-room, to which my wife and I had been invited. We joined Mr. and Mrs. Dallas and their daughters at the embassy a little before one. The ladies then went through a sort of rehearsal of the impending ceremony. We then drove off to St. James's Palace, where Mr. Dallas presented us to Mr. Cust, the master of ceremonies, who also presented us to Lady Russell, whose husband was Minister of Foreign Affairs. Presently a procession of Blue-coat Boys passed in to be presented to the Queen, one of their immemorial annual prerogatives.

It soon became our turn, Mrs. Dallas preceding with Mrs. Bigelow, and at the length of their trains behind, Mr. Dallas and I followed.

After we had been presented, Mr. Dallas and I found ourselves standing near the Queen, whom of course I scrutinized very closely as long as I had an opportunity of doing so. She seemed a very short woman with a dumpy figure, though erect, no grace of outline. Her complexion was florid, and with the least provocation grows red all over; her eyes gray and very pop. She peels her teeth to the very top of her gums when she laughs, which is not becoming at all, as her front teeth are quite too prominent to bear such exposure. Her smile is pleasant, but when she puts on a severe or cold expression she looks as though her features had been accustomed to it. I was led to suspect that her temper was capricious. Some who approached her—a few—she kissed; others, English ladies, kissed her hand. The gentleman with the gold stick

called off the name of each person to the Queen as he or she approached.

The Princess Alice seemed, as she stood beside her father, pretty and fascinating. There was an archness about her expression—a mischievousness, such as is meant when the term is intended to be complimentary—that quite captivated me. Her beauty, though of a different character, seemed to be nearly or quite as attractive as that of the Empress Eugénie. She has a less purely sanguine temperament than her mother's—more of her father's, apparently; her features are regular, she has a fine figure; looks about eighteen years of age, and much resembles the Prince of Wales as he appeared to us when in America. There are no evidences of superior mental accomplishments in her face, though she is equally free from traces of inferiority in that respect.

Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone and Sidney Herbert were standing near us. I studied Gladstone carefully. He has the nervous, bilious temperament; black hair and bright black eyes; a square forehead which does not rise as much in the region which phrenologists assign as the abode of the moral sentiments as one could wish; a rapid, nervous motion, and everything about him rather more suggestive of a French or Italian than of a Saxon origin. His face is strongly marked with the lines of thought, and in his conversation he occasionally betrays the impression that his mind was pursuing a train of thought beyond the area prescribed by his interlocutor.

His wife and Lady Palmerston were also present, standing side by side. Miss Gladstone was among those who were presented to the Queen on this occasion. Mrs. Gladstone is tall, thinnish, with spare features, about forty years of age, and not exactly handsome. To my surprise, her eyes did not seem to work in harmony, at least that was my impression.

Mrs. Palmerston is near or quite sixty. Her lower eyelids are baggy, and her face looks a good deal battered, as if it had been required in its time to express a great variety of strong emotions.

Palmerston is a marvel. Though over eighty, he seemed as perfectly preserved as any man in the room, and a life safe to bet on for at least twenty years to come. His head is remarkably well shaped; the moral and the intellectual regions seem equally well developed, notwithstanding the reports of his

enemies. One of the strangest things about him is the fact that, with his vast experience in Parliament, he still stammers and boggles when he speaks, with all the hesitancy of a new member.

After the presentations were over—they occupied about an hour—the Queen and her suite withdrew, and we immediately followed her example.

On Thursday evening, the 29th of March, we left London for Scotland, where we spent about three weeks, seeing as much of the country as we could in so short a time.

The first Sunday after our arrival in Edinburgh we went to hear the Rev. Mr. Hanna, the son-in-law and biographer of Dr. Chalmers. The house, though full, was by no means crowded. His was what they call here the Free Church as distinguished from the Established Kirk of Scotland; for the Presbyterians here have their Established Church as well as the Episcopalians. Dr. Chalmers has the credit of leading in this rebellion. Hanna had a head much like Theodore Parker's; a slight brogue—scarcely enough to betray his nationality; the expression of his face severe and unsightly. His address was as deliberate and steady as if he were a piece of machinery. He used very little rhetoric and betrayed very little emotion. He gave us, however, a very impressive discourse.

In the afternoon we went to hear Mr. Guthrie; he and Hanna were the most prominent clergymen in Scotland at that time. He continued a previous address from Luke: "And Jesus increased in favor with God and man." His rhetoric was very fine. I thought it the best I had then ever heard in the pulpit. He closed with some practical observations, in the course of which he compared the plate of the photographer when properly prepared for receiving the expression of the person exposed, to the gradual transmission of the lineaments of Jesus to the soul of the regenerated Christian who contemplates him devoutly and with a desire to comprehend his beauty and perfections. His discourse abounded in good things like this, and he delivered them uncommonly well.

He had an uncomfortable way of wiping his nose with his hand; the more frequent from his great sensibility, which, several times in the course of the two sermons I have heard from him, found expression in tears.

While at Ayr doing homage to Scotland's greatest lyric poet, I received tickets for the installation ceremonies of Gladstone at the University of Edinburgh. For this function I was obliged to leave Ayr on Saturday and spend the night and following Sunday at Glasgow, as no trains in Scotland were run on Sunday. Though Edinburgh is only an hour by train from Glasgow, I could not get there till Monday morning.

MR. GLADSTONE'S INSTALLATION AS LORD RECTOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH

Ayr, April 17, 1860.

Yesterday was a great day in the British Athens, for it was to witness the installation of Mr. Gladstone as lord rector of the university, and no event short of the landing of a French army in the Clyde could have been more absorbing. I confess I shared in the general feeling. Only a few days before I left London, one of the most prominent members of the House of Commons, and not precisely of Mr. Gladstone's school of politics either, directed my attention to him and said, "That is the most remarkable man that ever sat in this House"; and added after a very slight pause, "Take him all together, certainly his career through the present session has been a succession of administrative and dialectical triumphs quite unparalleled within the recollection of any of the present members of the British Parliament. He has astonished every one by the skill with which he has taken his ground, and by his resources in defending it. His opponents, who used to be great men and formidable dialecticians, seem to have dwarfed under the spell of his eloquence, and even his own chieftains, Palmerston and Russell, find themselves, without suspecting the change, revolving as satellites around him. Indeed, Brougham is reported to have said that Gladstone's speech on the Budget was the finest speech he ever heard in Parliament, except his own in defence of Queen Caroline."

I thought the occasion would be as favorable as any that would be likely to offer for me to see and hear Mr. Gladstone

to the best advantage, and so, at considerable inconvenience and expense, I secured a ticket and went up. As this is the first lord rector the University of Edinburgh has ever chosen, a local council having hitherto managed its affairs, it became necessary to provide a robe for the incumbent, and the splendor and expense of this integument has been the subject of the most inflammatory gossip for several days. The last report that reached me before I saw it was that it could stand alone, so stiffened was it with gold. The rumors, however, unlike stones, had gathered by rolling, for it had very little gold; the manchettes were purple velvet, and the rest of some suitable black fabric. I afterwards learned that the whole affair cost fifty guineas, to meet which expense each student was required to pay two shillings for his ticket. It was a little large, and the orator had great difficulty in keeping it on and in preserving the freedom of his hands and arms, but on the whole it disfigured him as little as such trappings could disfigure any one, perhaps.

The doors were opened at eleven, an hour before the exercises were to begin. I was warned to be early, and consequently went among the first. The room soon filled, students composing the bulk of the audience. I soon had evidence that students in Scotland are very much like students in all other parts of the world. Every person that came in related in any way to the university had a special reception; some with cheers, not a few with hisses and groans, for these occasions are the grand assize, where students avenge the real or imaginary wrongs they have sustained from their superiors, who are in all other ways inaccessible to them. When Professor Swinton came in he was greeted with a storm of hisses, because in a snowballing *émeute* last winter he had threatened to call in the police. When Professor Blackie came in he was received with clapping of hands and shouts of laughter provoked by his professional cap, which, in a spirit of somewhat extravagant nationality, he had edged with tartan plaid. The poor little man was glad to get his cap off his head and out of sight as soon as possible. Pretty soon John Hope, the great temperance authority in Edinburgh, appeared. He was greeted, as temperance is everywhere, with the most friendly and with the most unfriendly demonstrations at the same time. The ladies, too, received more than their share of embarrassing attentions.

Some of them had to cross in the rear of the stage along some elevated seats with no screen or bench in front. The walk was so narrow that their crinolines were pushed by the bench quite to one side. These occasions always brought down the house, to the infinite distress of the unhappy victim, who often sat down blushing to the roots of her hair, and not suspecting the cause of these extraordinary attentions.

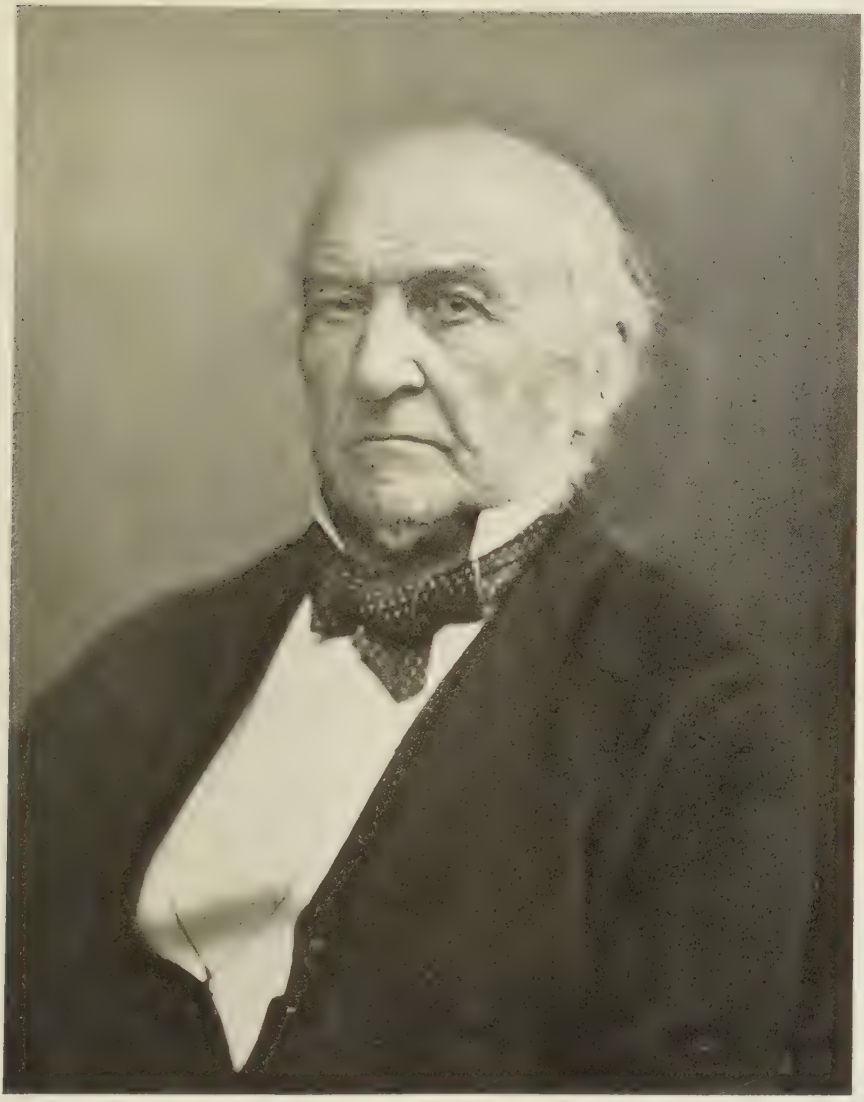
When finally Sir David Brewster, the vice-chancellor of the university, now quite a feeble old man, arrived, preceded by the mace-bearer and followed by Mr. Gladstone, the whole house arose and the applause was deafening and continuous. It was not certain that the reception of Mr. Gladstone would be unanimous, for he was elected by a comparatively small majority over a large and heated minority; but I heard several who voted for his rival say that they were now glad Gladstone was chosen; and his reception showed that that feeling was pretty much unanimous. This interested me, as an evidence of the impression which his Parliamentary achievements during the last few months have made upon these secluded boys.

The exercises were opened with prayer, and then the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon Mr. Gladstone and six other gentlemen, all Scotchmen, I believe, except the Rev. H. L. Mansel, professor of moral and metaphysical philosophy in Oxford. Each was presented for the degree by Mr. Swinton, professor of law and chairman of the *Senatus Academicus*, which make the selections for these honors, the nominations being accompanied by a short and eulogistic speech setting forth the gentleman's claims to such literary distinction.

This over, Mr. David Hall, one of the students, and on their behalf, came forward to present Mr. Gladstone to the vice-chancellor as the students' choice for rector. He did it in a neat and graceful speech, auspicious of still better things in the years to come.

Mr. Gladstone then took his position by the desk, laid down a pile of manuscript, pulled out of his pocket something which, from my proximity, I afterwards discovered was a little flask with a cork that unscrewed, and a false bottom that made a cup; emptied something into the cup, and then addressed himself to the work of the day.

His appearance is eminently prepossessing. He has a fine figure, rather spare, without being thin, and a bilious, nervous



A.D. 1809 William Ewart Gladstone A.D. 1898

temperament, so admirably blended that it is difficult to say which element predominates, for, while his eyes are black and sparkle like jets, his hair is only dark; in his youth it might have been quite light. Though still a comparatively young man, however—he is just fifty-one—the deep lines of his face, not to speak of the thinning of his hair upon the top of his head, show that he has led a laborious and thoughtful life. His complexion is pale, and the expression of his features unchangeable. Had a photographer taken his likeness every second from his first entrance into the hall until he had more than half finished his address, it would have been difficult to have detected the slightest variation in the several impressions. He bowed slightly to applause once or twice, but not a change even of color was apparent on his marble features. He has a square head, rather flat, for my taste, on top—much such a head as Walter Scott's would be if divided horizontally, about midway between the highest point of the skull and the base of the brain, and the upper section removed. The residuum would give very nearly the proportion, though perhaps not the bulk, of Mr. Gladstone's head. The forehead is a little more than medium height and breadth, and shaped more like Brougham's than that of any other public man that I think of. It is like a square, solid block placed over his eyes like an architrave. His voice is melodious and penetrating, with ample range for any oratorical purposes. His declamation disappointed me. He measured out his cadences a little in the school-boy fashion, and I should have said, if I had heard him then for the first time, knowing nothing about him, that he was not a practised speaker. It was obvious that this was partly, if not entirely, owing to the necessity of reading his discourse, for when he got through its historical matter and returned home, as it were, to his own country and his own time, he seemed emancipated from this thraldom, and then it was not difficult to comprehend the secret of his forensic powers.

I will not attempt to describe or to analyze his discourse. The first half of it received no applause, and indeed at one time I feared he was losing his hold upon his audience altogether. Abélard saved him. From this point he began to grow before his audience, though they were not enthusiastic until he got off of his text—universities in the abstract—and upon the University of Edinburgh in particular, and the topics

incident to the occasion. He seemed to labor with his *pièce de résistance,* and failed to satisfy his audience that he had anything to say about universities in general worth the time and trouble he was taking to say it. Nor do I think he removed that doubt altogether, though in print it may appear differently. The impression left upon my mind by the whole performance was that he was not inspired properly by the occasion; that he wrote about universities because it seemed to be the most obvious topic for a man going to address a university audience, and without having anything special to communicate; he trusted, as he has learned that he may safely do, to his skill in handling commonplaces, and, if I may use the expression in no offensive sense, bastard generalization, for his success. Of course, with his other cares and employments, he could not be expected to make the same preparation for this occasion that he would have done if he had his mark in the world yet to make; but I think it will be found that Mr. Gladstone's power, like the late Daniel Webster's, consists more in his skill in using material than in his ability to provide it; that he is a manufacturer rather than a producer, and his wonderful faculty of clothing and adorning an idea or doctrine that is put into his hands has tempted him to the publication of a great deal of learned nonsense, which would never have seen the light if he had anything like the same capacity for discovering truths that he has for propagating them when discovered. His recent success in Parliament is owing mainly to his good fortune in having near him men capable of thinking for him, of giving him political lights which are new and kindle all his enthusiasm. He made no such figure in '52, when he was the oracle of Toryism, the disciple of Sir Robert Peel, and the exponent of Oxford Puseyism, for the simple reason that that straw had all been threshed, it gave no play to his remarkable powers of exposition, his manufacturing genius. But as a member of the Government he has been brought into contact with and partially into a state of dependence upon the Liberal party, who are counselled by two or three of the most ingenious and philosophic politicians in England. They supply him with ideas, and he is fascinated by the scope afforded to his resources for their development and propagation. The consequence is, that, from being one of the most benighted of Tories, with both his eyes in the back side of his head, he has

become one of the most decided progressives in Parliament; is professing the most unbounded faith in the people; has withdrawn from the conservative club in which he was cradled, and I doubt not he would to-morrow, if compelled to choose between the two, much sooner take his chances in the future with Cobden and Bright than with Palmerston and Peel.

I venture to say that a perusal of Mr. Gladstone's discourse yesterday will go far to sustain the opinion I have expressed of him, that he has very moderate creative or constructive faculties, but that his power, like that of a mill, consists mainly in his ability to convert and adapt the material put into it by others, to the use and convenience of society.

The discourse of the new rector was interrupted by one incident which must have pained any American. When he came to speak of the council who participate in the government of the university, a volley of hisses assailed him from every part of the house. He paused a moment, and then attempted to proceed; the hisses were renewed louder than ever. He shrugged his shoulders, as if he would say, "Well, there is no mistaking what you would be at—you evidently don't like these councilmen." And when silence was partially restored he said: "Gentlemen, I have told you that the university has always been famous as the bulwark of free discussion; I hope, therefore, you will allow me to proceed with what I have to say."

His expression, which was lighted up with a smile when he commenced this sentence, became stern and dignified toward its close, and the effect was instantaneous. Perfect silence was instantly established, and he went on to be interrupted only by applause. I felt sorry for the councillors, who sat conspicuously upon the platform, and whose offence consisted merely in not being literary men or distinguished in any way except as members of the city council. I heard one of the lads near me, a bright and promising little fellow, when the audience was collecting, calling out to one of his companions, "We must hiss the council when they come in." I asked why, and he said that they were not men of any literary attainments, and he thought it shocking that they should sit down to the same council table or in the same room with Mr. Gladstone, or have anything to do with the university.

This all seemed to me excessively bad manners, and yet I

could not blame the boys much, for they are brought up to respect arbitrary and false standards of merit in every department of life; the law creates them and usage sanctions them, and it is not strange, therefore, that a body of youngsters educated to the use of these false standards should, from the very sincerity and guilelessness of their nature, betray the most revolting injustice and blackguardism; for it is impossible that they can be observed, in good faith, with any other result.

The close of Mr. Gladstone's address was quite impressive. He quoted from the addresses delivered by Brougham and Sir Robert Peel at their installation as rectors of Glasgow University, but no allusion was made in any way to Macaulay. Evidently the wounds left by the review of the book on Church and State are not yet healed, for the opportunity of paying a tribute to the memory of one who had so recently represented the city of Edinburgh in Parliament, who had done as much as any one to make these installation ceremonies famous, and who had just been called away by death from a work which, though unfinished, is as imperishable as the language in which it is written, was one which an orator, under most circumstances, would have been but too happy to avail himself of. It was wise for Mr. Gladstone to exclude such a train of associations from an occasion of which he was the hero.

The orator spoke just an hour and a half, refreshing himself occasionally from the little cup to which I have referred, and which he preferred to the tumblers standing beside him, for no reason that I can imagine except that it did not betray the color of its contents. He evidently had no confidence that his audience were gentlemen enough to turn their backs if he had filled a glass.

I quote from my diary:

Returning from Scotland on the 23d of April, we visited Chatsworth, having been favored with an order from Sir Joseph Paxton to its keeper. The park was the finest I had ever seen. There were at least three different flocks of deer grazing in sight as we entered; I counted seventy in one of them. There was little within the house to surprise one who had seen the palaces of the Continent; but it is a superb dwelling for a private gentleman, though he occupies it very little.

He was stopping at the time at one of his estates in Ireland. The river Derwent winds through the valley in front of the house, and more than doubles the beauty of the scene from it, for which art has done its utmost.

We stopped to take a look at the kitchen-garden near Sir Joseph Paxton's former residence. We saw here what I still remember as the most remarkable feature of this remarkable property. It was the largest peach-tree in England, and therefore much the largest in the world. It was growing under glass. Our guide said it was probably one hundred years old, and ordinarily yielded ninety dozen peaches annually. Its branches extended a distance of seventy feet.

On our journey toward London we were very much interested in a visit we made on the 26th of April to Bilton Hall, once the property and the residence of Addison, and where his daughter lived all her life, upward of threescore and ten years. It is a charming old place and shaded with many of the finest old oaks I had yet seen in England. The walk to the house was through a winding avenue bordered with trees as old probably as any part of the house. A comely girl answered the bell. We mentioned that we were strangers and wished to know if it would be agreeable to the proprietress to have us examine the grounds. She promised to inquire, and meantime invited us into a large sitting-room, which obviously had just been deserted. Tables covered with books or stationery, the morning papers, and walls covered with large portraits the size of life, arrested our attention at a glance.

Among the pictures were one of King James I.; another of the Duke of Buckingham; another of the Duke of Hamilton; another of Lord Middleton; another of Arabella Stuart; and others of the Duchesses of Leicester and Carlisle, two of the favorites of Charles II.

We had barely made these observations when the maid returned to say that we were quite welcome to visit the grounds and examine the pictures.

We then walked out through the grounds, including "Addison's Walk," as they call it, which, however, has no particular attraction that I saw, except that it was the most remote and the most secluded path about the place. At the end of the garden I saw a cypress-tree upon which two branches were

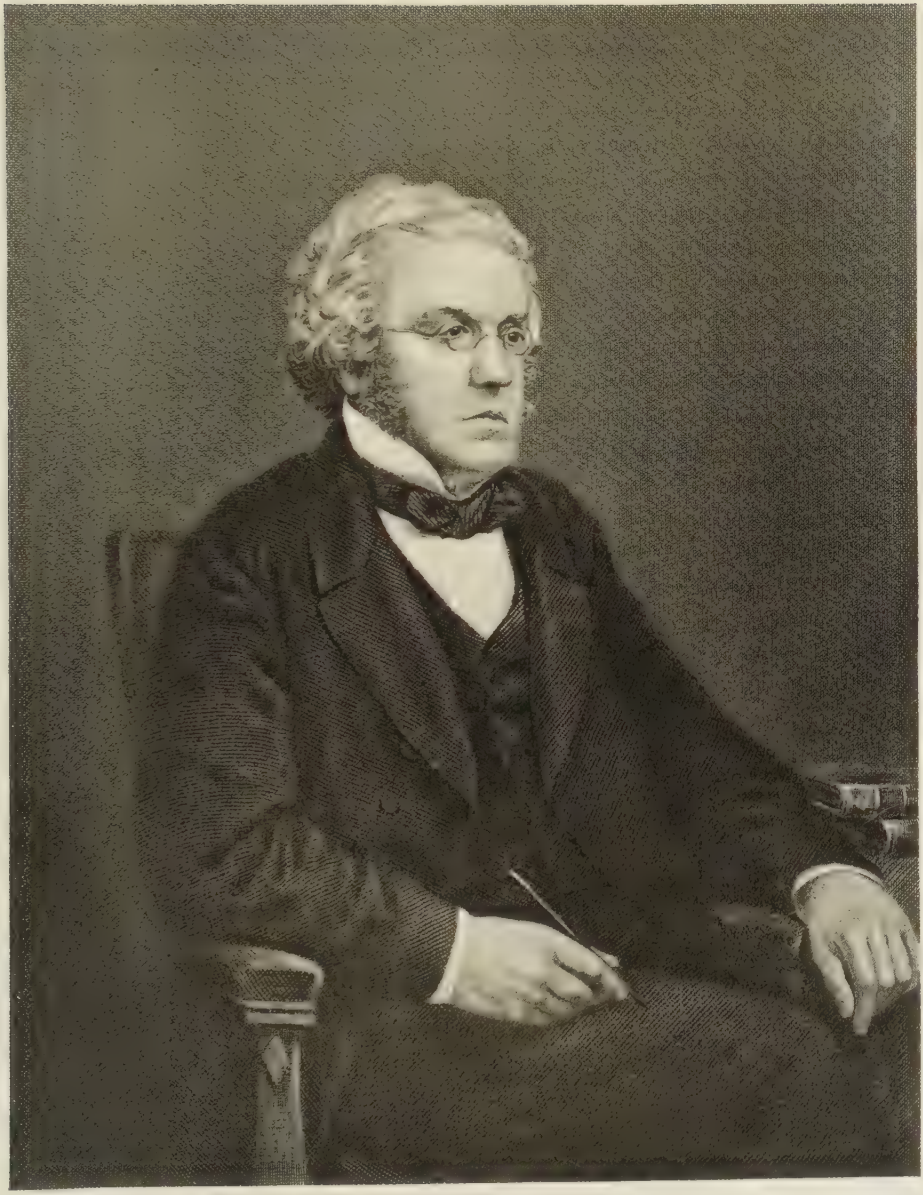
growing within reach that were capable of being made into canes. I asked the gardener if there was any objection to my taking those two sticks with me as memorials of my visit. He said, by no means; and immediately got a saw, cut them off, and gave them to me. I thanked him and placed a half-crown in his hand. We then went back to the house to confess our plunder and return thanks, when its mistress, who proved to be Miss Bridgeman Simpson, came to the door and asked us to walk in and look at the pictures. She was about fifty years of age, if ladies ever get as old as that, with a pleasing and refined expression, dressed in black and wearing a cap. She is one of two maiden sisters, as she told us, who are tenants for life of this estate. She said that Addison bought it with his own money, but left it by his will to Lady Warwick's family and not to his own daughter, Miss Addison, who, she observed, was not very bright. Miss Addison lived there, however, until her death.

Miss Simpson showed us also portraits of Miss Addison when a little girl and quite pretty; of Addison himself by Sir Godfrey Kneller, a superb and justly famous picture; of his wife, Lady Warwick; of Anne of Austria—it struck me as a little odd that her picture and that of the Duke of Buckingham should have been hanging here beside each other; of Lord Holland and his daughter, Lady Thin; also of two children by Sir Peter Lely; and one or two charming pictures of young Lord Warwick. These pictures are really very valuable, and I enjoyed exceedingly the privilege of examining them. I was especially gratified by the sight of Kneller's portrait of Addison, remembering the lines he wrote on Kneller which have contributed to perpetuate the fame both of artist and poet.

The house is in the turreted or castellated style, the centre having been rebuilt, but the rest being very old. Over the entrance door the figures 1623 were cut, doubtless to mark the year when it was built.

We arrived in London on the 28th, where, thanks to the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Cropsey, lodgings had been secured for us at No. 14 George's Terrace, Kensington.

The next morning we walked around to Russell's. I found him and Mrs. Russell at breakfast. Presently Thackeray, who lived in the near neighborhood, came in also. The second or



A.D. 1811 William Makepeace Thackeray A.D. 1863

third number of his new magazine, the *Cornhill,* had appeared only the day before. It at once became the subject of conversation. Each in turn expressed his opinion of the merits and demerits of the several articles in the number. After they had all pretty much said their say, my wife, who had been silent, said, "Well, for my part, I enjoyed the story about the school of girls better than anything else in the number." "Did you?" shrieked Thackeray, jumping up and seizing both her hands. "Did you? My daughter Emmie wrote that." He was completely overcome by the genuineness and unaffected sincerity of the compliment, for of course he knew that no one in the room but himself was aware of the authorship of the story, nor had any of the other persons present alluded to it. I doubt if Thackeray ever received a compliment for anything he wrote himself that gave him the pleasure he got from this involuntary tribute to the maiden effort of Miss Emmie.[1]

He said he thought the verses about Washington Irving in that number rather small beer—a kind of beer of which he admitted he was very fond.

On the 2d of May I gave a dinner at the Garrick Club, at which John L. O'Sullivan, the former proprietor and editor of the *Democratic Review,* later one of the editors with Mr. Tilden of the *New York Daily News,* and who at this time was Minister to Portugal of President Buchanan's selection, and

[1] I am here tempted to quote a paragraph from a letter which Miss Emmie Thackeray wrote to my wife shortly after our return to the United States, because of its allusion to some of the penalties Thackeray's family paid for the pleasure his labors gave to the public:

"Papa I'm thankful to say has been pretty well this summer, ill indeed but not quite so ill as usual. He 's going to work very hard at another book. Yet if anybody knew how I hate the sight of a 'new book by Mr. Thackeray,' I think they wd be kind enough not to buy a single copy. I'm sure 'writing-books-&-going-out-to-dinner-to-shake-them-off' is the real name of his illness. However when he 's well the work runs famously on wheels & then it 's pleasant enough. Our new house is coming to life & costing O! such a deal of money; so this is another little incubus, though indeed we are such fortunate people with such good luck & so happy a home for us young women & so kind a Papa to take care of us that I have to make the most of any little disagreeables if I want to get any pity. Granny & G.P. are pretty well; he gave us a fright with a sort of paralytical attack & brought us back in a hurry from our touring but is all right again I am glad to say & Granny & he think of nothing but Spiritual Manifestations & Garibaldi. Because you see, we have no Presidents to work for and talk about."

Russell of the *London Times* were among the guests. O'Sullivan shocked Russell as well as myself by avowing himself a pro-slavery man and declaring that the Africans in America ought to erect the first monument they were able to erect by voluntary subscription to the first slave-trader.

Russell told a story of Gladstone's having been "planted" by a girl of the town many years ago. Gladstone, he said, was one of a party of earnest men who united in a concentrated effort to reclaim that class of women. They would join them at night and induce them, if they could, to leave the street, and offer them such encouragement as they could to pursue a different calling. One of that class whom Gladstone joined chanced to know him—he was then a Cabinet minister—and after walking some distance they entered a narrow lane in the rear of Westminster Hall, when two or three men, one of whom was a relative of the girl and another who had been her paramour, as was afterwards proved, came forward and charged him with attempting to violate her. Gladstone, said Russell, did not flinch. The men said he must make reparation. He refused. "Then," said they, "you must go to the station." He was quite willing. They went, an examination was held, and publicity followed; but Mr. Gladstone made no effort to escape responsibility for what he had done. The result was that finally the rogues were exposed, and the next night when he entered the House of Commons he was received with great applause by everybody.

On the evening of the 15th of May we attended a ball given by the Queen at Buckingham Palace. We were instructed at the legation to be at the palace at a quarter before nine. We were punctual, of course, but on arriving discovered that we were a full half-hour too early.

About a quarter before ten, Mr. Moran, the First Secretary of our legation, told us to follow Mr. Dallas and his party as closely as we conveniently could into the ballroom, where we were expected to pay our respects to the Queen. The room, which was large of course, soon filled up, and before we reached the royal presence a space was cleared for a quadrille, the Queen and the Duke of Cambridge in the lead. This over, there was another instalment of salutations, and, like the rest, we bowed to the Queen and passed on.

A son of Edward Everett, then studying in Cambridge, was among the American guests. The spectacle seemed to me bril-

liant and imposing. The Prince of Wales and the Princess Alice danced, I think, every set. She was very pretty. The Prince of Wales did not look as if much interested in the ceremony, but amiable and of course well bred. His hair was light, carefully parted and brushed. His face wore a modest, rather bashful expression, occasionally revealing a sense of humor which was very pleasing.

At precisely twelve o'clock, to the music of "God Save the Queen," her Sovereign Ladyship moved toward the supper-room, whither we followed as fast as we could. I was amused at the embarrassment of the Queen's children, of Princess Alice especially, in taking precedence of the Duchess of Cambridge, who stopped right at my side for a minute or two, and then passed off in another direction with Prince Albert.

After supper the dancing was resumed, a species of recreation of which the Queen seemed exceedingly fond, though I did not think her more fascinating "in the mazy" than when otherwise occupied. She jumps about in the style commonly described as rustic, betraying in her movements little of the *vera dea*.

The commandant at Portsmouth said we were fortunate in finding the Queen so good-natured; that she was not always on these occasions in such fine spirits. "There," said he, a little later, "do you see the Queen patting the floor with her foot? She is getting impatient; she will move soon," and so she did. She had been disturbed by some confusion among the junior dancers in her set.

I had the satisfaction of seeing Lord Lytton and Disraeli among the onlookers—the only well of literary eminence present that I recognized. Bulwer looked older than I had imagined him, and his skin and eyes betrayed impaired health. I little dreamed then that before another five years elapsed I should have him a guest at my dinner-table in Paris.

Disraeli's face somehow interested but did not please me. Sir John Packington was pointed out to me—a very intellectual-looking person. In the circle of dancers around the Queen I did not recognize a single man who had added anything to the glory of England or is likely to—not one of her eminent statesmen, writers, thinkers, artists or warriors, the Duke of Cambridge only excepted. Her Majesty's surroundings on this occasion seemed to have been all selected according to the height at which they roosted on their genealogical

trees. Another circumstance was not without a certain significance. I saw but one member of the Cabinet there. That was Lord Palmerston, whose sympathies with the aristocratic element are well known to distinguish him to some extent from the rest of his colleagues.

Miss Gladstone was there, but not her father, who was no longer what he formerly was, a pet of the aristocracy. I could not but think I traced in the absences and in the presences the disfavor of the new Reform Bill in courtly circles. We remained until the Queen left, a quarter to two, and then sallied out to the cloak-rooms to the music of "God Save the Queen." Here our troubles commenced. We waited vainly three-quarters of an hour longer for our carriage, and finally jumped in with Moran, who brought us home, our own carriage arriving at our door simultaneously.

As we rode along, Moran said that the Queen had remarked to Mrs. Dallas that she had brought some very nice Americans with her at the presentation, "a Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow," and asked if they were with her to-night. This, Mr. Moran told us, we must regard as a very extraordinary attention.

The 18th of May was the Queen's birthday, or at least she celebrated it as such by a reception to which my wife and I were honored with invitations. Of course all that England felt proudest of was there, including Palmerston, Lord Lytton and Disraeli. I recognized no other great powers of state there. I chanced to fall into conversation with a General Jervis, so some one called him, who was in the campaign in Canada where General Scott won his earliest military laurels. He professed to know Napoleon III. intimately, and to know no other man who inspired him with more confidence. He professed also to know Lord Brougham very well, only regretting his conversation was so profane.

The crowd was so great it took us nearly an hour to find our carriage when we left.

On the 23d we went to the Derby races, Russell and his wife and Mackintosh of our company, with a hamper of provisions for the day from Fortnum & Mason's, who had, no doubt, put up several hundred more of the kind for the occasion. We got off at half-past nine in the morning, but found the road already

more or less obstructed with vehicles before we got through Battersea.

Part of the way out—the racing-ground is, I was told, about fifteen miles from Charing Cross—we moved at a slow walk, as if in a procession, the carriages standing two and sometimes three deep in lines as far as the eye could trace the road in front or rear. The day was very fine. We reached the track a little before twelve, the grand stand not yet filled. We walked with the ladies over the grounds and got a general notion of the various subsidiary entertainments which divided with the horses the curiosity of the crowd. Gambling of one sort or another seemed common to all. There were almost as many women as men, and of all ranks present.

I found what Russell had said about the Derby was true—that it was a great national picnic and that the speed of the horses was, to a large proportion of the crowd, quite a secondary affair. If I wished to give a person the most complete view possible of John Bull in a single day, I should certainly take him to the Derby, where he exhibits more of his virtues and his vices, his powers and his weaknesses, than anywhere else that I know of.

The home-coming was to me the most interesting part of the day's performance. For ten miles, at least, the road was so packed with vehicles that it was impossible to move faster than a walk. The contiguity invited a great deal of chaffing, especially between the people on foot and those in carriages, sometimes rude to the ladies, gross, but generally good-natured. It was quite common to throw into carriages with ladies dolls, whirligigs, pincushions, bouquets, and any other articles which had been purchased on the race-track, won at the gambling-tables, or left over from their lunch-hampers. Men would even sometimes pelt each other with oranges.

The scenes reminded me of the carnival I had recently witnessed at Rome. Indeed, the Derby is as national a saturnalium as the British people have any experience of. Russell, not a bad judge, estimated that there were 90,000 people on the ground. While we were there this seemed a large figure, but on our return, in the crush of carriages, covering all the roads in every direction toward London, and in view of the railways emptying forty or fifty cars every half-hour into the city, his estimate did not seem unreasonable.

PRESTON KING TO BIGELOW

WASHINGTON, March 1, 1860.

My dear Friend:

. . . I enclose printed notice cut from the *Evening Journal.* I had talked freely with Governor Seward about you, telling him of your engagement of passage and the subsequent change of day of sailing of the *Arago.* We both concluded if you started on the 29th of May you would be in time, if necessary for you to go to Chicago. I think Governor Seward would like to have you in the Convention and I think for many reasons it would be well for you to be a delegate—so that, although it would abridge your stay in England, if you find it consistent with what you require for your English visit to come home in May in time for the Chicago Convention on the 16th, come. If your arrangements and engagements are such that you cannot come in either contingency decide at once what you cannot and what you can do—and write at once to Mr. ——, who I know is desirous you should be a delegate, so that if you are to be home in time to go, you may be made a delegate at the State Convention . . . I think doubt or uncertainty of your coming or staying would be worse than certainty that you could not get home in time. I wrote to Mr. Weed suggesting that a full or more than full proportion of the delegates should be good and sound men of democratic antecedents, mentioning your arrangements and my expectations that you would be home in time for the June day.

I do not see much chance in the look for candidates for President on either side. I think Seward is growing stronger as the day for nominations approaches—and you know I have thought for a long time that the condition of public affairs and the state of parties would produce his nomination. I think the current of events more and more indicates the election of the Republican candidate.

On the democratic side there is no more reasonable public indication of what is to be done at Charleston than if that convention was not to be held till next year. I think the personal rancor among the democratic rivals is unabated. Douglas is drumming with all his might but his opponents seem very

determined. The democracy are no longer the unterrified and I am sure I do not know and I cannot guess with any confidence what they will do. I do not think Wise has ever had any chance to be taken up as the candidate.

Faulkner of the Harper's Ferry district was appointed as you will have seen to France and was here when I got your letter respecting Mr. G. H. Clark, but for two days only, and I could not get to see him or I would have spoken to him of Mr. Clark & his position. He went home and packed up and started at once for Paris. I knew Mr. Faulkner and could have talked with him if I could have seen him. But I did not write him lest a letter might do more harm than good as the Harper's Ferry fire was then hot in Virginia. I think it is cooling down since the Virginia State Convention to choose their delegates to Charleston.

I do not think the Speaker's election has had any effect on the question of who should be candidate for President.

Hopes and expectations of Missouri have undoubtedly influenced the Blairs respecting Bates. They are of course sound on principle themselves and will cordially support the Republican nominee. I dined at Montgomery Blair's on the 22d Feby. with old Mr. & Mrs. Blair—they desire to be remembered by you and Mrs. Bigelow. I had a letter from our friend Gideon Welles yesterday. He says they will have a hard fight in Connecticut at their April election but that we ought to succeed. He is not quite reconciled to making Seward the candidate but he does [not] see where to look for one. We are entering the bustle of preparation for the Presidential Campaign here—Seward made a strong and good speech in the Senate yesterday.

Yours truly

PRESTON KING TO BIGELOW

Washington, March 8, 1860.

My Dear Friend:

I wrote you a week ago. . . . Mr. —— has less anxiety, indeed none at all now as to your coming home to be at Chicago. And authorizes me to say so to you as I told him I

should write you. I had a frank talk with Govr. Seward today on the subject; he realizes the unkindness of expecting Mrs. Bigelow to give up without any adequate cause a month of your visit in England involving the change of your arrangements for a pleasant voyage home. The Governor told me to say to you that he said you need not come. As time passes on he is more & more confident that all is going forward as he would desire and he has all the while been very confident of his nomination at Chicago. His speech is really doing much for him and is made the occasion of more in the way of demonstration in his favor from many who have been looking for some other nomination.

So I write to put you entirely at your ease about taking your time to come home. There is no necessity that for any reason you should change your arrangements already made for a passage. But I think you had better not allow any unimportant cause to induce you to extend the time of your arrangement. That will bring you home early in June in time to enter upon the service at the commencement of the campaign and aid in bringing into action any doubting as well as all the reserve force. You can in this way be quite as efficient as in any other way.

Though nothing in the future is absolutely certain my confidence is very strong that Mr. Seward will be nominated and elected.

The Harper's Ferry Committee of investigation looks likely to turn out a perfect failure for the Slave propagandists who had entertained large hopes of being able to implicate somebody at least in a knowledge of Brown's movements and purposes.

The democratic senators in Caucus have adopted Jeff Davis' Calhoun Resolutions and seem determined to maintain their high horse pro-slavery ground and I do not see how at this late day they could very well change it even if they should be satisfied the Country would not sustain it. The South Americans are pressing them hard in some of the Slave States for the Championship of Slavery.

The uncertainty as to the Charleston nomination continues. Corning & Cassidy were here last week in consultation with Douglas—but I do not see that the democratic repugnance to him diminishes and although he will have strong support in

the Convention it is not probable that it can overcome the resistance to him. Our people are getting so confident as to feel indifferent as to what the democrats do.

The Charter and Town Elections are all going remarkably well.

PRESTON KING TO BIGELOW

WASHINGTON, April 23d, 1860.

Dear Friend:

Your letter March 22d was duly recd. We all expect you to leave England for Home on the 29th May and are all satisfied. . . . You have done right to keep your arrangements as to time, closing your visit to England comfortably. You will receive by the newspapers the account of our N. Y. Legislature which closed a hard session very badly. You will also see the proceedings of the N. Y. State Convention & the list of delegates. They made me a delegate without previous notice and so I shall be in the Convention. I think as I have for a long time thought that Govr Seward will be nominated. I have never supposed that Mr. Bates could have much strength in the convention. The Missouri delegation will be divided and I do not know where he will have a vote out of Missouri. Those here who have been talking of Bates are some of them now talking of Judge McLean, of course not the Blairs; they stand by Bates. The Charleston Convention convenes today. Douglas delegates from the North and West gathered here last week in great force and left for Charleston with high courage and confidence, but the opinion here is that his efforts to obtain the nomination will fail. You will probably get the news from Charleston as soon as you do this letter—there is no indication who will be nominated at Charleston.

I see nothing materially calculated to change the prospects on the Republican side. Though great fault is found with the Republican Legislature at Albany.

. . . . . .

The Senate has taken a sort of recess to accommodate those going to Charleston for this week. Govr Seward goes home

today on a visit. He will return next week but the action of the Chicago Convention may send him home again.

With my very kindest remembrances to Mrs. Bigelow & the children,

Yours truly

PRESTON KING TO BIGELOW

WASHINGTON, May 10, 1860.

Dear Friend:

Events have gone forward thick and fast during the past few weeks, and I write you up to the last date that will reach you before you leave for home. I will assume that the newspapers have taken you the accounts of the public events. It seems to me the dispersion at Charleston must break up and destroy the organization of the Democratic Party. The causes have been long at work and the differences of principles and interests are irreconcilable and they cannot be compromised. The slaveholders insist upon the extension of slavery. The Republicans will not consent to it. And upon this question there is no ground of compromise. It is a question that must be decided. Douglas has broken down in his effort to stand between these two opinions. The feud between Douglas and his friends on the one side and the Chivalry on the other is transferred from Charleston to the Senate Chamber. Jeff Davis has spoken; Clingman replied for Douglas, Benjamin speared Clingman through & through and Douglas took the floor, but he lacked the swaggering manner so peculiarly his own when working for and backed by the South. He was to have spoken today but has put off speaking till Monday. The war by the Chivalry & the administration seems to be with the inveterate determination to destroy Douglas. He has no scruples upon principles and would give them everything but his aspirations for the Presidency. His friends in the North West and in free States thus far, stand by Douglas because they cannot live on the ground the Chivalry take & have no where any ground pretending to be democratic when popular sovereignty is aban-

doned. It is not now certain whether the seceding delegates at Charleston will have a convention at Richmond Va. or will go to the adjourned convention at Baltimore on the 18th of June. Douglas' friends express the determination to nominate him at Baltimore. The other side say he can't be nominated and that if he is, the South will not vote for him. It seems to me the power and prestige of the democratic party is broken and gone forever.

I leave here as a delegate for Chicago tomorrow. And I see nothing to change my opinion that Seward will be nominated. The Blairs, 2 from Maryland and one from Missouri, will all be in the convention and all persistent for Bates. Our friend Welles from Connecticut is in the convention; he is against Seward but is not for Bates—rather prefers Chase. There is some more activity against Seward but I think a large majority of the convention will be found for him. The American Union old line Whig no party convention held at Baltimore to day are expected to nominate Houston or Bell or Everett.

Yours truly

P.S. It is reported that John Bell is just nominated at Baltimore for President and Edward Everett for Vice President.

On the 30th of May we sailed from Southampton in the *Arago,* having spent just four months in England and Scotland, reaching New York on the 11th of June.

We found the country in a white heat over the selection of candidates for the Presidency. The census of 1860 had revealed the fact that the political power of the nation had crossed the Potomac and had been transferred by the gradual increase of population to the free States. It was this revelation that determined the Southern leaders to take the slave-holding States at least, and as many more as they could, out of the Union, if what they were wont to call a "black Republican" should be elected to the Presidency. As Senator Seward was altogether the most conspicuous champion of

Free Soil, and more than any other individual the leader of the Republican party in Congress, it was taken for granted in New York that he would be nominated.

The convention was held in Chicago on the 18th of May. The result of its deliberations proved that the "star of empire" had moved farther west already than had been suspected, and Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, not Mr. Seward, was the successful candidate. Had I been at home in time, I should probably have been a member of that convention, and if so should have unquestionably given my vote there for Mr. Seward. This was not the first lesson to teach me how much better the Master is constantly doing for nations as well as for individuals than they would do for themselves.

A by no means inconsiderable advantage resulting from the election of Mr. Lincoln was that it made Mr. Seward his Secretary of State, and, with rather exceptional advantages for judging, I can think of no statesman then regarded as available for a Cabinet office in so many ways adapted for the conduct of our foreign affairs during the crises then impending as Mr. Seward.

This opinion, though shared by a great majority of the country, I think, was not accepted with entire unanimity. While the selection of Mr. Lincoln for the Presidency is now regarded by very many of his countrymen as providential, and with practical unanimity as the best that could have been made, the enemies of both—and both had some enemies—were destined to be surprised by the special, I might say constitutional, adaptations for the places they were both unexpectedly called to occupy.

Of course the election was the absorbing question with every one, and especially with the conductors of the daily press; and from the day of my arrival until the news of Mr. Lincoln's election was proclaimed, whatever vigor, physical or mental, I possessed was consecrated pretty exclusively to his success.

I had a strange confidence that we should win, and plunged into the fight with something of the lightness of heart with which, ten years later, Émile Ollivier said France was about to try conclusions with Germany. I scoffed at the threats of disunion which reached us from Charleston and Mississippi. They never cast a shadow on my brow. Our blindness is sometimes as fortunate for us as our vision is at other times. Had

A.D. 1814 Samuel Jones Tilden A.D. 1886

The twenty-first choice of the people of the United States for the Presidency

my faith in our success been less, it would have represented a lack of faith in the ultimate success of justice and of truth, which my pen would have betrayed. Could I or any of the readers of the *Evening Post* have known or seriously suspected the conflict in which the country was about to engage; the blood of our young men that was to be shed; the millions, nay, milliards of dollars that were to be expended; the political debauchery and corruption it was to initiate in our public councils, there is little doubt we should have concluded to reason with our brother while we were "in the way with him" some time longer, and finally have looked to that Providence whose resources are inexhaustible for some other solution of the slavery problem than the last argument of kings.

And this reminds me of an incident which occurred in my editorial rooms one day that I can never forget, and which it may be well to keep in the remembrance of posterity.

Samuel J. Tilden and myself had been more or less intimate from the time we were both students of law in New York. We had generally agreed on political questions. His faith that he was more useful inside of the party than outside of it led him to support President Buchanan, though in a perfunctory way, and for his successor I presume Mr. Douglas, who was the candidate for what might be regarded as the Northern wing of the Democratic party.

He had recently published in the *Evening Post* a letter to Judge William Kent, the accomplished son of the former Chancellor Kent (whose Commentaries on the Constitution of the United States are still the hornbook on that subject of all American law students), in which letter he had dwelt at great length upon the futility and madness of electing as a President of the United States a candidate who could not expect to have the support of a single slave State.[1]

He argued that the condition of politics in which the Federal Government should be carried on by a party having no affiliations in the slave States would constitute a government out of all relations with those States, that it would be in substance the government of one people by another people, and that, from the natural operation of inflexible laws, it must result in efforts at separation and lead to all the imaginable

[1] Bigelow's Life of Tilden, Vol. I, p. 154.

and unimaginable disasters to be apprehended from such efforts; he thought it wiser, therefore, to temporize, to depend upon the revelations of the census to dispose of the slave question, and meantime bear with our present evils rather than fly to those we knew not of.

Only a few days before the election, and when the partisans of Mr. Lincoln were confident of success, Mr. Tilden came into my room in the *Evening Post,* looking pale, haggard and preoccupied. It chanced that the late Hiram Barney, then Collector of the Port; the late William H. Osborn, then the president of the Illinois Central Railroad; and the late John A. C. Gray, one of the commissioners of the Central Park—all Republicans and all intimate acquaintances of each other as well as of Mr. Tilden and myself—were with me at the time. They immediately began to chaff Mr. Tilden about the political situation and the gloomy prospects of the ticket he was expected to support. He listened for a time without relaxing in the slightest degree the sternness of his expression or assigning any motive for his visit. Looking back upon the incident, I now presume he had come to reason with me and to impress me with his own sense of the perilous course in which we were assisting in leading the country; but finding those gentlemen present and in no mood to listen to the kind of counsel he wished to give, he contented himself with saying, with the dignity and austerity of a prophet which sobered us all: "I would not have the responsibility of William Cullen Bryant and John Bigelow for all the wealth in the subtreasury. If you have your way, civil war will divide this country, and you will see blood running like water in the streets of this city."

Having uttered these words, he withdrew.

Ten or fifteen minutes later, Andrew H. Green, who held a clerical position in his office, called to know if Mr. Tilden was not there. I said he had just left, and then whispered in his ear that he had better look Mr. Tilden up, for he seemed very much excited. Much as it would have grieved me, I should not have been surprised had I heard any time in the next ten days that he was a raving lunatic; and for the rest of the day I felt much depressed.

A few months before Mr. Tilden's death he put into my hands an envelope on which was endorsed, "*Evening Post,*

October 30, 1860. An editorial upon Tilden's letter to William Kent, 'The Union, Its Dangers.'" He handed me the envelope with a smile but without any remark. I received it in the same way. The editorial was not a clipping from the *Evening Post,* but a pencil copy of the article. It was entitled "Mr. Tilden's Excuses for Disfranchising the Free States." The fact that he had taken the trouble to have this article copied and to preserve it for nearly thirty years, interested, no less than it surprised, me.[1] The article concluded by referring Mr. Tilden and the other readers of the *Evening Post,* for a further reply to his letter, to the *Evening Post* of the following Wednesday: "They will then and there see whether the people coincide with the opinions of Mr. Tilden that the vote of a non-slaveholder is of less value than the vote of a slaveholder, or the vote of a slave State than of a free State. If they decide as we expect them to, we hope Mr. Tilden and those who have been misled by a similar course of reasoning will correct their reckonings by the people's compass, which, after all, is the only one a statesman can trust."

On the 7th of November, which was the day after the election, the *Evening Post* published the following "Reply to the Letter of Samuel J. Tilden, Continued and Concluded":

The people of the United States voted yesterday upon the questions at issue between the Republicans and their adversaries, as represented by Lincoln and Hamlin, candidates of the former, and by Douglas and Johnson, Breckinridge and Lane, and Bell and Everett, representing the latter, with the following result:

Lincoln and Hamlin

Connecticut	6	New Hampshire	5
Illinois	11	New York	35
Indiana	13	Ohio	23
Iowa	4	Pennsylvania	27
Maine	8	Rhode Island	4
Massachusetts	13	Vermont	5
Michigan	6	Wisconsin	5
Minnesota	11	Total	176

[1] For the material portions of this article, see Bigelow's Life of Tilden, Vol. I, p. 155.

Douglas and Johnson	
Missouri	9
Total	9

Doubtful	
Oregon	3
California	4
Total	7

Breckinridge and Lane	
Alabama	9
Arkansas	4
Florida	3
Georgia	10
Louisiana	6
Mississippi	7
North Carolina	10
South Carolina	8
Texas	4
Total	61

IX

REBELLION INITIATED

SHORTLY before the election, on the 5th of October, 1860, Governor Gist of South Carolina dispatched a circular letter marked "Confidential" by special messengers to the governors of the cotton States, in which he said that if a majority of Lincoln electors were chosen, South Carolina would call a convention, and, with any prospect of others following, she would secede. He wished to learn by his proposed convention what coöperation could be expected from other States.

On the 18th of October the Governor of North Carolina wrote in reply to this circular that his State would regard Lincoln's election as a sufficient cause for disunion; and on the 25th of October the Governor of Alabama wrote that he thought his State would secede if two or more States set the example. The Governor of Mississippi, on the 26th of October, wrote that "if any State moves, I think Mississippi will go with her." The Governor of Louisiana wrote: "I shall not advise the secession of my State, and I will add that I do not think the people of Louisiana will ultimately decide in favor of that course." The Governor of Georgia, October 31, ventured his opinion that his people would wait for some overt act. Florida was "ready to wheel into line with the gallant Palmetto State or any other State or States."

These answers, on the whole, were not very encouraging; they did not exhibit much confidence that the people would countenance open resistance to the Government. But the exigencies of party compelled politicians in the slave States to paint to their people the purposes of the North in the darkest colors; to misrepresent the character and purposes of the Republicans; to inflame them, by the citation of extracts from extreme antislavery journals and presses and speakers, with

the insecurity of their slave property; and by arbitrary legislation render it impossible to let in any light from the North to correct the delusions into which the mass of the people had been steadily misled ever since the refusal of the North to allow Texas to be admitted into the Union in five States with ten new Senators, instead of one State with but two Senators. But for the political, or rather the partisan, interests which the impending election contributed to the flame, it is not likely that the demonstration of resistance on the part of South Carolina would have been attended with any more serious consequences than was the nullification message of the Governor of South Carolina during the Administration of President Jackson.

The manner in which that incipient rebellion was snuffed out encouraged many of us, who were old enough to have remembered it, to believe with Mr. Seward that these demonstrations of discontent in the South would also, in a few weeks or months after the installation of a Free Soil President, end, like their predecessor, in smoke. But God's ways are not our ways, and the time had arrived in His good providence when far more important ends were to be served than a change of administration, or even the limitation of slavery to the States in which it was generally conceded to have constitutional protection. The time had arrived when the country must prepare itself to endure trials and tribulations through which only could it properly expiate the injustice of depriving six millions of bondmen of any rights which a white man was bound to respect.

During his visit in October, 1860, the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Duke of Newcastle, was brought to West Point in a government vessel in charge of the Collector, then Augustus Schell. As I was then occupying my country home adjoining West Point, I met the superintendent, General Delafield, on my way to take the steamer *Mary Powell* for New York. He said to me that he was very much bothered how to get a message to the Collector to advise him in advance as to the arrangements for the reception of the Prince and his escort. I told him if it was of sufficient importance I would see that it reached him; that the captain of the *Mary Powell,* I was sure, would put me on board the government vessel.

He said it would be a very great favor, and handed me a note to Mr. Schell, who was detailed to escort the visitors to the Military Academy.

Captain Anderson did not hesitate a moment to comply with my wishes; he signalled to the government steamer as we approached her half-way on our voyage to the city, and allowed me to pass on board of her, which I did, and returned with her to West Point.

It was then and there that I first met King Edward VII. to speak with him—a lad of apparently eighteen or nineteen years, and, as became his years, with a shy, modest and almost girlish expression of countenance.

We met again in the afternoon at the headquarters of the superintendent of West Point, where I had the privilege of presenting my wife. Many years after, at the Jubilee of her Majesty, his mother, the Prince paid my wife the compliment of reminding her of their meeting at West Point in his youth.

In the fall of 1860 and shortly after the return of Richard H. Dana from a somewhat protracted tour in Europe, I took the liberty of suggesting to him—mindful of the wonderful success of his "Two Years Before the Mast"—to give another journal of his more recent experience in the Old World. I may have added (having no copy of my letter, I cannot be sure) that if he chose to run his journal through the *Evening Post* we would see that the time he spent on it was not wasted. His reasons for declining both propositions are stated in the following letter.

RICHARD H. DANA TO BIGELOW

Boston, Oct. 22, 1860.

Dear Sir:

I have taken time to deliberate upon your proposal respecting my journal; & at the same time, have been making up my mind on the question whether I shall print at all. I have full materials & much that I wish to say, & the occupation would be a very agreeable one to me; but I am determined to live by my profession; and an absence of so long a time makes it

necessary for me to devote myself to it with singleness of purpose. If, in addition to the labors of my profession, I should have the book on my mind, I should not have an enjoyable moment of leisure, & should take the risk of overworking—a thing no man can afford to do twice.

I have, therefore, made up my mind to dismiss the book; & the same reasoning requires me also to decline your offer. To furnish the articles would require labor, & to furnish them with anything like regularity would make me anxious.

Your letter reminded me of what Macaulay says of the letters of instruction Hastings used to receive from the E. India Company—Moral lectures against extortions & demands for more rupees. I have turned your good advice respecting overwork against you, & refused the rupees.

I was so much pleased with what you said about the politics of America, that I took the liberty to read it to my father & brother, who agreed with me in my estimation of it.

I ought to have staid a few weeks in some quiet place in Europe & prepared my journal, & just handed it over to Fields, on landing. But I am too late to retreat now. I have begun my professional labors, & cannot step aside.

Believe me, my dear Sir, I am truly grateful to you for the interest you have taken in my work, & for the delicate manner in which you have expressed all that you have said. I can only add that if I have anything for the journals which it will be more gain than expense for them to print, I shall take pleasure in giving preference to the *Evening Post.*

Yours truly

About a month later I received the following letter from Mr. Dana:

RICHARD H. DANA TO BIGELOW

Boston, Nov. 21, 1860.

Dear Sir:

A few days ago a number of us gave a dinner to Gov. Banks, to testify our sense of the value of his services (as

Governor) to the cause of science & letters. It was semi private,—so as to exclude all official notice of it in the daily papers,—yet, as our object was to gratify him & to let others know the feeling entertained towards him, some notice of it seems necessary to effect the end.

I believe no notice of it has appeared anywhere, & I leave it to your taste & judgment to treat it appropriately—or not at all—whichever you do will be coincided in by us.

The principal gentlemen present were, Agassiz, Pierce, Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Pres. Felton, Lowell, Charles Ed. Bigelow, Dr. S. G. Howe, Dr. I. Bigelow, Sumner, Judge Hoar, Col. Sargent, Whipple &c.—some five & twenty in all.

We live in a new country! The test of the election of a man not nominated by the oligarchy, & not subservient to their cause, has been applied. It has revealed a more rotten state than I expected. But this only proves the need of the revelation. Every delay diminishes the recuperative power.

Another curious result is the proof of the fact that those who have been denouncing us & crying for the Union are a small northern wing of the Secessionists!

But these are times worthy of men of thought, feeling & power to live in!

Yours truly

During the summer of 1860 a young gentleman called at our office and handed me the following letter, which has gained in interest ever since, by reason of its being practically the first milestone in the career of William Dean Howells. As he was then young, without experience in metropolitan journalism, and as literary work—which then meant reviewing of books—was the department he thought himself competent, or his taste inclined him, to fill, we did not "talk business."

Mr. Howells has since then made it sufficiently apparent that if he had been put into the traces at that early period of his life he would not only have made an excellent all-round journalist, but might have ultimately occupied the chair to which Mr. Godkin afterwards lent so much distinction.

JAMES T. FIELDS TO BIGELOW

Boston, August 13, 1860.
135 Washington Street.

My dear Bigelow:

Now here is a young man to be secured for *The Post.* He is one of our writers in *The Atlantic,* (Read every line of the poem I enclose which appears in the Sept. No. & copy it too), and he has had much experience on a western paper. We all think so highly of his talents here that if we could keep him we would. He choöses *The Post* of all papers in the Union, & if you get him for your literary work &c. you get a lad who will be worth his weight &c. &c. &c. His name is Wm. Dean Howells. Lowell & Holmes put the poem 'The Pilot's Story' among the fine things of our day.

Yrs. always

Shortly after the Presidential election which resulted in the choice of Mr. Lincoln for President, I received a note from N. P. Willis, enclosing the following from Brantz Mayer of Baltimore, and expressing the hope that it might be in my power in some way to go to the relief of his correspondent:

BRANTZ MAYER TO N. P. WILLIS

Confidential

Baltimore, 11th November, 1860.

My dear Willis:

I am sorry that our correspondence (which has been interrupted for some months) should be renewed under circumstances of deep pain, in which, I am sure, you will sincerely share. A shameful bank failure here, during the week before last, has swept away at one blow the accumulations of several years, and left me, at 51, a stranded wreck, with very little more than $100 of available money in my pocket! My

regular professional practice has been of very little value, as steady income,—since my engagement in winding up the McDonough Estate in New Orleans during five years has taken me for six months of each out of the city. To recur to it, instantly, as a means of support for my family is impossible; so that we count it a happy circumstance that we own the home over our heads without any encumbrance upon the property. You will easily comprehend, old friend, that I am very much depressed, sleepless, & nervous from this sudden & altogether unexpected calamity. But I *must lose not a moment in trying,* at least, if not to retrieve fortune or comparative ease, at least to keep out of debt & to make a living for the nine females dependent on me!

The instrument in my hand—the pen—seems to indicate a hope; and I have, therefore, resolved to sit down, this Sunday morning, & write this note *to you & the dear General jointly,* asking your kind consideration of my case, and an inquiry, whether through his and your aid, I could not get an employment in New York either in literary or political writership which would give us from $2000 to $2500 a year for the present. It is very likely that I could bring into any established concern three or four thousand dollars as a permanent, or at least *long* investment upon the consideration of my continued engagement. This would be through friends.

I know, dear Willis, that I need not a word to your hearts to solicit for me *an early and energetic consideration of this matter.* My brain, I think, is clearer than ever, & my writing facility quite unchanged from twenty years ago, though probably more chastened by good taste & experience. Mention these things, with my love, promptly to the General, who is more frequently in town than you are, and probably knows better the wants and the wanters, who may or might be inclined to consider favorably my proposal. I am not unequal to any kind of work, when I *have others* to labor for. Pride falls before love. At 51 we must be prompt, eager, & not desponding, else we sag & are lost.

If, on consultation with the General, anything can be done for me, affording an assured revenue, based upon the payment of 3 or 4000$ in an establishment of assured character, my plan would be to remove to New York as soon as practicable, & to take up quarters for my family somewhere in a cheap neighborhood on the river or elsewhere, so as to avoid the extravagances of the city life, and its temptations for my poor children.

And so, dear Willis, & my valued friend Morris, pray hearken unto these things with the kindness I know exists in both of you, & with my best regards to all, believe me ever & truly your friend

Though I had then never been brought into any personal relations with Mr. Mayer, I knew him by reputation, and also

by knowing rather intimately some of his intimate friends. I knew also that he was, with a single exception, perhaps the most accomplished man in Maryland. For our common friends' sake as well as his own, I was anxious to serve him. The convention that was to form a constitution for the State of South Carolina, which had already declared itself out of the Union, was soon to meet. It occurred to me that Mr. Mayer, as coming from a slave State, as president of the Maryland Historical Society, and author of one or two books of good repute, besides being well known by name, at least throughout the slave States, might possibly be able and willing to attend that convention and give the readers of the *Evening Post* a more sensible and dispassionate account of it than could be expected from professional reporters. Under such impressions I wrote to him, proposing such a mission. I accompanied that proposal with an invitation to him and Mrs. Mayer to visit me at my country home. On the 16th of November I received from him the reply given below.

The professional correspondence which follows, between myself and Brantz Mayer, L. Pettigrew, and R. B. Rhett, sheds a lurid light on the condition of public opinion in the slaveholding States, which would not be intelligible to this generation, and of questionable credibility except on the testimony of the actual witnesses, participators or sufferers in what they describe.

BRANTZ MAYER TO BIGELOW

5th Ave. Hotel, Friday night,
16 Nov. 1860.

My dear Sir:

Mrs. Mayer unites cordially with me in thanks for your kind invitation to visit Mrs. Bigelow & yourself at your country residence. Upon consultation, we find that we must deny ourselves that great pleasure at present, as it will not be possible for us to remain away over Sunday.

Let me assure you that I am very sensible of the kindness of your offer to me of a correspondence from the South during

this winter or a part of it. I will give you a definite answer probably on Tuesday next, and hope you will not suffer any detriment by my delay of acceptance or refusal. I wish to consult with a couple of friends in Baltimore upon whose advice I am accustomed to rely when my own mind is not clear in determining. The step is an important one, and I am quite conscious of the confidence you have so flatteringly bestowed on me.

Yours

Four days later I received the promised reply:

BRANTZ MAYER TO BIGELOW

Baltimore, 20th November, 1860.

My dear Sir:

In compliance with my promise to give a definite answer to your proposal on to-day, (Tuesday), I beg leave to say that I consulted several friends, & am advised by them to accept your kind proposal with a slight modification.

I will go to Charleston & other points of interest in the South, for the purposes described in our interview & remain there for such a period as, upon consultation, may be deemed advisable. The engagement to be for not less than one month, & the compensation for that month to be at the rate of sixty dollars per week. If I remain over a month, my compensation to be on your own terms—$50 per week for all time subsequent to the 1st month. My travelling expenses, out & home, to be paid in addition to my weekly salary.

The modification suggested for the first month is founded on the expense which I would necessarily incur for the first month in a new place with the arrangements and economies of which I am entirely unacquainted. My friends think that the nature of my engagement with you requires my residence in the best establishments, which, in all likelihood, will, at present, be very crowded & expensive. Certainly, I should

not skulk in obscure lodgings or manifest the "res angusta." This, let me assure you, is not urged in a spirit of pressure or extravagance, but as part of the policy I should pursue in regard to my social position in a region where much regard is paid to externals. To be perfectly frank—I ought to have, at least, $20 per week for myself in the South, while my family, which is large, would require, at present, about $40.

I find, on consultation with experienced men, that your views not only meet their hearty approval, but are applauded for their patriotic impulse. The publication of the *exact facts* by a journal like yours, must, in their judgment, do good, if good can be done by calm statements & a lingering love of the Union.

Very truly, my dear Sir,

Your obliged

In the interval between the receipt of this and the preceding letter, I received the following note from R. B. Rhett, Jr., the editor of the *Charleston Mercury*. It was in reply to a letter from me, asking whether he thought any serious objections would be made to or difficulties encountered by a correspondent of the *Evening Post* attending to report the debates in the constitutional convention which was about to be held in Charleston, alleging the importance of the occasion as a sufficient motive for securing the utmost publicity for the deliberations of that body.

The *Charleston Mercury* was famed throughout the country for its extreme views on the slavery question and as the organ of the most fanatical portion of the disunion party in the South. It was the public print which contributed more perhaps than any press in the Northern States, by its extravagant utterances in favor of nationalizing slavery and in denunciation of the North, to bring on there a reaction against slavery. It was rare for the *Evening Post* to go to press in those days without an extract, longer or shorter, from the editorial columns of the *Mercury*.

Mr. Rhett's answer to my inquiry, which follows, was one

of those explosions of discourtesy and ruffianism with which the readers of the *Mercury* were familiar, but which, familiar as I necessarily was in those days with the ethical standards of the press of the non-slaveholding States, I could never imagine myself exposed to from any of its editors.

R. B. RHETT, JR., TO BIGELOW

Mercury Office,
Charleston, Nov. 14, 1860.

John Bigelow, Esq.,

Dear Sir:

I have received your note of the 13th inst. in regard to the *Evening Post* sending on a reporter to report the proceedings of the Convention of South Carolina to meet Dec. 17th.

In my opinion your reporter would run great risk of his life, and I am sure would not be allowed to report the proceedings. Representing that paper he would certainly be tarred and feathered and made to leave the state, as the mildest possible treatment consistent with the views of the people here.

The *Mercury* and *Courier* will both have competent reporters present, and in that way, through these journals, you may expect to gain all the information necessary. No agent or representative of the *Evening Post* would be safe in coming here. He would come with his life in his hand, and would probably be hung.

Professionally yours

In 1867 I visited Charleston, at the time when another convention was being held for the formation of a new constitution for the State of South Carolina to take the place of the disunion constitution organized in 1860. The only member

of the Rhett family of whom I could then get any information was a conductor of a street-car in Charleston. I was pleased to learn that the Civil War, which had proved so disastrous to his compatriots, had forced one of the Rhett family, at least, to be useful to them, which as journalists they had never been.

I sent a copy of Mr. Rhett's letter to Mr. Mayer. In a few days I received the following letter from him, curiously illustrative of the terrorism prevailing even among the slaveholders themselves. Acteon was again pursued by his own hounds.

BRANTZ MAYER TO BIGELOW

Baltimore, 23 November, 1860.

My dear Sir:

Mr. Rhett's observations seem to place *any* correspondent of your paper from Carolina in such a position that it would be impossible for him to perform his duties efficiently and, at the same time, to conduct himself with that degree of *social frankness,* which, at least, would satisfy his self respect. Intolerance seems to have overwhelmed every other feeling! If a simple Reporter of speeches cannot be safe, how could a person who must deal with opinions, facts, & current events, escape the harshest usage? I confess I was not prepared for such violence, though several occurrences might have warned me. In such a condition of society a writer would be under constant apprehension: because, no matter how right, or *how Southern* he might be, the fact of mere connection with the northern press is sufficient to make one a culprit at the bar of Carolina opinion! Eheu!

I hate concealments. They are the sources of all sorts of misapprehensions. In an inflamed region like Carolina, they would convert a saint into a spy. But, independently of any public results, there is a private feeling which makes one reluctant to perform any duty *which imposes restraint on one's social relations.* The very fact that the *purpose* of my residence in the South was *necessarily secret,* would impair my usefulness to you, because it would limit my correspon-

dence to very little more than the meagre reports which you will get, at little cost, by telegraph. No one could be comfortable under the sense of insecurity, in such a community as the one your letter describes.

I jot these things down rapidly after reading your letter to the two friends with whom I had before taken counsel. They are very decided in thinking that it would not be right for me to undertake the mission (really honorable as it is), under such circumstances. I have, therefore, to regret that I *may* have prevented you from making another engagement. Nevertheless, I shall always feel bound in gratitude to you for your kind intention in devising the scheme, which, I half suspect, you formed mainly for my advantage. It was a generous act, of which I shall always be profoundly sensible.

Yet, my dear Sir, upon the whole, it may be money well saved for you. I *wish* I could earn it honestly from you in some other literary way, but I do not think I could give you "value received" under such circumstances, *in Carolina!* To write well one must be at ease in mind, and what one's periods or opinions would be worth, "walking among the blazing ploughshares," you can say without any hint from me.

These views are not founded on timidity, but on a prudent apprehension of *all* dealings with a half-crazed society, exalted by political passion,—and on a sense of inability to *do my whole duty to you* in discharge of a liberal recompense. Your letter, with Rhett's remark, has made me ten-fold more anxious about the South! It is a frightful despotism.

Pray let me hear from you, & get me among you in New York some of these days, when I will be more useful than among "palmettos," "red stars," and "rattle-snakes"!

Truly yours

I then made some other suggestion to Mr. Mayer (I have no copies of any of my letters to him) in which I tried to serve him. Though I have made an earnest effort, I have been hitherto disappointed in securing any of the originals, and especially the one to which the following is a reply:

BRANTZ MAYER TO BIGELOW

Baltimore, 10 December, 1860.

My dear Sir:

I am very much obliged by your continued solicitude for my welfare, & for the suggestion of an occupation which might suit my capacity in New York, and, *probably,* in your office. That I have not written you sooner must not be regarded by you as neglectful. I will reply to you, at length, in a few days, so as to *let you judge,* instead of absolutely deciding for myself. For a week or two I have been a good deal occupied by some pressing matters which deprived me of the pleasure of writing to you in the manner in which so important an affair ought to be approached. Besides this, some parties here have made a proposal to me to unite in the purchase of the *Baltimore Patriot*—(an evening paper), which, you may remember, is an old gazette of this city, but has rather run down at the heels during the last five or 6 years. Its subscription & advertising patronage still pay the expenses of publication, while the type, paper, good-will, &c. &c., are valued at about 9 or 10 thousand dollars. During the presidential campaign, this paper has been a Bell & Everett journal; but, at all times, was disposed to treat Mr. Lincoln with so much fairness that many folks have charged it with decided Republican tendencies. The project now on foot is to revive the paper fully;—to give a vigorous support to all efforts either for the Continuation of our Union, or for the Union of as many of the states as can be still held in bonds of Amity *under the Constitution as it exists;* and to advocate, in this border state, *the duty* of giving the new president a fair trial, before assuming that we have cause for secession. The Union feeling here is decided; yet, men who are intolerant of any possibility of dissolving the compact, are *in a hurry* to accommodate matters,—and, finding the prospect, just now, apparently hopeless, look rather to the South than the North for their future affiliations. In truth, our Middle States, half emptied of slaves, are in a more bewildered & unlucky condition than the others where freedom or slavery is decidedly the vital & predominant institution. I have no other know-

ledge of such a state of public & private anxiety, or hopeless depression, rather, as exists now in Baltimore! I think, (from letters received yesterday from my brother-in-law, a merchant, who is now in New England on business), that the North is equally anxious, depressed, & *perhaps angry.* The South seems to be all passion:—it is a stage beyond anger. And then, withal, there is not in Congress a single originating mind, or a single predominating influence, which may be invoked, in this hour of peril, to pacify and guide!

"Oh, for one hour of blind old Dandolo!" Oh, for one hour of bold old Harry Clay to rally what is *not worthless in Congress,* and to give heart, for its expression, to the crushed conservatism which is tyrannically silenced everywhere south of Richmond!

And this reminds me of your inquiry about Pettigrew. A letter to a friend here says—that in *all their circle in Charleston*, Pettigrew is the *only one* who cleaves to the Union & his old political loves!

In this juncture, it has struck me to ask you whether among the leading moderate & conservative men in New York, there is not interest enough in this border post to induce *aid to a paper, which, if I have the management of it, will be thoroughly national* as well as fair to the incoming administration,—unless aggression on its part release the Southern states clearly from the bond of Union. Of such aggression I have no fear: I never had any. When they put Hunt in Parliament, he told them "the best way to make a tory was to put a radical on the treasury benches."— You remember how suddenly Richelieu recovers, (in the play), when endowed by Louis with "*most absolute power*"—& finds that, in that moment:—

"The might of France had passed into his veins."

What a giant the Federal influence is, in all conservative directions! Whose glory could be augmented by presiding over the wreck of this Republic? The worst of it, alas, is that South Carolina knows this quite as well as you & I do, & therefore precipitates an issue—which must occur "now or never."

I began this note merely to write a page, excusing myself. I have rambled into two or three other matters—one of busi-

ness, the other of old *nationality,* which none of us can give good bye to without heart breaking. Pray think of the *Patriot* plan, under my direction, & let me know whether we could not get some material aid from New York.

Truly, your obliged friend

A few days later I enclosed to Mr. Mayer an extract from the *Richmond Enquirer* threatening our capital at Washington. To that I received the following very deliberate and carefully considered letter, the significance and importance of which consist in the fact that, although one of the most temperate, reasonable and thoughtful men by nature that had become in any way prominent in the slave States, he still made no concealment of his convictions that slavery was really more important than the Union.

BRANTZ MAYER TO BIGELOW

Baltimore, Dec. 28, 1860.

My dear Mr. Bigelow:

I have received yours of the 27th and the newspaper extract from the *Richmond Enquirer* threatening the armed occupation of the U. States by Virginia and Maryland. I am of opinion that no such project is, at present, contemplated by the citizens of these states, or that the suggestion receives the least countenance from any respectable number of our citizens. Speaking only for Maryland, however, I think I may say, without the least fear of contradiction, that our state is a Union-loving and law-abiding commonwealth, & will continue so until nothing remains for hope,—and resistance becomes a duty.

I was invited to a meeting of our private citizens last night, which was attended very fully by persons of property, discretion, & influence. The invitation was *not a public one,*

& I never attended an assembly of our people entitled to equal respect or confidence. The paramount value of the Union, & a cordial determination to save it, were most emphatically declared,—nay,—the expression on these subjects was unanimous. *The hope seemed to be in the temperate, conciliatory attitude* of the Border states, & in its maintenance. It was resolved, as you will see by the papers, to hold a mass Union-meeting in our City, in the course of about a week; so that, I feel confident, there will be a speedy expression of our City's will on these subjects which cannot but be salutary, if there is still reason left—North or South —to be addressed successfully.

But I am not a prophet. What the "next nine weeks"—(as you say)—may bring forth, I cannot predict. The last nine, you know, have changed the whole aspect of the question; &, from the government of Constitutional law which then prevailed, we have been unhappily hurried to the brink of revolution. One thing, however, permit me to say to you.

No matter what may have been the moving *impulses* or motives of the secessionist leaders, the question on which they have started the revolutionary ball is one that has thoroughly aroused the whole South; nor will I believe that it will halt until it can secure—(if possible *in the Union*)—a Constitutional recognition of all its just demands. The negro question, as at present viewed, involves rights of actual property and future territorial rights. These, the South sincerely believes, will be put in imminent jeopardy under the incoming administration. The people, alarmed for their property & means of livelihood, and aroused on this subject perhaps beyond the original design of their leaders, have taken the matter out of the hands of the politicians; and accordingly, they say (& perhaps wisely) that, having gone as far as they have, let us, now & forever, settle this angry dispute by a review of our Constitutional compact, so that it may be, in all time to come, removed from the political battle-field.

I pray you to regard this as plain, unexaggerated fact. You know me, I hope, sufficiently to be convinced I would give you no false information on a topic or at a time of such national danger. Counsel justice: Counsel Conciliation: Counsel the kind word from the powerful man, the powerful party, or the powerful classes. This is due from a Presi-

dent & party representing a popular minority, to the Majority *they have defeated in a republic!* It is not inconsistent, in my humble judgment, with their dignity or their future success in administration. But all such declarations of coercion and all such expressions of contemptuous or school-boy forbearance as have been recently uttered by some of the Republican Orators can have no effect except to estrange the willing hearts of the Border States men who are striving to give reasonable tone to the demands which they hope to insist on as satisfactory of Southern rights. Why should this not be so? If *you all* assent to what *we all* agree to be Constitutional law, at present,—why cannot we make that constitutional law, so ascertained, part of the Constitution itself? Inserted there, in unmistakable language, the Negro will be forever out of the arena. I can very well understand that this may not suit the purposes of many Northern, & of some Southern *politicians;* but I am sure I am addressing one who, at this hour, transcends all politics; &, with the heart of a true patriot—*loving his whole country* in its entirety, & each state in its Unity, will do everything in his power to strengthen the national bond. Let not the Union be broken up in *our* day! Let not us, who address and influence masses by our voices or pens, say or print a word that will not tend to conciliate the irritated and the rash. I counsel,—as I would admit in my own case,—*no* yielding of principle; but I advise, (as in this instance I would act), that amid such diversities of interest and opinion, it is our duty to sacrifice individual or stubborn views in the spirit of honorable compromise which actuated such men as Clay & Webster in times of far less danger. I think you may safely rely on Maryland as a Union State till the last moment of hope. In the middle of this Union, we are, properly, mediators betwixt the North and South. We are eminently conservative and peaceful. But the North must not consider us indifferent to the South, nor the South imagine us heedless of its rights & fate. Its rights, in our judgment, should be secured forever hereafter from the hazard of all real or electioneering assaults; and its fate depends on that guaranteed security, or on its ability to defend itself in independence. I have much hope that Pennsylvania will come to the rescue in this time of need. Pennsylvania is, in truth, as conservative as Maryland or Virginia.

Why should not New York be with us too and thus yield their two stout arms for the Union to rest on?

Pardon this long letter. It is written, as you see, with some feeling, for it is written with hope. That hope may be cherished & instilled, even, by my wishes; but how can either of us bring himself to believe that he will be ever anything, in his nationality, but a Citizen *of these United States?* I have written, also, because I trust that, believing the accuracy of the opinions you have sought from me, you will influence others in the view that this is no temporary dispute of an electioneering character, but a great, fundamental, *organic* question;—the South is in earnest;—that these Border States are yet loyal to the Union & its Constitution; and that the magnanimous victors in the late contest may honorably conciliate, unless they are resolved to destroy.

I have considered these matters altogether without reference to the secession or other conduct of S. Carolina. That is one question; the settlement of the slave question, among the states still in the Union, is another and somewhat independent of it. Come, good friend, to the rescue of all of us, and especially of all of us in Maryland, where you have so many ties. Maryland will be a comfortless spot in the next six months if civil war result from the apparent indifference of the North.

When do you come on? Pray let me hear from you, & believe me, in great haste, truly your obliged friend

I have not (of course) written this hasty letter for publication "from your Baltimore Correspondent"; but if you think it could do good, as coming from one who is no politician & a very *moderate* person in his politics generally, it is at your disposal. Correct the language as you will, if you print for what it may be worth as giving one (& an honest, Maryland) view of the matter.

Here our correspondence terminated. Though Mr. Mayer was unwilling to be identified with those who were laboring to preserve the integrity of the Union without extending the ter-

ritorial area of slavery, he condescended to accept an office—paymaster in the army or something of that sort—from President Lincoln shortly after the inauguration, and held it, I believe, for the remainder of his active life.

The letter of Mr. Rhett which I have quoted recalls another from a very different kind of person, also a South Carolinian, which I received six years before. It was from Mr. Pettigrew, then the most eminent barrister in all the slave States, if not the only prominent man who was willing to avow and let his neighbors know that he thought the Union more important than slavery to the welfare of the country. He is referred to in one of the preceding letters of Mr. Mayer as "the only one who cleaves to the Union and his old political loves." I had written to him to learn if he would tell me how far the complimentary dinner given to Brooks, one of the ruffians who assaulted Charles Sumner in the Senate Chamber at Washington, and the complimentary speeches and threats made by Brooks's uncle, Senator Butler, at that dinner, reflected the sentiment or expressed the prevailing feeling of the people of the South, especially of South Carolina. Though I have no copy of the letter, I rather infer, from the tenor of the reply, that I probably asked him to allow me the privilege of giving his answer to the public.

Mr. Pettigrew lived and died a Union man—a privilege which he purchased at a great price. It made him speechless and powerless to assist others. No doubt there were many sharing his convictions, and, like him,

> Eyeless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves,
> Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke.

L. PETTIGREW TO BIGELOW

Sullivan Island, Oct. 25, 1856.

Sir:

It was only last night that I received your letter of the 11th inst. on my return to this place, and I sympathise so much with your feelings on the subject of the Union that I

lose no time in acknowledging it. But I can do so only on the condition that this communication be considered strictly private, for nothing could induce me in the present condition of the public mind to depart from the line which I have prescribed for myself: and nothing in reference to the common good as well as my own comfort could be more injudicious than to do so.

I do not know whether the report of Senator Butler's speech at the Brooks dinner is correct, but such expressions are so common and have been uttered so habitually of late years, that altho I read an account of the proceedings on that occasion, I retain no recollection of what he was reported to have said. This indifference is owing in some measure to the well founded conviction that there is great exaggeration in the most of the speeches that are made, and that many of those who are loudest in denouncing the Union are reluctantly forced along by the popular current. Still it must be confessed that the public mind in South Carolina is inflamed with revolutionary ideas to a great degree; and if the Union depended on the action of this state, there is too much reason to believe that the movement party would control our destiny. That party are kept in check by the apprehension of being *isolated,* and left out of the councils of the Southern states. In 1852 they receded from the brink of action for that reason —to the great joy, no doubt, of a great many of their hottest partisans, who had no taste for the scenes of a revolution, but joined in the cry for the sake of maintaining their credits.

It may be taken for granted that the South would not stand emancipation nor anything like it; but I have no idea that Mr. Fremont's election would of itself effect any rising of the masses against the Government. A great deal would depend on the address and ability that he might evince in the Presidential chair. If he should, like Pierce, re-echo the cry of his party, and send out manifestoes in the tone of the North, as Pierce has done in that of the South, no one could answer for the consequences. But as I have a high opinion of Mr. Fremont's ability, I do not feel my sense of security in the Union at all diminished by the prospect of his election. Nor did I entertain any other sentiments when that event seemed more probable than it does at present. Whether Mr. Buchanan is likely to be as much of a tool as the Present

Incumbent, and whether the North would bear four years more of aggression at home and abroad, with Missouri Compromise and Foreign Territory, you can judge far better than myself; and it is from this quarter that the danger, as it seems to me, is most likely to come.

With the highest appreciation of the sentiment of loyalty to the Constitution of 1787, and the Government which it established, and to the American name, which breathes in your letter, I am, dear Sir,

Your Ob't Serv't

PRESTON KING TO BIGELOW

Ogdensburgh, Nov. 12, 1860.

My Dear Friend:

I think there is no danger of Lincoln making any declaration to anticipate the day of his inauguration, but I am glad that Mr. Bryant wrote[1]—for we cannot be too secure upon such a point.

I trust all is well and I congratulate you on the result of the Election.

I hope our friend Tilden is satisfied with your answer and the Country's to his letter to Mr. Kent.

With my kindest remembrance to Mrs. Bigelow and all yours,

Yours truly

PRESTON KING TO BIGELOW

Washington, Decr. 3d, 1860.

Dear Sir:

I reached here Saturday evening and have not yet seen or heard any thing very different from the usual sights and

[1] Mr. Greeley of the *Tribune* had been indulging in some of what Mr. Lincoln's biographers termed "damaging vagaries" about "peaceable secession," and it was to warn him against any such policy that Mr. Bryant wrote the letter referred to.

sounds on the day of the meeting of Congress. So far as I have heard the disposition on the part of our friends is to make no proposition to the Slave propagandists. Mr. Seward says our true course is to watch and wait in silence. I do not find any republican willing to entertain the idea of extending slavery. Mr. Weed's article suggesting the Missouri line is the subject of some conversation. I hope no evil will come of its suggestion. All that Mr. Calhoun wanted in 1847 was the extension of the Missouri line to the Pacific. It would give to Slavery all it need to wish for. On the meeting of the two Houses today at noon a full opportunity will be had to see the temper of Congress. Though there may be no demonstration in words, I shall be still if our friends will be disposed to hear propositions and suggestions instead of making them.

Yours truly

PRESTON KING TO BIGELOW

WASHINGTON, Decr. 25, 1860.

My Dear Sir:

Yours of 21. duly recd, and on this Christmas night, of which I wish a great many merry returns to you & all yours, it is pleasant to turn one's mind from the jarring events and thoughts that crowd upon us here to the happy family group of which you are the center.

. . . . . .

I have no doubt you have taken the correct view of the condition and character of the administration and of the purposes and hopes of the Secessionists. Some of them talk of the secession as only a temporary thing—of making terms and of reunion. I do not think any compromise whatever practicable. The secessionists require that slaves shall be put upon the same footing as horses and that the owners shall have the same rights in both—in other words to establish slavery by a provision of the constitution throughout the Union.

We may have bloodshed, though I hope it will be avoided.

But it is impossible that the end of these things should not be good for the country and good for mankind. This glorious Union, the essence of our free form of Government and the hope of our race of every kindred and tongue, will outlive all its enemies.

My kind remembrances to Mrs. Bigelow.

Yours truly

PRESTON KING TO BIGELOW

WASHINGTON, Decr. 31, 1860.

Dear Friend:

I recd yours of Dec. 29 by Sunday's mail. The idea you suggest occurred to me a fortnight ago—and I talked with the Blairs and with Trumbull about it. Mr. Trumbull, who has spent the summer and fall with his family at the House of his wife's Father in Springfield, said the subject of when he should come on had been talked of some and that Mr. Lincoln did not intend to come to Washington till the last of February, that after he came here he could have no time to himself & that he intended to remain at home as long as he could properly do so and that he meant to have his cabinet all settled before he got here. I will talk with Mr. Trumbull again, tho it is not likely he will change his arrangement made, to be sure, before any such cause as your idea suggests existed —but we will see. I hope we are to go through our difficulties with less trouble than the mutterings of treason threaten. I have hopes of good results from the Messages of all our Governors and prompt declarations of our legislatures which meet within 10 days—but whatever comes in the shape of Treason must be met and consigned to a Traitor's doom.

We shall have time after this 10 days or so for any preparation that may be necessary to take care that the Capitol does not fall into hands hostile to our Country—of which I have no apprehension.

Yours truly

Shortly after the election in November which resulted in the triumph of the Republican party and the elevation of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency, Mr. Godwin, son-in-law of Mr. Bryant, called at my office in the *Evening Post,* and said he had a favor to ask of me. I answered in the language of the gallant Frenchman: "If it is possible I will grant it, and if not I will try." He wished me to write a letter to Mr. Chase, whose selection for Secretary of the Treasury had been already decided upon, recommending him, Godwin, for Naval Officer, a position he had once before occupied, or for some other remunerative place in the New York custom-house.

I replied with some warmth: "For God's sake, Godwin, don't go back into the custom-house. That is not a suitable place for you. Do anything but that."

He said in substance: "I share your aversion for such an employment, but I have practically no choice. My health is very much impaired. I can no longer depend on my pen for a livelihood, and this seems to be the most available resource."

After a few more words exchanged between us to substantially the same import, I said to him: "Godwin, buy out my interest in the *Evening Post* and come in here and make your fortune."

This proposition took him entirely by surprise, and at first he was not disposed to think me serious. Nor was this surprising, for till within the previous ten minutes the idea of selling my interest in the *Evening Post* had not entered my head. When he found that I was speaking seriously, he said: "Of course I should be very glad to become a part proprietor of the *Evening Post,* but in such a case it would be on condition that you remained in it."

I said: "No, that is out of the question. A small interest in the *Evening Post* would absorb just as much of my time and care as a large one. I will not diminish my interest unless I extinguish it."

Then he said: "I can't buy such a property. You know I have no money."

"You need none; your partners will allow you to pay for your share out of the dividends, if you would be agreeable to them as partners, without which, of course, I would sell to no one."

"How much do you want for your share?" he then asked.

I said I did not know, for I had never thought, until this moment, of selling it at all; but I said that "at the rate at which I will sell it to you, if managed no worse than it has been for the last five years, it will give you an independent fortune in ten years, besides paying all your ordinary living expenses. The first thing for you to do," I added, "is to ascertain whether the change I propose would be agreeable to my partners. As soon as that point is settled, come to me; and meantime I will prepare myself to name a price over which you will require no time for deliberation."

He came to me in a day or two and said that my partners assented to the sale if such was my wish. I then told him my price for my interest, which was one-third of the whole property, payment to be guaranteed by the firm of Wm. C. Bryant & Co.

Mr. Godwin knew enough of the business affairs of the *Evening Post* to need no time to deliberate over this proposition. I have no doubt now that if either of my partners had wished to sell he would have asked at least $100,000 more than I asked, and that if I had asked that sum additional I should have received it with as little hesitation.

Mr. Godwin took my place in the firm on the 15th of January, 1861, and, I may as well here add, inside of ten years from that time sold out his interest to his partners for a much larger interest than I had received for it from him, about double I was told, and, as I had promised him, he retired with an independent fortune.

I became a proprietor of three-tenths of the *Evening Post* in November, 1848. Subsequently my share was increased to a full third. The whole had cost me $17,100. I was told that Mr. Henderson, our business partner, sold his third to Mr. Villard some years later for $500,000.

The net income of the *Evening Post* property for the year ending November 15, 1850, was $15,708.31. For the year ending November 15, 1860, it was $68,774.23. In the twelve years that I had spent on the paper, I had managed to pay out of its earnings what it cost me; I had lived very comfortably; I had purchased a country place of considerable value; I had had two trips to the West Indies, to which I devoted five or six months, and a tour in Europe with all my family, of nineteen months; and was able to retire with a property which

could not be fairly valued at less than $175,000. That was not a large fortune for a man in the middle of the journey of life to retire upon even in those days. It now seems barely enough to begin life with. To me, however, it promised all that wealth could give me. The Golden Age in my imagination then, was the age when gold did not reign.

Speaking after the manner of men, the sale of my interest in the *Evening Post* at this time was an improvident proceeding. I was in the enjoyment of an income from it of about $25,000 a year, of which I had no occasion nor inclination to spend more than a third. In five years more I could have nearly doubled my estate, and then sold my interest for as much again as I received for it. It was a rash, because a hasty and inconsiderate, decision, and adopted without consultation with any one, not even my wife. But, rash as it was, I never repented of it for a moment, nor do I now. Twice the opportunity of returning to the *Evening Post* was offered to me, and twice declined. I had realized a modest competence, which was all I had ever aspired to. I had never any taste for the accumulation or management of large wealth. I went into journalism because I was not specially attached to the profession in which I had been trained, and did take a profound interest in the public questions which in those days seemed of paramount importance. While in the *Evening Post* the pecuniary returns were the very least of my concern. I received a monthly statement of its affairs, which gave me all the information upon that subject which I ever possessed or desired. I do not remember to have ever inspected the books of the firm during the whole twelve years that I was a member of it. My partners enjoyed my entire confidence; and all my energies and interests were concentrated upon my editorial duties, which were very absorbing. I entered upon them in 1848, when the regular delegates of our Democratic State Convention had just been practically excluded from the National Democratic Convention for the nomination of a President, at Baltimore, because they had been instructed to oppose the extension of slavery into new territories. I left immediately after the people of the United States had vindicated the action of the New York Democracy of 1848 by the election of President Lincoln, which signified the denationalization of chattel slavery.

In the twelve years' struggle which culminated in these results, I had borne my part to the best of my ability. I felt that my work as a journalist was done, and I yearned for the congenial repose of my library.

Not many days after my retirement from the *Evening Post,* proposals were made to me to take charge of the *World,* with the promise of unlimited means and cordial relations with the new Administration, in the highest degree flattering to me and advantageous to the paper; and on the 28th of January a paragraph appeared in the *New York Tribune* stating that a rumor was current that I was to edit the *World* and make it a Republican paper. I thereupon addressed a note to Mr. Bryant, stating that if he wished to close the mouths of gossips about our affairs he might say that the report of my going into the *World* was unfounded; and if he thought it best to assign a reason for my retiring from the *Evening Post,* he might say that I had realized all the ends which I had had in view when I embraced the profession of journalism, and that if I had occasion to continue in it, I could never hope for a connection more pleasant or satisfactory than the one which had just been sundered.

Two days later the following paragraph from the pen of Mr. Bryant appeared in the *Evening Post:*

> Within a few days past, a change has taken place in the proprietorship of the *Evening Post.* Mr. Bigelow retires, and is succeeded by Mr. Parke Godwin, who for more than two years past has been associated in the conduct of the journal. That there may be no misunderstanding as to the cause of this change, it may perhaps be well to say that Mr. Bigelow, having fully realized all the ends which he proposed to himself in embracing the profession of journalism, desires to betake himself to pursuits more consonant to his tastes. He leaves the *Evening Post* in a condition of prosperity greater than it ever before enjoyed, and although we who remain are hereafter to miss the advantage of his association, we do not the less cordially wish him equal success in whatever province his fine talents may be employed.[1]

[1] On the death of Mr. Bryant, in 1878, the property of the firm of Wm. C. Bryant & Co. passed into other hands. The files of the *New York Evening Post* from its origin in November, 1801, to the date of this transfer were subsequently presented by their new proprietors to the Lenox Library, now the "New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations." I believe it to be the oldest file of any daily paper published in the city of New York, or perhaps in the United States, that has been issued under the same name with-

The day before my connection with the firm of Wm. C. Bryant & Co. terminated, I wrote to Senator Preston King, one of the wisest and most faithful friends I ever had, the following:

BIGELOW TO PRESTON KING

New York, Jan. 14, 1861.

My dear Friend:

I have sold my interest in the *Evening Post* to Mr. Godwin and my responsibilities for its management will terminate to-morrow.

. . . . . .

Of my career in the firm of Wm. C. Bryant & Co., though I have done many things that I would wish not to have done, on the whole I am not ashamed. With all my short-comings I am satisfied with my success. When I joined it in November 1848, the daily circulation of the paper was less than 1500, and the income from our property the first year was only $11,397. Its income the last year was about $75,000. The income from the job office the last six months of the first year after I bought, was but $14. For the last six months of the year just closed it was $7295. When I entered the firm, the *Evening Post* was at war with the Federal and with the State and City governments of New York, and had just become involved in a rebellion which made it odious to the commercial community from which it mainly drew its breath. Without changing its principles, and without faltering in its course, it has lived to witness the triumph of its principles in the election of a Federal President, and the banner under which it

out interruption to the present time. I will not disclaim a certain pride in having been associated for a considerable period of years in the management of an organ of public opinion which is able to give such conspicuous, not to say unique, evidence of its durable character. Nor is it without a certain feeling of personal satisfaction that I recall the facts that the term of my association with the *Evening Post* was the most critical period of its entire history, and that, when I retired, I left it in the enjoyment of an authority as an organ of public opinion which, however it may have deserved it, it had never enjoyed before, and in a condition of unprecedented financial prosperity.

has fought floating over the Capitol of every non-slaveholding state in the country. During the twelve years I have shared its fortunes, it has yielded myself and family a respectable support; it has enabled me to spend nineteen months with them in Europe and has yielded me about $15,000 a year besides, upon which I am enabled to retire and devote myself without interruption to more congenial pursuits. Is not this, for a man of no more merits than I possess at 43 years of age, a result—I will not say to be proud of, for nothing that any man ever did in the world was properly a source of pride to him,—but to be grateful for and content with? Whether it be or not, I am content and pray God to make me suitably grateful. It is something, too, that my children may hereafter reflect upon with pleasure that I have been thus intimately associated with the first literary man of America and the greatest living poet, to my taste, for twelve years, without a word ever passing between us not consistent with the most entire respect for and confidence in each other.

I shall remain in town until Spring, partly on account of Mrs. Bigelow, who expects to be confined in about a month, and partly to watch the extraordinary and unprecedented spectacle of an insurrection provoked entirely by prospective grievances. It is your privilege to be a conspicuous actor in the most critical passage of our history, and I will say that I was never so glad as I have been since the need of sterling men in the Senate has begun most acutely to be felt, that you were there. Your bearding of Davis the other day thrilled the whole community. Seward's speech disappointed the people here, but it offended no one. It would have offended or disgusted many if it had satisfied the expectations or hopes of any. He wisely declined to make himself the target of a malicious opposition by tendering any affirmative propositions. It did not become him to have his administration defeated before it was born, to come dead into the world, as it certainly would have done if such an opportunity as was anticipated had been offered to his adversaries to combine against him. I pray God to inspire you all with His wisdom and love, and to keep all our people under His protection.

Your sincere friend

PRESTON KING TO BIGELOW

WASHINGTON, Jany. 21, 1861.

My Dear Friend:

I thank you for your letter of Jany. 14. Your career in the *Post* is what any good man should be gratified with. It has been honorable and profitable to you and its influence for the good of your Country has been of inestimable value. Neither you nor any man can ever know how much you have contributed to prepare the people to meet and overcome the peril that now threatens the Country, a peril that must come; for its germ is older than the Republic. May a good Providence guide us safely through.

I do not doubt you have acted wisely. May the *Evening Post* continue to flourish in its noble career—and may yours be all I think your worth deserves.

I should be very glad if I could have a talk with you.

Yours Truly

The seven or eight months which immediately succeeded my retirement from the *Evening Post* were spent mainly in enlarging my country home at Highland Falls and in perfecting my apparatus for a literary enterprise upon which my mind had been fixed for a couple of years or more—the biography of Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambray.

It was doubtless at the prompting of Mr. Bryant that his daughter Julia, whose death occurred in the summer of 1908, wrote the following letter invoking Mr. Tilden's aid in defeating a scheme on foot to deprive the Central Park Commission of the invaluable services of Frederick Law Olmsted, its landscape-gardener:

JULIA BRYANT TO S. J. TILDEN

[January 12, 1861.]

Dear Mr. Tilden,

Mr. Olmsted's friends, among whom we number ourselves, are very much disturbed at the movement of the Park Commissioners towards displacing him—as the advisory position they propose for him is merely of a nominal character.

The completion of the Park is the excuse given for his removal, while in reality, the work there can never be completed.—Trees & shrubs grow, & must be removed, or replaced; and nature in a thousand ways needs, day after day, to keep its beauty in proper bounds, the care and attention that can only be suitably given by a skillful hand like his. It would then be worse than folly to dismiss so able a man as Mr. Olmsted, who will be eagerly sought for in other cities, & who could not be recalled at pleasure.

I wish to beg in my Father's name & my own that you will consider this important matter & will kindly use your influence with the Park Commissioners & also with others who have the decision in this matter. Mr. Lane, the new Park Commissioner, will be at the Century Club, probably, this evening.

Yours very truly

Saturday evening,
24 West 16″ St.

This matter will be decided, I understand, next Wednesday, Jan. 16″.

X

THE CRISIS OF POPULAR SOVEREIGNTY

DURING the four years of our Civil War in which we were now engaged the representative system of government was subjected to the most serious trials it has ever had to surmount. In the infancy of the Republic, with an empty treasury and an untried Constitution, it had shown its ability to defy and cope successfully with foreign foes; but it had never before been required to show its ability to contend with the most formidable enemy of nations as of individuals: a degree of material prosperity without example in history—the enemies of its own household. It had abundantly shown that it knew how to cultivate the arts of peace. Would it be equally fortunate in battling with the enemies begotten of its prosperity?

Had the Rebellion which was then desolating the United States resulted in a definitive separation, such result would have been regarded, and with reason, as a symptom of weakness inherent in all republican governments. The whole world would then have been warranted in asking, "What right have you to offer your system of government as a model for other nations? You cannot save yourself." If, on the other hand, peace was to be restored without a rupture of the Union or the sacrifice of any of those great popular privileges which had been its pride and glory, it would then be necessary for the world to recognize that the American system of government had given evidence of an incomparable force and vitality. Upon these two propositions there is not likely to be much difference of opinion.

There would yet remain, however, one grave problem to solve. How has the American Constitution received such a

serious assault without a timely alarm having been given and adequate precautions taken against it? Is that system of government worthy of confidence under which a vast conspiracy for its overthrow can be organized within its own borders, by the people of its own household, and attain such proportions as to defy the sovereign authority and to maintain for a series of years a contest as impoverishing as sanguinary?

It would be necessary to answer this question in the negative unless it could be demonstrated that this Rebellion was of an altogether exceptional character and was due to essentially temporary causes, without the possibility of a recurrence of its provocation.

That the Rebellion had its origin in the slavery question, complicated by the natural conflict between distinct and competitive systems of labor, will be generally conceded. But that is not a sufficient explanation. Had the harmony of the States been disturbed by no other provocations than these, it is altogether probable, if not certain, that their differences would never have cost a drop of blood. Unhappily, at the beginning of the career of the young Republic, as at the origin of the human race in the Garden of Eden, an imprudent concession was made, which, like all transactions with evil, inevitably led to discord and violence. This concession was comprised in the article of our Federal Constitution which confers upon the proprietors of slaves certain exclusive privileges of great political importance. By the terms of this article, which determined for each State the number of its representatives in Congress that were to make its laws, three-fifths of all the slaves were counted as the equivalent of that number of white men, so that, prior to the election of the Congress of 1861, the slave States possessed thirty representatives more than were accorded to a corresponding number of citizens of the non-slaveholding States. Each seat thus obtained was of course in flagrant derogation of the rights of those States which, having no slaves, were not proportionately represented.

This distinction between the owners of slaves and the possessors of other kinds of property was totally irreconcilable with the fundamental principle of popular sovereignty and became a steadily progressive grievance to the free-labor States. The fact that the possession of five negro slaves con-

ferred upon a citizen of a slave State the same political prerogatives as were enjoyed by three whites, in addition to his own vote, induced their proprietors to desire to increase the number of their slaves as rapidly as possible and to regard as a national wrong any attempts made to discredit a species of property yielding them such advantages. To this feeling must in part be attributed the domestic enormities and abominable atrocities which have been so deplorably common on the other side of the Potomac River. Opposition to slavery in any form became the only crime for the punishment of which the people residing in the slave States were never willing to await the deliberate decisions of constitutional tribunals.

It was impracticable theoretically or practically for these two social and political systems to dwell together in harmony. A society founded on the degradation of the laboring classes, and where consequently all manual labor degrades the citizen, cannot live long in peace with another community more than twice as numerous, inhabiting distinct regions more or less remote from it, where every one possessing the right of suffrage enjoys political equality before the law, and where no species of honest labor degrades or closes access to any dignities or employments. The privileges accorded to the slaveholders were so many abnormal superfetations on the body politic which had to be extirpated at any price, as nature herself expels foreign bodies which chance to wound or disturb our physical economy. It was the manifest duty of our republican fathers in the beginning to have refused assent to this element of discord. Instead, however, it was allowed to subsist; it was favored even—a fatal temporization due to the invention of the cotton-gin, which increased the value of servile labor in the cotton-producing States so rapidly that the planters closed their ears thenceforth to all the considerations previously advanced with some apparent chance of an early and equitable extinction of slavery.

Thus from its birth the young Republic bore in its bosom the germs of discord. Both political sections regarded each other with mutual jealousy and distrust: the South lest her political influence should diminish in proportion to the industry and constantly increasing power of the North and the immigration accumulating on her frontiers; the North lest there be an extension of the exaggerated privileges which the

Constitution had accorded only to the original thirteen States. The result of this was that when a free Territory asked admission as a State into the Union, a corresponding slave Territory always asked the same favor. It was in this way that the admission of Kentucky was balanced by the admission of Vermont; of Tennessee by that of Ohio; of Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama by that of Indiana, Illinois and Maine. In 1819 it was proposed to receive the slave States Arkansas and Missouri into the Union. The North replied by proposing to prohibit the introduction of any more slaves into the State of Missouri, and gradually to free those who then were there. Such was the origin of the first serious contest between the free and the slave States. The controversy was violent, on the part of the South desperate, and even threatened a dissolution of the Union. "Waves of blood," they said, "would not extinguish the flames which have been lighted." Unhappily, and as usual in previous differences of the same nature, the contest ended in a compromise, which was respected so long as it served the interests of the slaveholders, and which they hastened to violate as soon as it did not. The State of Missouri was admitted with slavery, but on condition that the territory lying north of her boundary should remain forever free from slavery. If this difficulty had then been boldy faced and combated with vigor, by the light of the great principles on which our Government reposes; if then all slave property had been deprived of the right of representation and had been put on the same political footing as all other property, who can doubt we should have escaped the horrors of a fratricidal war? The cotton crop in that day was not a third as large as it was in 1860, and the number of slaves scarcely one-third as many as in 1860; the doctrine of secession had not founded a sect, nor had cabinet ministers become its apostles. The Federal Government was still in the hands of men little disposed to favor the extension of slavery; some even, at the début of their career, were interested in projects for its extinction.

Had the statesmen who duly appreciated the danger of increasing the political inequality between the free and the slave States, by enlarging in the South the property basis of representation, always acted in accordance with their convictions, the country would probably have escaped the hateful agita-

tion which ever since has exerted such a deplorable influence upon its dearest interests. A desire for peace betrayed them into culpable concessions resulting in a social and political war between the free and the slave States, only to terminate with the extermination of the disturbing cause.

The Missouri Compromise left the slavery question more unsettled than before its adoption. It revealed to the partisans of slavery the power that slept in threats of separation, and the extent of the sacrifices to which the commercial and industrial interests of the country could be made to submit to maintain public tranquillity. Nor did the Southern statesmen in succeeding years fail to profit by the discovery.

The mass of the people in the free States, outside the great commercial centres, alarmed by the result of the Missouri struggle, resumed the antislavery agitation on economic and philanthropic grounds with more bitterness than ever. As the struggle waxed in acrimony the South deemed it prudent to prohibit the circulation of antislavery documents in the slave States. The Federal Government rashly countenanced this odious policy, and directed the post-offices of the slave States to be searched, and all abolition writings found there to be seized and confiscated. This was another of the aggravating indignities resulting from the deplorable recognition of slavery as a national interest, as a slaveholders' political asset.

It was about the same time that John C. Calhoun of South Carolina, the organizer and, while he lived, the recognized leader of the pro-slavery party, matured his scheme for maintaining the equilibrium between the free and the slave States. Notwithstanding the advantage in political representation which the nature of her property conferred upon the South, the census of 1840 showed that the relative power of that section was rapidly declining.

Then came schemes, often renewed and for the same political purpose, to purchase Cuba, or, that failing, to seize that island as "a political necessity"; filibustering expeditions, winked at by the Federal Government, against Central America; projects for reopening the slave trade with Africa; riotous efforts to prevent the people of the Territory of Kansas from excluding slavery from her territory as a condition of her admission as a State into the Union; and, finally, a

general agitation having for its sole purpose to make human slavery the corner-stone of the Republic.

As was to be expected, the annexation of Texas, in 1845, resulted in a war with Mexico and the acquisition of the territory of California and New Mexico. The annexation of Texas naturally revived the agitation, on the one side, for a new extension of slavery and of slave representation, and, on the other, to restrict it within the limits prescribed for it by the Constitution.[1] Never in any subsequent Congress were these burning questions discussed with equal vehemence and animosity. The result was the open defiance of the Federal authority by the South, and Civil War, the logical and inevitable result of any attempt to conduct a government upon two absolutely incompatible principles.

Had the privilege of property representation not been accorded to the slave States, or even if, at the first serious agitation of this privilege, all property representation had been placed on a footing of perfect equality, there would have been no motive for restricting slavery within geographical limits. As a political force, slavery would have been long since too feeble to inspire alarm. Agitation would have died out in Congress for want of aliment, or, if persisted in, would have been discouraged by the various States having a more immediate interest in cultivating cordial relations with one another. The will of the majority would have promptly prevailed without a resort to any other weapons than such as the Constitution and the laws provided.

It was ordered otherwise, and He who knows how to bring good out of evil caused the trials of His people to testify of His wisdom and goodness, and the eyes of the statesmen who founded the Republic to be closed to the dangers that lay in the path they had chosen. This is not the place to reproach their memory with acts which, thanks to our sad experience, betrayed an extraordinary lack of forecast and prudence, nor is it for me to be their accuser. History abounds in too many similar errors to warrant any one in visiting with indiscriminate censure the authors of the slavery compromise in the Constitution. Those who are wont to recognize in the vicissi-

[1] The Constitution only threw its shield over slavery in the thirteen States where it prevailed when the Constitution was adopted. The Northern States insisted that it sheltered slavery in no States thereafter to be acquired.

tudes of nations the hand of Providence will comprehend that this apparent weakness here ascribed to the framers of the Federal Constitution was, after all, but one of those mysterious influences of which the world ordinarily takes little account, but which was destined to hasten the entire extinction of slavery in North America, and, I venture to add, throughout the world.

In those countries and colonies where the holders of property in slaves were not clothed with any special political privileges, as in the Spanish Antilles and in Brazil, for example, there has never appeared any such violent hostility against slavery as that which was developed in the United States during the twenty years preceding 1861. And yet there was no country in the world where so large an amount of capital was invested in servile labor, and where, therefore, there existed in a greater degree the desire to enjoy in tranquillity the fruits of this labor. This capital was distributed over all parts of the Union, and all the industrial and commercial classes of the free States had directly or indirectly a pecuniary interest in servile labor in no respect inferior to that of the slaveholding States. It was the ill-advised scheme of the slaveholders at the foundation of our Government to secure for themselves a political privilege of which they had no need, to which they had no right, and which, by virtue of the moral law which controls alike nations, parties and individuals, could secure to them but apparent advantages, which led to all the abuses and excesses of which both the North and the South have had cause to complain. And it is this mistake which begot what Mr. Seward so justly characterized as the "irreconcilable conflict" between free and servile labor in the Republic.

From what precedes, it is apparent that the principle of popular sovereignty has not been, as is commonly supposed, compromised by the Civil War of 1860–65, for all the disastrous consequences of that fratricidal conflict are traceable directly to a violation of this sovereignty in the organic Constitution of the Government. The Federal Government failed promptly to reëstablish harmony among the States because their power was not equitably distributed, because property was allowed to vote in the insurgent States and not in the Union States.

It was too late in 1860 to apply the remedy which for many of the years which followed 1819 might have prevented an appeal to arms; for the census of 1860 had revealed the startling fact that the slave property representation would be reduced to less than a third of the total representation in Congress—so rapid had been the relative increase of the free population—and that the political equilibrium between the free and the slave States could no longer be counted upon. It was now evident that the supremacy in the country had passed irrevocably from the latter, and that any transaction on a constitutional basis with those who preferred the institution of slavery to the Union was thenceforth forever impossible.

And here it may be well to make clear and distinct the precise result of our Civil War which had to be purchased at such a fearful price. It was not the election of a Union President; it was not the defeat and humiliation of the partisans of slavery; it was not the triumph of the Washington Government; it was not the emancipation of four millions of slaves; it was not the purging of our Constitution of a provision which created in the Southern States a privileged class, an aristocracy, on the basis of property in slaves.

All these things the Civil War did accomplish, and their importance as means to the end is in no danger of being exaggerated; but it was not for all or any of these that, under the guidance of a Divine Providence, we had been really and successfully fighting.

The paramount, the real question on trial in our Civil War was put in issue the day our Federal Constitution was signed; it remained the issue continuously on trial till settled by the war and the final surrender of the Confederate President in 1865. That question was whether the Government of the United States is and of right ought to be a Government of the people, by the people, for the people.

From the commencement of our constitutional history until 1860 the Government of our country had been in the hands of men who denied and defied each one of those propositions. Happily, thanks to the same Divine Providence, forty-four years of peace have already demonstrated to the combatants on both sides that the Civil War was worth all and far more than its cost, not only to the combatants on both sides as a vindication of the great principle under the inspiration of which our

nation asserted its independence in 1776, but as an example to other governments still struggling under the mediæval yoke of dynasticism.

Before the adoption of the Secession Ordinance by South Carolina at Charleston on the 20th of December, 1860, Floyd, Cobb and Thompson, three members of Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet and in full complicity with the conspirators for secession, had practically disarmed the Government, had exhausted the treasury, and to a great extent had transmitted to the South most of its means of defence and protection.

In this class Floyd's conduct was perhaps the most shameless. He sold to the Virginia Board of Army Commissioners five thousand muskets, delivered ten thousand more from the Watervliet Arsenal, on the waters of the upper Hudson River, to an agent of South Carolina, and five thousand others from the Baton Rouge Arsenal to the Governor of Alabama. He ordered advance quotas of arms to a number of Southern States and sent a government officer to inspect a purchase of arms for the Governor of Mississippi. He allowed Virginia to have a model musket made at the Springfield Armory; to use and take copies of government patterns, drawings, machines, tools, etc., at Springfield and Harper's Ferry; and arranged for the Washington Navy Yard to manufacture a battery of howitzers and a lot of fuses for the same State. He sent Colonel Hardee to drill the camp of instruction for Governor Letcher of Virginia, and a little later gave him leave of absence practically to go into the service of the Rebellion under the State of Georgia. He acquiesced in the acceptance of a militia volunteer guard to surround and ostensibly to protect the Charleston Arsenal, which guard soon seized and held it for South Carolina. On the very day of the Charleston Secession Ordinance, without the knowledge of the President, he ordered the transfer from the Pittsburgh Arsenal to the Southern coast, where they might be readily seized, of one hundred and twenty-three cannon, on the pretext of arming the fort at Ship Island, not yet completed, and the fort at Galveston, not yet begun.

The President was old, timid, and under duress in the toils of these wily conspirators who were playing ducks and drakes with the resources of the nation without his knowledge, and,

when known, without the courage to resist. Such were some of the preparations made by President Buchanan's Cabinet for the rupture of the union between the free and the slave States and for the organization of a new and independent government of which slavery was to be the corner-stone. South Carolina seceded December 20, 1860; Mississippi, January 9, 1861; Florida, January 10; Alabama, January 11; Georgia, January 19; Louisiana, January 26; and Texas, February 1.

The secession of the latter State was followed in a few days, through the treasonable connivance of General Twiggs, who commanded the Federal troops in Texas, by the surrender of the military post and property under his command to an impromptu collection of about one thousand rebels in arms, purporting to act by authority of the convention which had issued the Ordinance of Secession.

These facts will give some idea of the condition in which President Lincoln found the country after his inauguration, but which was known to but comparatively few until after that event.

It may be convenient for the reader to find here a list of all the members of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet during both his first and second Administrations, the twenty-first and twenty-second Administrations of the Government.

TWENTY-FIRST ADMINISTRATION

Secretary of State:

William H. Seward, New York, March 5, 1861, succeeding Jeremiah S. Black of Pennsylvania.

Secretary of the Treasury:

Salmon P. Chase, Ohio, March 5, 1861, succeeding John A. Dix of New York.

David Tod, Ohio, June 30, 1864, declined.

William P. Fessenden, Maine, July 1, 1864.

Edwin D. Morgan, New York, February 13, 1865, declined.

Secretary of War:

Simon Cameron, Pennsylvania, March 5, 1861, succeeding Joseph Holt of Kentucky.

Edwin M. Stanton, Ohio, January 15, 1862.

Secretary of the Navy:

Gideon Welles, Connecticut, March 5, 1861, succeeding Isaac Toucey of Connecticut.

Secretary of the Interior:
Caleb B. Smith, Indiana, March 5, 1861, succeeding Moses Kelly (*ad interim*).
John P. Usher, Indiana (*ad interim*), January 1, 1863.
John P. Usher, Indiana, January 8, 1863.

Attorney-General:
Edwin M. Stanton, Ohio, reappointed.
Edward Bates, Missouri, March 5, 1861.
Joseph Holt, Kentucky, December 1, 1864, declined.
James Speed, Kentucky, December 2, 1864.

Postmaster-General:
Montgomery Blair, Maryland, March 5, 1861, succeeding Horatio King of Maine.
William Dennison, Ohio, September 4, 1864.

TWENTY-SECOND ADMINISTRATION

Secretary of State:
William H. Seward, New York, reappointed.

Secretary of the Treasury:
George Harrington (*ad interim*), March 4, 1865.
Hugh McCulloch, Indiana, March 7, 1865.

Secretary of War:
Edwin M. Stanton, Ohio, reappointed.

Secretary of the Navy:
Gideon Welles, Connecticut, reappointed.

Secretary of the Interior:
John P. Usher, Indiana, reappointed.
James Harlan, Iowa, succeeding John P. Usher.

Attorney-General:
James Speed, Kentucky, reappointed.

Postmaster-General:
William Dennison, Ohio, reappointed.

Mr. Lincoln's first Cabinet, purged by the resignation of the pro-slavery members of President Buchanan's Administration, had the appearance of being selected from a grab-bag. Not one of them was a personal or much of a political

friend of Mr. Lincoln; not one of them had ever had any experience or training in any executive office, except Welles of Connecticut, if he could be claimed as an exception because of having served three years in a bureau of the navy in Washington. Of military administration, still less of actual war, no member knew anything by experience. Each had been more or less of a local political leader at home, but every one had a more or less strenuous political adversary in several of his associates. The heads of the two most important departments, the Secretaries of State and the Treasury, were both disappointed candidates for the chair occupied by Mr. Lincoln. It was nothing less than providential that the President was so happily constituted as neither to share nor to provoke any of the jealousies or envies of either of them any longer, and, by his absolute freedom from every selfish impulse, gradually compelled them all finally to look up to him as the one person in whose singleness of eye only they could all and always confide. Not immediately, but in the course of two or three years, they got into the habit of turning to him like quarrelling children to their mother to settle all the questions which temporarily divided them.

On the 21st of January, 1861, I met the venerable Professor Weir, of the West Point Military Academy, in the cars on our way to New York, when he told me that Colonel Hardee, then the commandant of cadets at the Academy, was buying arms for his native State of Georgia, and that the Kembles, whose iron-works were across the river from West Point at Cold Spring, were filling a large order for him. He also said that Senator Jefferson Davis, who had resigned his seat in the Senate only the day before, had been for two years trying to demoralize and break down the Academy at West Point, and, failing in that, he had caused himself to be selected as one of the visitors the previous summer in order to utilize the opportunity to unsettle the loyalty of as many of the pupils and officers there as he thought could be available for the impending emergencies.

This story recalls the fact that, while Davis was serving as a visitor to the Academy the previous June, he came down with Hardee and spent the afternoon with us at The Squirrels. It was during the two or three weeks that he then spent at the

Academy that he effected the corruption of Hardee, who could not resist the temptation of wearing the chevrons of a major-general, though regretting, I know from personal conversation with him afterwards, that he had to secure them at the cost of living the rest of his days and dying a traitor.

A combination, engineered mostly by friends of Governor Chase of Ohio, to exclude Mr. Seward from the Cabinet of Mr. Lincoln developed so much force that I was urged to publish a letter in the Senator's behalf. A few weeks later, meeting Mr. Weed casually in the cars, he told me that when the fight against Seward for the Cabinet was raging, Seward handed the President-elect a letter withdrawing his acceptance of the office of Secretary of State to which the President-elect had invited him. Mr. Lincoln asked him for a few days that he might consider what he could, should and would do in the premises, and asked in the meantime that Mr. Seward would let what had passed be confidential. Finally, and on the day preceding his inauguration, Mr. Lincoln sent for Mr. Seward and told him that he could not get on without his help, and begged him therefore to retain the place or, to use his own language, to "hold on." Mr. Seward asked until the following day for reflection, when he accepted, and the President then and there gave Mr. Seward to understand that, whatever others might say or do, and wherever they might say or do it, he and Mr. Seward would not disagree, but were friends.

Weed also stated that the Cabinet had just sent Colonel Landor down to Texas with letters from Mr. Hamilton, a member of Congress from Texas and a Union man, to say to General Houston that if he was disposed to fight for the preservation of the Union, the Federal Government would supply him with money and men. It afterwards appeared that the general, who at the time was Governor of the State, either had lost confidence in himself, or was unwilling to compromise a scheme for Texan independence which he had been entertaining; he declined the proffer of assistance and protested against the concentration of troops or the erection of fortifications in Texas. This refusal was the end of Houston's career. He was nearly seventy years old, and no longer able to lead and direct as in the days when he first fought the battles of Texan independence.

The creation and development of Central Park had been for many years one of the special concerns of the *Evening Post.* This park had to start from small beginnings, and of course to worry through some years without any of the prestige of success. It was managed mainly by a board of merchants and business men who gave very little time to its affairs and rather begrudged what they did give. They were wise or fortunate enough, however, to have employed the late Frederick Law Olmsted as their adviser in laying out and supervising the improvements of the park. He had been in the habit of pouring into my ears accounts of want of harmony and of apparent indifference to the duties with which the park commissioners had allowed themselves to be charged, and I had from time to time given him such aid as was in my power.

In the latter part of January, 1861, he rather alarmed me by reporting a situation in the board which seemed to threaten the city with his withdrawal from that service. I felt that was a result to be prevented at all hazards, and I advised him to the best of my ability. The letter which follows was one of the results of that advice. I place it here because it shows for the first time, I believe, the perilous straits and risks through which the first considerable municipal park in this country had to pass in coming to its birth.

Mr. Olmsted was devoted to his profession and not in the least a politician, and when he wrote this letter he had reached a point where he found himself so helpless that he was quite ready to give the work up in despair. Had not some changes been made in the personnel of the board soon after this letter was written, he probably would have abandoned it. He finally did leave it all too soon.

FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED TO BIGELOW

CENTRAL PARK, Feby. 9th/61.

My dear Bigelow,

It 's a rather ungrateful task you propose to me, but as I am sure you must have a good reason for your request and as I happen to feel myself more at liberty to speak my mind

freely about the Commissioners than I have before for three years, I shall answer you with entire frankness.

The reports to which you allude are not unfounded. The Commission has in it so many cross-sticks that from the start very little business has been done directly and with a clear understanding and conviction of the rightfulness of its true bearing in the minds of a majority—almost none indeed. In the first place, I got three thousand men at work before half of them really understood that I had the authority for it. No one would take the responsibility of urging their discharge, and before winter we had got such a start that in the spring following, the park became a popular enjoyment, and the public demand to go ahead with the work carried the Commission in some way along with it. Still the real business of the Board was done and has always been done indirectly, under some questionable, discretionary authority. There is not a man of leisure in the Commission, and but one man is paid for his services in it, that is, Green. No one but Green knows or will take the trouble to inform himself of the facts bearing on any question of policy sufficiently to argue upon it effectually. Thus Green has it always all his own way in any debate, and the rather as his own way is generally the most cautious, the safest way, the way least open to superficial objection. Gradually this third year, the result has come to be that actually nothing is done in the Board unless Green has prepared it. Nothing is carried that Green does not approve. Nine tenths of all the business of the Board has recently been done by reference with power to a committee, and by reference of the Committee with power to Green. And no duty on my part, no appropriation for supplies or labor has been authorized without a clause "with the approval of the Comptroller" or of a Committee which practically re-delegates the trust to Green. Really at last, I have found that I could not act in the smallest detail, absolutely and literally, could not direct a matter involving an expenditure of 12½ cts. without I took the trouble to see Mr. Green personally and perfectly satisfy him that the said expenditure was unavoidable. The practical effect is that my hands are often tied just where it is of the highest importance that I should act with an artist's freedom and spirit, namely, in the last touches, the finish of my work. Finally I found that my character & standing not only as an

artist and a manager of works, but as a man of honesty & honor, was at stake. It is unnecessary that I should explain now. Of course I tendered my resignation. The President refused to present it to the Board, but called in an informal meeting of a majority, including Green, and I showed them in how very wrong a position they had allowed me to be placed. They all, including Green, acknowledged the justness of my statement of personal wrong, and promised to remedy it as soon as possible. A majority of the Executive Committee being present, in fact, at once authorized my most essential demand, and I am only waiting to secure some record of the general acknowledgment, from the President, to withdraw my resignation.

Now as to the Commissioners: to do justice to Green, he is fully entitled, not only to all the emoluments, but to nearly all the credit, which attaches to the Commission. As Treasurer, not a dollar, not a cent is got from under his paw that it is not wet with his blood & sweat. His tenacity in holding to it operates hardly on some poor fellows who earn the amount of their small bills ten times over in the labor necessary to overcome his constitutional reluctance to pay where it is possible to avoid or postpone or neglect payment. His intentions are good, and spite of his strong natural proclivities, he is honest and sensible in the main. He does, and always has done, a hundred times more work than all the rest together.

Russell, as Chairman of the Finance Committee, works well with Green and has been very useful—has done more for the park than anyone else, although during all the important part of the year he is at Newport. Gray has at times worked hard and effectually to carry important points for the park, both in & out of the Board. He is much interested & moves always impetuously, often erratically and inconsiderately. Grinnell is excellent, what we have of him. He rarely stays out a meeting & never sees the park. Hutchins does not attend one meeting in fifty. Few people in New York know so little of the park. Blatchford is a capital presiding officer, dispatches routine business rapidly and well. He is nothing—or does nothing—out of his seat. Butterworth is fearfully crotchety and has done more harm than good in the Board. Belmont & Fields have both been doing all the harm they could from the adoption of the plan. They have thrown every possible ob-

A.D. 1821 A.D. 1907

Sir William H. Russell

"Our Own Correspondent" of the *London Times*

struction in the way of business, and this with direct and avowed intention. Of the two, Fields has the most generous and manly impulses and is the least malicious. Belmont has been an unmitigated nuisance as regards the business of the Board. Stebbins is the only man of strong good taste in the Commission. He is valuable on that account, but is too busy with other matters and can't be depended on. Strong has left his resignation, I believe. He has been a useful Comr. in spite of his froth.

I think there *have* been some advantages attending the number of the Commission, but it is now unquestionably desirable that it should be reduced. I wish it could be made three instead of six. Either of the Democrats after Green & Stebbins will be sure to weaken it, and none of the Republicans will do anything except Blatchford & Russell. I doubt if Grinnell has been in the park but once since his appointment, and when in the Board room he scarce takes his eyes off the clock. He has a capital business instinct though & never delays anything. With the "Charity" business & the Insurance business & a yacht & a home in the country, it 's perhaps a wonder that he ever gives a thought to the park. But it 's much the same with all the rest. Except Green, who dines with me about every other Sunday, I don't see a Commissioner on the park on an average once in two months. If you ask how it happens that they have, on the whole, been so successful in their administration of the park-affairs, unquestionably the answer is, that that is the best government which governs the least. It is evident, however, that as the park approaches & takes on in points its finished condition, and as it comes more into use, that a little more personal knowledge of how it is used, and a little more sympathy with the daily wants of those who use it, is very much wanted in the Board. We have recently had, day after day, from 75,000 to 100,000 people in the park daily. Not one of the Commissioners is able to testify from personal observation of the wants of, or of the restraints required by, this multitude. Of the intense anxiety with which I sometimes watch the movements of this throng, no one in the Board has the most remote perception. The chief good which I hope to see result from the reduction is an increased individual responsibility & consequent interest & knowledge of the wants of the public in the park, among the Commissioners.

Glancing back at what I have written, some of it appears, I 'm afraid, rather flippant than frank. If so, it is because I know that I can trust to your personal knowledge to supply what is lacking to complete truth.

Yours very faithfully

Mr. William H. Russell accompanied the staff of the Army of the Potomac as "Our Own Correspondent" of the *London Times*. It was to his presence at the first battle of Bull Run that he was indebted for the name by which he still is most readily identified in the United States, a title which he incurred by giving his paper a highly realistic description of the occurrences of that day, including his personal adventures in returning to his base, which then was Washington City. Russell had to expiate the unfriendly tone of the print he represented, which made no disguise of its cordial sympathy with the insurgents in so far as they were supposed to be laboring for the dismemberment of our Republic.

It was my good fortune to make this gentleman's acquaintance in the summer of 1859, on our way to Thun in Switzerland, as I have already related. He was then famous as "Our Own Correspondent" of the *London Times* during the Crimean War. Less than two years from that time we met again in New York, whither he had been sent by the *Times* under circumstances thus described by himself:[1]

Early in February, 1861, I was asked by Mr. Delane, the editor of the *Times*, if I could make arrangements to proceed immediately to the United States to act as the special correspondent of that paper in observing the rupture between the Southern States and the rest of the Union, consequent upon the election of Mr. Lincoln and the advent of the Republicans to power. The letters of Mr. Bancroft Davis, the *Times'* correspondent at New York, were not in accord with the views of Printing House Square. He was an uncompromising Abolitionist; his correspondence was in direct antagonism to the *Times'* leaders. "The South," wrote Mr. Delane, "threatens to secede, but that has been held up as a menace for a long time, and the quarrel will be

[1] Recollections of the Civil War, by Sir William Howard Russell, LL.D., *North American Review* for February, 1898.

patched up; for the North cannot live without the South, and lives, indeed, a good deal on and by it," and so on for four closely written pages of note-paper. I had many reasons for declining the mission. My wife was in delicate health, my children were growing up, and since 1854 I had been constantly in exile in the Crimea, Russia, India, and Italy. My life was at that time very pleasant. The Garrick Club then afforded the most agreeable society I could wish, for Thackeray, Dickens, Shirley Brooks, Millais, Trollope, Reade, and other delightful people less known to fame, as well as many of the soldiers I had met in the Crimea and India, were familiar friends there. But I was urged by the editor, to whom I was bound by a hundred good offices, to make a sacrifice and to put on harness once more for his sake. I felt I had few qualifications for the post. I was almost entirely ignorant of the nature of the crisis and of the issues at stake, though I had read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," had attended abolition meetings at Stafford House, and read extracts from fiery speeches of Calhoun and other Southern orators in the London papers. I had a vague idea that the Southern States insisted on their right to break away from the Federal Union and set up on their own account if they liked, and that was all I knew. Mr. John Henry Dillon, an acquaintance of Mr. Mowbray Morris, the manager of the *Times*, and of Mr. Delane, to whom I was referred for further information, was an ardent partisan of the South. Mr. Dillon astounded me by arguments to prove that the authors of the Union had provided for its disintegration by the machinery of States' Rights; and, finally, he confided to me, as a precious arsenal containing arms for the destruction of Abolitionists and Republicans, an immense volume of articles, neatly pasted in order, from the *New York Herald*.

. . . . . .

On Sunday, the 3d of March, I embarked at Queenstown in the Cunard steamer *Arabia*. . . .

On the evening of March 16, after a stormy passage, the *Arabia* arrived in New York, and I was installed that night in the Clarendon Hôtel under the wing of my old friend Colonel Rowan, R.A.

Being the representative of an institution which exercised at that time more power over the public opinion and the Government of England than all the other journals of the world combined, Sir William's letters written during his brief stay among us—a brevity for which he was indebted chiefly to Mr. Lincoln's Secretary of War—will be found to possess an in-

terest now far exceeding that which they inspired when written, clever and agreeable as, of course, they always were.

In a letter received from him about a month previous to his mission to the United States he gave me what I regard as representing pretty fairly the attitude of his mind toward the struggle just begun in America when he reached our shores.

WILLIAM H. RUSSELL TO BIGELOW

Crystal Palace Hotel, Sydenham, W.
London, Feby. 4, 1861.

My dear Bigelow:

My wife is still a very great invalid, but thank God I can hope now—some weeks back I dared not. And now let me congratulate you on the news you tell me in your very welcome letter. You retire from the laborious part of life just as I may be said to be about to face it, and if there be any I could envy it would surely be one who in the vigor of his intellect, with every bodily and mental power at its best, with all that charms at home and makes a fireside happy, sits down calmly and joyously to direct himself to the cultivation of the finest parts of literature in the full confidence that when he has fulfilled his allotted task he may say too *"exegi monumentum"* and be assured it will endure.

I can easily fancy that there is one bitter drop in the cup, which has been distilled out of the present sad conjunction of affairs in the United States; for no patriotic heart can be indifferent to such a lamentable exhibition of blind fury and suicidal madness. Every friend of despotism rejoices at your misfortune; it points the moral and adorns the tale in every aristocratic salon; it is the shame of them who have perhaps over zealously advocated the absolute perfection of the great Republic; it is assuredly a grave and serious obstacle to the march of constitutional liberty. Our people in Europe are so violent that the spectacle does not attract all the attention which should be paid to the most important social & political phenomenon of the later ages of the world, the result of which will be felt for good or evil to the end of time. But no good Englishman feels any sentiment but one of intense

respect and great sympathy. Give my kindest regards to Mrs. Bigelow, remember me to the children, and write often to, yours, dear Bigelow,

Always very faithfully & sincerely

WILLIAM H. RUSSELL TO BIGELOW

Willard Menagerie,
Den 55,

Washington [*circa* April 14, 1861].

My dear Bigelow:

I have been in great expectation of hearing from you, but you can appreciate how far it has been well grounded. On Wednesday I leave this Kingdom of Lincoln and travel into that of King Jefferson Davis armed with a passport and a *mens conscia recti*—the latter may be useful in the region indicated even if I am unable to part with it.

I fear, my friend, you are going to immortal smash. That little lump of revolutionary leaven has at last set to work in good earnest and the whole mass of social and political life is fermenting unhealthily. Of course you all try to disguise your trouble and your danger by talking of the lesson to the world, moral force, no blood-shed etc. etc. But the world will only see in it all, the failure of republican institutions in time of pressure as demonstrated by all history—that history which America vainly thought she was going to set right and re-establish on new grounds and principles. I fail to discover among the men I have come in contact with any "veneration" for anything—it 's a useful bump—good government grows under it. I have seen a good deal of Seward; he rather affects the *vieux diplomat* tone and is fond of talking of "Lords" etc., of his acquaintance in England. He is not at all communicative. Story, God bless you, I have none to tell, Sir. Chase seems to me a strange man. Mr. Lincoln looks honest and intelligent. Of all the men I have met Douglas appears to me to be the nearest to a statesman. On the other hand, Roman is a capital old Lord Chamberlain; Crawford is but

as Rupert, and Forsyth[1] well balanced and deep as a well. They are much more disposed to tell me in confidence what will not come back here for a month than Seward to whom I put the case and who with abundant civility evaded it. Now I am perfectly satisfied that on no question can England exercise a greater influence than the present, and I am sure no power is so potent in producing that effect on public opinion which must determine the course of England as my own popular little periodical. I think all the preparations which are going on—small they are indeed—mean the security of Tortugas and Key West. They are most important strategic positions whether it be peace or war and a concentration of troops there must prove an endless source of very great embarrassment and trouble to the Government of the South and in the end force them to make war or sue for a compromise. If a part of their troops be destined for war it means that the Govt. has a good understanding with Mexico, and with Mr. Houston. I heard from my wife by this mail. She is still very weak and nervous, and I think if I stay long here I must bring her over. Where is Mrs. Bigelow? Give her my kindest regards, and tell her that I passed through Baltimore at night. . . .

I am ever, my dear Bigelow, with sincere regard

The Mr. Henderson referred to in the following note was a member of the firm of Bryant & Co. and its business manager. He had solicited my aid to procure him the appointment of Navy Agent in the city of New York.

SALMON P. CHASE, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY, TO BIGELOW

WASHINGTON, March 11, '61.

My dear Sir:

I sincerely desire that your wishes in respect to Mr. Henderson may be gratified unless Mr. Bryant presents some

[1] Andrew B. Roman, John Forsyth and Martin Crawford were the representatives of the provisional Confederate Government in Washington to try to arrange for a peaceful secession.

other gentleman as his choice. The New York appointments, however, are but very partially under my control. The President desires that all the Republican interests be consulted & in doing so it is necessary to make other concessions.

If Mr. Bryant wd. go to Europe (say Paris) & take Mr. Godwin as Private Secretary he should have my voice. His approbation & yours have cheered me greatly in my *"hard times."*

You may be sure I did not take this post willingly or without a clear perception of the future disadvantages. But did not Milton say "Duty is of more worth than glory"?

Cordially yours

The first gun for secession was fired from Charleston on Fort Sumter the 12th of April, 1861, and seven days later the news reached us of the secession of Virginia and of the order issued from Washington for burning Harper's Ferry Arsenal to prevent its contents falling into the hands of the secessionists; that the troops from New England passing through Baltimore toward Washington were fired upon and stoned, and that finally they returned the fire, and several persons were killed.

Civil War was now fairly upon us. Senator Sumner called upon me the following day, and his first remark to me was curiously characteristic—that Massachusetts had the glory of shedding the first blood in this contest for freedom, as at the battle of Lexington. It seemed as though passing through Baltimore without any shedding of blood would have been a disappointment to him.

On Monday, the 6th of May, George Morgan brought me a dispatch from his cousin, Governor Morgan of New York, and afterwards a letter from him stating that Governor Dennison of Ohio had telegraphed him to come to Cleveland to meet the governors of Pennsylvania, Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, or to send a representative. The Governor said he could not leave Albany then, and desired me to go as his representative to this conference.

I took the train that afternoon for Albany, spent the night with the Governor, and left for Cleveland the next day, where I arrived about six o'clock on the following morning.

I met there with Governor Dennison, Mr. Swayne (afterwards a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States), Judge Swan, Governor Randall of Wisconsin, Governor Blair of Michigan, and Major-General McClellan, who had been recently invested with the command of the military forces of the State of Ohio.

Governor Dennison produced satisfactory evidence that Governor Macgoffin of Kentucky was a traitor and was arming his State as fast as he could to resist the Union. He read a series of intercepted dispatches passed between Moore, Governor of Louisiana, and Macgoffin, closing a bargain for $200,000 worth of guns, all originally stolen from the United States and bought by Macgoffin for Kentucky. The Governor said he had invited us to meet him to consult about the duty of the Northern border States in case they were assailed, as they were liable to be any day, and received, as he feared, no protection from the Federal Government. He said that he had received no intimation from Washington in regard to its policy for this defence, not even an official copy of the President's proclamation; that his telegram was unanswered, his special messengers fared little better; that there was every reason to apprehend that the secessionists would cross the Ohio River as soon as they could get arms and complete the preparations they were making; that the north border of the Ohio River was entirely defenceless, while the Government at Washington was doing nothing for its security so far as he had any knowledge.

He avowed his intention to send Judge Swan and Colonel Swayne to Washington to present these facts to the Government and ascertain whether it meant to prosecute the war aggressively or simply to show with how little disturbance it could be carried on, and to do as little as possible to hurt the feelings of the South.

He was himself for an aggressive war. He said he had twenty thousand soldiers on foot who had left their various employments at great sacrifice to defend their Government, but they would not be content to spend all summer lazing in camp, nor would he ask them to. Neither was he willing to answer for the loyalty of the Northwest if this policy of neglect was continued much longer. "We must defend ourselves if we are not defended, and," he added, "it is very dangerous to teach any fragment of a nation that it is capable of taking

care of itself." He wanted permission to march into Kentucky and Virginia with his troops. He wanted a Western division of the army organized to impress West Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, West Virginia, Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan; and he suggested that McClellan, who had the rank, should have charge of this army. He also wished orders from Washington to prohibit the export of provisions from the Ohio and Mississippi rivers to any of the slave States. His own orders to that effect in Ohio, he said, were enforced; but similar orders from other governors were violated with impunity, which made discontent among Cincinnati merchants, who complained that their sacrifices, instead of doing good, only increased the trade of other States.

All of us present assented to the justice and the pertinence of Governor Dennison's suggestions and agreed to send commissioners to act with his at Washington. They urged me to go also. I said I must return to the Governor at Albany, and he would determine what further should be done; that I had no doubt, when I came to report to him what I had heard, that he would be impressed as I had been, and if he saw any advantage to be gained by sending a messenger to Washington, he would be sure to send one.

I reached Albany the next morning at five o'clock, went to the Governor's residence before he was up, and told him my story. He said he was delighted that I had gone; he agreed with everything we had done from the beginning; he had been in favor of an aggressive policy—his military board had adopted some resolutions to that effect and sent them on to Washington already, thus practically anticipating the action of Governor Dennison. We agreed, therefore, in view of that fact and of the sufficiency of the testimony of the sentiments of the meeting at Cleveland borne by those who were to bear it to Washington, that there was no need of my going on, or any one else at present. The Governor added that he thought he would want me again, and wished to know if I could come. I told him I should be glad to do anything that he thought I could do better than any one else, if there was any such thing, but that I would not compete for any public service, as I had enough to busy myself with at home. I only wished to do my share, however, at a time like the present, when every man's service belonged to the public.

Mr. Weed came in as I was leaving and said there was a

great want at Washington of some suggestive mind; that the want of military talent was conspicuous. He thought, however, that the Administration was at last awake. It was proposed to move an army into Virginia from the north and enter by water up the James River, and then make a junction, Harper's Ferry and Norfolk to be promptly retaken. "Unfortunately," he added, "Blair is tender-footed when they talk of taking strong measures against Maryland, and Scott also when Virginia is to be disciplined."

I heard nothing more of the governors' appeal to the Federal Government until the following October, when Secretary Seward issued a circular to the governors of the seaboard and lake States, in which, after a special reference to the general apprehensions of foreign intervention, he said:

> I am able to state to your satisfaction that the prospect for any such disturbance is now less serious than at any previous period during the course of the insurrection. It is nevertheless necessary now, as it has hitherto been, to take every precaution that is possible to avoid the evils of foreign war, to be superinduced upon those of civil commotion, which we are endeavoring to cure.

He then urged the primary importance of protecting our outposts and harbors on the seas and lakes. In reference to the appeal of the governors he said that in previous wars the loyal States have applied themselves by independent and separate activity to the support and aid of the Federal Government in its arduous responsibilities.

> In view of this fact, and relying upon the increase and continuance of the same disposition on the part of the loyal States, the President has directed me *to invite your attention to the improvement and perfection of the defences of the State over which you preside, and to ask you to submit the subject to the consideration of the Legislature when it shall have assembled.*

Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania sent the Secretary a very captious reply to this circular, the spirit and tone of which are sufficiently conspicuous in the first paragraph:

> I received a few days since an envelope, apparently from the Department of State at Washington, enclosing a slip from a newspaper

purporting to be a copy of a letter from you to the Governor of New York. This mode of communicating advice by the Government of the United States to the State authorities is so unusual that I am not justified in assuming, as I do, that the communication is authentic. I am glad to learn that the prospect of a disturbance of our amicable relations with foreign countries is now less serious than it has been at any period during the course of the insurrection. The duty of taking precautions against such disturbance is appropriate to the Government of the United States, and as, when the prospect was more serious, it was not thought fit to invite to the subject the attention of Congress, which had authority of making suitable provision, I do not understand how the fact that it is now less serious can afford a reason for calling on individual States which have no such authority. What Congress has done or omitted you of course must know, but it seems strange that general appropriations for military purposes should render lawful the expense of fortifying Washington, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and other places, and yet that the Government should falter under an apprehension of want of authority when the question is of fortifying seaboard and lake ports.

The Governor's State pride was wounded by receiving a circular intended for all the governors addressed directly to the Governor of New York. He probably was not aware that Governor Morgan of New York had made an appeal to the State Department for prompt protection of the border States full six months previous to this reply of his to Mr. Seward's circular, and it is safe to presume the official copies were sent by the State Department to each of the governors of the States that were represented at the Cleveland conference, and it is possible that, in consequence of Pennsylvania not being represented at that conference, the advice contained was not supposed to be needed there, and hence the Governor first heard of it through a newspaper copy. He winds up a long and intemperate criticism of the Government, however, with the following ill-disguised menace:

I have but to say that Pennsylvania, in any way that may be required, will give her last man and her last dollar to quell domestic treason or drive back foreign invasion, and will leave to a more quiet season the discussion and decision of the various questions that may arise from steps that have been taken during the existing crisis.

PRESTON KING TO BIGELOW

Washington, Jany. 26, 1861.

My Dear Sir:

Yours of yesterday is recd, for which accept my thanks. I do not know but there may be other candidates in our County though I *do not know* that there is.

I desire Mr. Dart's appointment and shall recommend it to the President.

As to the safety of Washington we cannot do otherwise than rely on the action of the Public Authorities—though there was a time when it was not certain but we should have to call on the sovereigns themselves to come and protect their Capitol from the conspiracies of their servants.

Holt & Scott mean to make it safe and I think they will. They mean to have a thousand regular troops here—Three Batteries of flying artillery and some cavalry. They are disinclined to invite State Troops though, if through their spies they learn any thing that they shall deem sufficient to require it, Genl Scott would be ready to invite State Volunteers. I suppose the law does not authorize a call for Militia or Volunteers from the States. I think Holt a very sensible man and a true one.

Truly Yours

PRESTON KING TO BIGELOW

Washington, Jany. 30, 1861.

My Dear Mr. Bigelow:

I congratulate you and Mrs. Bigelow on the happy event of which your letter of 29 brings me intelligence. You are a fortunate and happy man and long may the Blessings which a good Providence has given you make your life as happy as I think you deserve to be.

There is no more general truth than that a man is not injured by what he does not do himself. I noticed the fact

you mention by being unable to find it. Never allow yourself to remember it.

I hope we shall get through here without compromise but nothing is certain and the present state of public affairs makes it more difficult to calculate on what will happen than usual. But there is an apparent firmness in the great body of our folks that is most gratifying and all we hear of Lincoln contributes to this steadiness. My faith is strong that our Country will go through this most dangerous passage and find firmer and safer foundations for her free institutions than they have ever had. *We are now encountering the single great danger which the original founders feared.* If we can once overcome the lawless giant which has so long ruled the Government and threatened liberty and the public peace we may hope for a return to the early policy of the whole Country which looked to the ultimate extinction of Slavery. We must do our whole duty, and have faith in the wise Providence that overrules the affairs of men and nations. I am happy in a faith that defies despair.

Yours Truly

PRESTON KING TO BIGELOW

WASHINGTON, Feb. 11, 1861.

My Dear Friend:

I thank you for your report, interesting to me as being the subject of a part of it. Nothing would be more welcome to me than a fair full report of our interview so far as I was concerned and a clear and distinct statement of my position, as it would save me all the trouble of defining it—a thing by the way which I have never yet felt the necessity of doing.

If the Report is published please do not fail to send me a copy of it.

Providence in one way & another that we should not think of ourselves, is helping us along here. It is probable that the Peace Congress or Virginia conference of delegates from the States will carry us over a good many days and aid to bring the 4th of March innocuous. The Gulf States are moving rapidly while Buchanan's time lasts.

If I had not become almost a religious man (in very truth) I do not know but I should think there was trouble ahead. But my faith is perfect that we, that is our Glorious Country, is to go through all the perils that threaten, with safety & honor.

Yours truly

PRESTON KING TO BIGELOW

Washington, Feb. 16, 1861.

My Dear Sir:

Your letters, always welcome, you will allow me to say are none the less so because you seem to write under a little irritation. You speak kindly of the few words I said to Mason the other day—and then blaze a little. Don't allow yourself to be disturbed by a few words that may fall out by the way side when a traveller is surrounded and compelled to say something when perhaps he would be glad to be silent. What Lincoln has said is on the right side though I have been disposed to wait for the Inaugural. The Lord will take care of all these things. We are going safely through I trust—but we need all the wisdom and self possession that the Lord will give us.

Upon the Tariff bill you have a thing to pound and you pound it with right good will. I do not see how with the opinions existing here the passage of the bill can be avoided. Indeed I suppose I must vote for it. We struck out the effort to restrict the warehousing system today and leave that untouched. I appreciate what you say but there are difficulties on whichever side we turn our eyes. We must take the best path we can and move on with good courage. I am particularly obliged to you for saying what you do about the tariff because if it was possible it should influence my action—but I do not see how I can turn aside from it—or how my action could change the result. Nobody can tell what Buchanan will do or will not do. If you come across one of the Committee's pamphlets send me one.

Full of faith and hope & with my love to all yours

Yours truly

WILLIAM HARGREAVES TO BIGELOW

Craven Hill Gardens, Hyde Park,
5 June, 1861.

Dear Mr. Bigelow:

. . . . . .

Turning to our less important home politics—I am sure you will congratulate us on our triumph of this year. The Commons have passed a Bill which the Lords cannot refuse, and we shall at last have a free press indeed! We have had no such party struggle since the Repeal of the Corn-Laws, and, measured by its results, this will probably be no less a Revolution. Verily, they know not what they have done. With a penny paper in every village the Squires will go mad, and shall I add to perdition. We have now a circulation of penny papers daily of 300,000—against the *Times'* 45,000. What will the ratio be when the pennies reach one million which they soon will do? My wife and all our friends unite in most kind remembrances to Mrs. Bigelow and yourself—and I am

Most truly yours

PRESTON KING TO BIGELOW

Washington, July 19, 1861.

My Dear Friend:

Yours of July 15 is recd. I thank you for its kind invitation and intend after Congress adjourns to take some leisure and count with pleasure upon a visit to you at the Squirrels. Nothing has occurred of note in the City since you left. Genl McDowell is advancing, of which you have the news. Genl Scott told me today that *he expected news of an assault at Manassas Junction before to-morrow night.*[1] Every conceivable mode of supplying the vacancies at West Point have been proposed and all have been voted down in the Senate. Some-

[1] The result is known to history as the first battle of Bull Run.

thing may yet be done to come from action in the House. I send you the Message and documents which are just printed. My kind remembrance of all at the Squirrels.

Yours Truly

PRESTON KING TO BIGELOW

WASHINGTON. July 24, 1861.

Dear Friend:

Yours of July 23 recd. Be not cast down. The disaster at Manassas is very sad and we mourn. But there is no cause for discouragement. The Republic will live and triumph over Treason. God reigns—and his power is over all.

. . . . . .

Very Truly Yours

The following letter was written after the first battle of the Civil War, known to history as the battle of Bull Run, General Irvin McDowell commanding on the Union side and General Beauregard commanding the Confederates.

WILLIAM H. RUSSELL TO BIGELOW

WASHINGTON, July 27, 1861.

My dear Bigelow:

It is not true that I commanded the Confederates in person or led off the Federalist centre; neither did I lie on my stomach disguised as Raymond of the *Times* and kill Beauregard with a pistol tooth pick as he rode insultingly over the battle field; neither did I say that I had never seen such slaughter at Solferino (where I was n't) or at Inkermann where I was; nor did I set down the loss of the Federalists at 12,000

(though I do think every way, it was near *1200*); in fact anything you see in print about me, contradict point blank on my authority, even if it be that I am a gentleman who regards his word, (for then I should begin to doubt it was so) or that I told any one anything in strict confidence, for then I am certain it is not true, and he would not print it correctly, in his anxiety to keep his trust. I don't mind telling you that a battle which should never have been fought at all, was hardly fought—*vu* the means to the end—was unsuccessful—and was terminated by the most singularly disgraceful panic and flight on record, with consequences of a more serious nature politically than were militarily evident. The attempt made to disguise the disasters of an army which left its guns and wagons (which could not be rallied at Centerville or even at Fairfax: "the wicked flee when no one pursueth") and fell upon Washington utterly routed by its own fears, must make the affair even more disastrous, because the smallness of the loss and the greatness of the actual result are withering commentaries on the monstrous mouthings about "unparalleled heroism" and the "orderly retreat" which appear in one of the papers. I hope Mr. Wilson[1] is satisfied now. He and those like him have inflicted a heavy blow on their cause. You used to say you wished almost that the North should be beaten in the first fight, but surely, not on such terms as these. I tell you I am satisfied from what I saw—particularly of the Penn. regiment which deserted the field on the day of battle *because time was up*—of the officers running from the field shouting out "we 're whipped" and of the men who could not be held together, that the North will be beaten by the South as long as it relies on the present set of officers or of men. Not but that the men may fight bravely enough when re-organized, tho' this army will *not do* so till that process has been effected. The South is national and more so than you are. She says "come along, my boys." You have said to Germans and Irish "go along, my boys!" And though they will fight well they must have officers with some *esprit militaire,* who don't spend their lives at the bars, but work as I have seen the "drinking" Southerners work at drill. I had a nice day of it; once fired

[1] Senator Wilson of Massachusetts had been denouncing General McDowell in the Senate for his delay in giving battle to the insurgents who were in full force within a dozen or fifteen miles of Washington.

at by one of our men for stopping his flight, another time nearly done for by another scoundrel—and such a ride into Washington! I have been ill the last two days from a "Run" —not bloody or big, but weak and watery, and I can't write much more. I hear from my wife every mail. She is very sad and very nervous and not at all strong.

Yours truly always

During a visit which I made to Washington early in July, and only a few days before the first battle of the Civil War, I rode with old Mr. Francis Blair and with Mr. William H. Russell over to the headquarters of General McDowell at Arlington. I had known McDowell since he was a lieutenant on the staff of General Scott, and we were quite intimate friends. I had great esteem for him and great confidence in his military capacity. He walked with us through the camp. He said to me, "This is not an army. It will take a long time to make it an army." He seemed greatly depressed during our entire visit.

A day or two later, on the 11th, I breakfasted with him at Arlington, and he rode back with me to town. He seemed oppressed more than ever with the weight of the responsibility resting upon him, and he made me realize how profoundly, by a remark which he made to me: "I envy you more than any man living," meaning by that that I was in a position of no further responsibility, even as a journalist. The poor fellow could not proclaim his distrust of his army to the public. He was an untried officer. The Commander-in-chief was a septuagenarian, unable to take the field, the President and his Cabinet were every one untried executive officers and entirely without skill in or experience of military affairs, nor was there any power to be invoked competent to silence the clamor for the army to move. I pitied him as I had never pitied any man in my life before. It finally seemed wiser to General Scott that McDowell should no longer risk the consequences of delay. The battle so disastrous and humiliating to the Union cause was fought on the 21st of July, 1861. I was moved to write the general a brief note expressing my

tenderest sympathy for him personally and my unimpaired confidence in him as the Commander of our armies. The letter which follows is his reply:

MAJOR-GENERAL McDOWELL TO BIGELOW

ARLINGTON, July 30, 1861.

My dear Bigelow:

Many thousand thanks for your kind note. It is my chief consolation at this time, that my friends seem warmer towards me than ever. I have many evidences that they do not give me up to the tender mercies of the *dear press!* though I must say for the latter that they are not as savage as I expected. For the most part they have dealt fairly by me, and where they have erred, have not done so intentionally.

It is certainly a great consolation to get such notes as yours and Prof. Mahan's and it encourages me to try again even with such a vicious system as that we are now working under —the Volunteers.

Most of my subordinate commanders, however, are in despair and so are many of the regimental and company officers.

One N. Y. Regt. is so entirely demoralized that the best thing we can do with it will be to send it home as worthless. In another, all the field officers have resigned.

When the regts. were repulsed, the officers could not be found to take care of their men!

The first Zouaves are scattered every where and are worthless!

Is not this a cheering state of affairs?

With kindest regards to Mrs. Bigelow,

Yours sincerely

Early in the month of July, 1856, John Charles Fremont had been nominated as a candidate for the Presidency by the Free Soil, Free Speech and Free Labor party, consisting of the anti-

slavery and the antislavery extension wings of the old Whig and Democratic parties. He received at the election in November 114 electoral votes from eleven States, Buchanan, the Democratic candidate, receiving 174 electoral votes from nineteen States. Fremont's popular vote was 1,341,000, against 1,838,000 for Buchanan. His prominence in this contest and his connection by marriage with Senator Thomas H. Benton of Missouri led, soon after the breaking out of the Civil War, to his receiving from President Lincoln a commission as major-general and an assignment to the command of the Western District. On the 31st of August, 1861, he issued an order emancipating all the slaves owned in his district by people who were in arms against the United States. As this order was unauthorized and by the President deemed premature, it was annulled, and the general was relieved from his command.

Mr. James Bowen, the author of the following letter, was an unusually thoughtful, intelligent and judicially minded man, who took a lively interest in public affairs, had always been a confidential friend of Mr. Seward, and shortly after this letter was written was appointed by Mr. Lincoln to a very responsible office in New Orleans—I think it was provost-marshal. When his services there became unnecessary by the recapture of New Orleans from the Confederates, he returned to New York and resumed the position he had formerly held as Commissioner of Emigration.

I received few letters from any one during the Civil War whose forecast of the future seemed to be less disturbed by the noise and excitement then naturally prevailing among all classes in America. It is a pleasure to contrast the sobriety of his judgments with the recklessness of many occupying far more responsible positions, albeit his approval of Fremont's performances in Missouri was a little hasty.

JAMES BOWEN TO BIGELOW

Dear Bigelow:

The event of the week is Fremont's liberation of the slaves of Missouri. Though in exact conformity with the proclama-

tion of the President it was, I believe, unexpected at Washington, and I think would have been forbidden had the Cabinet been consulted. But the declaration has been made and it is wonderful to see the general approval of the act. The press acquiesce in the expediency and justice, but the press but faintly represents the hearty approval of the great mass of the Community. I have not yet seen the man either democrat or republican who doubts its wisdom. As an indication of the popularity of the measure, I will state that I have written to Seward to-day officially that five thousand Germans are prepared to enlist in this city, provided they can be placed under Fremont, who will not enlist to serve under another Command. Fremont is the favorite General of the Germans. But no such decided preference would have been expressed, had he not issued his proclamation freeing the slaves of secessionists in Missouri.

You recollect the agreement of the Banks to take the loan of 150 millions—50 millions on the 19th Augst.—50 millions on the 15th Oct. provided the first portion should be disposed of. The disposition of the first requires the transfer to individuals of a million a day, but thus far, the maximum amount disposed of on any day has been about $350,000.—There should not be an unfavorable augury from this, for the Secy. of the Treasury has not yet issued the notes, and Capitalists are indisposed to subscribe before they shall have appeared in the market. I think the Banks which have taken the loan have but little apprehension of its lying in their vaults. And in connection with this loan I must mention one of its incidents in which you were implicated.

While Chase[1] was negotiating with the Bankers in New York he wrote to the President that to ensure success it was necessary Stevens'[2] son should be appointed Consul to Paris —immediately on receipt of the letter, your Commission was made out. You know, I suppose, that Cameron[3] had expressed his readiness to leave the Cabinet. A week since it was probable that both he and Welles[4] would vacate their offices.

[1] Salmon P. Chase was Secretary of the Treasury.

[2] President of the Bank of Commerce.

[3] Secretary of War and for many years United States Senator from Pennsylvania.

[4] Secretary of the Navy and editor of the *Hartford Times* during the Presidency of Jackson and Van Buren.

The opportunity afforded by taking the loan for the exercise of power could not be lost by our mercantile friends, so a committee was appointed by the Bankers of Boston and one by the Bankers of this City to repair to Washington and represent to the President the public necessity of turning out Welles, Cameron and Seward. Welles and Cameron, whom a puff of wind would have blown from their places a week ago, are now immovable. The success of the expedition to Cape Hatteras has greatly elated our people; the disgrace of Bull Run is lost in the glory of the naval victory.

We begin again to direct our eyes to Washington. A battle from the near proximity of the two armies seems inevitable and speedy. The Cabinet has no apprehensions of the next Conflict though I fear their confidence is, in fact, based on their ignorance of the strength of the enemy. We have about 120,000 men between Washington and Harpers Ferry. What the strength of the rebels may be I do not believe is known north of their camp.

Parties will be broken up in this state this fall and new crystallizations formed. Our people will nominate for state officers, men in favor of the vigorous prosecution of the war without respect to their former political views. I think D. S. Dickinson[1] will be on our ticket.

Yours sincerely

New York, 4 Sept. 1861.

On the 14th of August, 1861, the following dispatch reached me at my country home:

Mr. Motley goes out in the *Europa*, from Boston, August 21. Can you go at the same time?

F. W. Seward.

This was my first official information, if such it could be regarded, that I had been appointed Consul to Paris.

On the following day I left for Washington to learn from President Lincoln and Secretary Seward why they were send-

[1] A Hunker Senator from New York then acting with the Union party.

ing me out of the country, as I had expressed to no one, nor experienced, any desire for public employment. Mr. Seward said that the Government had selected me for the Paris consulate not primarily for the discharge of consular duties, which were then trifling and every day diminishing, but to look after the press in France. Our legations and consulates had been filled largely, not to say exclusively, during the Administration of President Buchanan, with men of more or less doubtful loyalty, and London and Paris were swarming with Confederate emissaries. The officials and unofficials were all equally active in propagating the impression that the insurgent States had been wronged and oppressed by the Washington Government; that Confederates were fighting only for their common-law rights, not for slavery; that disunion was inevitable and imminent, and that neither the Washington Government nor the people of the loyal States in the impending quarrel had any just claim to the sympathies or respect of any foreign power. Mr. Seward said it was important to dispel these impressions without delay. For this purpose he was anxious that the official representatives of the new Administration should hasten to their posts, and he relied upon me to see that the people of France were enlightened as speedily as possible in regard to the nature and extent of our domestic troubles.

The day following my arrival in Washington and my conference with Mr. Seward, Preston King, Senator from New York, invited me to go with him to be presented to President Lincoln, an invitation which of course I embraced with alacrity; for as yet I had not met him and knew him only by his famous senatorial campaign against Douglas in Illinois and the masterly address which he delivered at the Cooper Institute shortly before his nomination in New York, at which my partner Mr. Bryant presided. Of his personality as yet I had no distinct impression, and in that respect I think most of the country outside of Illinois were much in my condition. There had been nothing in his advent at Washington, whither he was obliged to find his way in a humiliating disguise, to inflame the popular heart, and our capital swarmed with his political enemies.

He had probably no more loyal and devoted friend in the Senate than Preston King. "The impression Lincoln had left upon him during the two months of his Presidency"—I quote from my diary—"was that he was not only unequal to the

present crisis, but to the position he now holds at any time." He had been requested by Mr. Lincoln, through Vice-President Hamlin of Maine, to ascertain whether Seward would decline the portfolio of Secretary of State if it were offered to him. "King said he ventured a little in the direction of the President's wishes, but soon discovered that it would not do for him to go further. He told Hamlin that the President had better ask Seward directly for the information he sought, for he felt that he was not the proper person to undertake such an embassy. Such was about the substance though not the precise words which King used. They were accompanied by a suggestive laugh which to those who knew King always meant more than his words."

"About a fortnight later Seward came to King to say that Mr. Lincoln wanted him for his Prime Minister, and in view of the peculiar situation of the country, which was ascribed mainly to him, he could not honorably refuse his assistance, etc. Seward, he added, has acquired a very controlling influence with the President and is very much disposed to do, and be responsible for everything done, himself."

It is rather a curious psychological fact that the impression which President Lincoln made on most people who saw him during the first months, perhaps I may say the first year, of his Administration corresponded substantially with that received by Senator King. I was constantly meeting men directly from Washington, and there was an almost uniform lack of that enthusiasm which usually accompanies the accession of a new dynasty and a new dispensation of patronage.

Mr. Lincoln, the new President, received us in his private room at an early hour of the morning; another gentleman was with him at the time, a member of the Senate, I believe. We were with him from a half to three-quarters of an hour. The conversation, in which I took little or no part, turned upon the operations in the field. I observed no sign of weakness in anything the President said, neither did I hear anything that particularly impressed me, which, under the circumstances, was not surprising. What did impress me, however, was what I can only describe as a certain lack of sovereignty. He seemed to me, nor was it in the least strange that he did, like a man utterly unconscious

A.D. 1809 — Abraham Lincoln — A.D. 1865

Sixteenth President of the United States

of the space which the President of the United States occupied that day in the history of the human race, and of the vast power for the exercise of which he had become personally responsible. This impression was strengthened by Mr. Lincoln's modest habit of disclaiming knowledge of affairs and familiarity with duties, and frequent avowals of ignorance, which, even where it exists, it is as well for a captain as far as possible to conceal from the public. The authority of an executive officer largely consists in what his constituents think it is. Up to that time Mr. Lincoln had had few opportunities of showing the nation the qualities which won all hearts and made him one of the most conspicuous and enduring historic characters of the century.

Lincoln's greatness must be sought for in the constituents of his moral nature. He was so modest by nature that he was perfectly content to walk behind any man who wished to walk before him. I do not know that history has made a record of the attainment of any corresponding eminence by any other man who so habitually, so constitutionally, did to others as he would have them do to him. Without any pretensions to religious excellence, from the time he first was brought under the observation of the nation, he seemed, like Milton, to have walked "as ever in his great Taskmaster's eye." St. Paul hardly endured more indignities and buffetings without complaint. He was not a learned man. He was not even one who would deserve to be called in our day an educated man—knew little rather than much of what the world is proud of. He had never been out of the United States nor seen much of the portion of them lying east of the Alleghany Mountains. But the spiritual side of his nature was so highly organized that it rendered superfluous much of the experience which to most men is indispensable—the choicest prerogative of genius. It lifted him unconsciously above the world, above most of the men who surrounded him, and gave him a wisdom in emergencies which is bestowed only on those who love their fellowman as themselves. His Gettysburg speech is perhaps, on the whole, the most enduring bit of eloquence that has ever been uttered on this continent, and yet one finds in it none of the tricks of the forum or the stage, nor any trace of the learning of the scholar, nor the need of it. In the ordinary sense of the word Mr. Lincoln was not a statesman. Had he

come to power when Van Buren did or when Cleveland did, he would probably have left Washington at the close of his term as obscure as either of them. The issues presented to the people of the United States at the Presidential election of 1860 were to a larger extent moral questions, humanly speaking, than were those presented at any other Presidential election. They were: first, the right of the majority to rule; second, the right of eight millions, more or less, of our fellow-beings to their freedom; and, third, the institutions and traditions which Washington planted and Jefferson watered, with the sacrifices necessary for their preservation. These questions subordinated all other political issues and appealed more directly and forcibly to the moral sentiments of this nation than any issues they had ever before been called to settle either at the ballot-box or by force of arms. A President was needed at Washington to represent these moral forces. Such a President was providentially found in Lincoln, even as the son of Kish found a crown while searching for his father's asses.

Looking back upon the Administration and upon all the blunders which, from a worldly point of view, Lincoln and his immediate advisers seemed to have made, and then pausing to consider the results of that Administration, so far exceeding in value and importance for the country anything which the most foresighted statesman had expected or conceived, we realize that we had what above all things we most needed, a President who walked by faith and not by sight; who did not rely upon his own compass, but followed a cloud by day and a fire by night, which he had learned to trust implicitly.

I sailed with my family for Liverpool in the *Persia* on the 28th of August, 1861, and while the disastrous battle of Bull Run, fought on the 21st of July, was still casting gloomy shadows over the country. After a week spent in London to look over the situation with Mr. Adams and with some English friends whose judgment I valued, I left for and reached Paris on Saturday, the 13th of September.

I took possession of the consulate on the following Monday, and made myself as useful to the Government as I knew how to, in that position, until I was transferred to another of larger responsibilities.

WILLIAM H. RUSSELL TO BIGELOW

WASHINGTON, Augt. 3, 1861.

Quando digressu veteris confusus amici
Laudo tamen—Buttermilk Falls!
—Gratum litus amœni
Secessus.

Ferryman who directs the skiff across the turbid lacteal stream, when wilt thou receive me? Alas! I cannot answer, for whilst you, sinking patriotism in philosophy, Homœopathy, buttermilk & domestic joys, gaze out upon the struggle from the branches filled with congenial Squirrels, grim Mars holds me to the front & rumor of Nemesis, Atropos & Lachesis, Gorgons, Hydras & Chimairas dire lacerate my soul with instant fears of fray & murder. Well, there 's no people as ever I seed or heerd on takes a batin' with such complacency as the children of Hail, Columbia, Happy Land, &c. &c. No, Bigelow, I can't go, & that 's a fact, for some time to come, but really & truly you 'll see me dropping in to you like a 13 in. shell some of these days, & I 'll give you due notice by a preliminary report. It was a beautiful exercise of gymnastic vigour, friend B.—that on 21st of ult. The Federalists acted like an Irishman at a fair—ran away when they had knocked down their enemy—afraid of the police coming perhaps. I shall always go in the front in future. What is it all going to end in? I remain faithful to my original belief that it 's all up with U. S. but of course no real U. S. man will believe it. Even conquest, subjugation & submission won't make it so, as it was. The illustrations in U. S. papers are absurd. Ireland & the rebellion for instance. It broke out in two counties at a time that Ireland had its own Parlt. & it was that Parlt. wh. was most active in voting men & money to put down the insurrection in Wicklow, Wexford, &c. The other parallels suggested are more unparallel.

By mail July 15 date I recd a brief from wife. Still invalid. Great nervous suffering & latest born not very well. All others very beany. Give my kindest regards to Mrs. Bigelow. I wish you would tell me what papers to read. I have *Times, Tribune, Herald* at present.

Yours ever very truly

Will there be a compromise?

WILLIAM H. RUSSELL TO BIGELOW

Washington, D. C., Augt. 27, '61.

Redde incolumen precor!

My dear Bigelow:

I 'm not kilt yet, tho' the *Herald* is doing its best to get me assassinated—*contempsi Catilinæ gladios,* etc. No news here. Nothing really doing of any sort. I wish Mrs. Bigelow and you a really pleasant, safe and happy voyage—good news whilst away, and a return to a peaceful country and home. The latter I fear is little likely politically speaking.

I hear I 'm the best abused man in America— The little dogs and all, Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart, see how they bark at me— Bow wow wow from the *mouth*— *"North and South shout in each other's mouth."* Bow wow wow from the Austral world. If I can't grin I can bear it. Why I get exactly the same sort of language, *minus* the ruffianly threats and insults because I told the truth in the Crimea and in India. And so know that I am adamant—except, to pressure from a friend's hand, physically I 'm very soft.

When you left America last, you left also
A free Press—Prosperity—A Constitution—
Habeas Corpus
Peace

I hope you may come back and find them. There is now—
No freedom of the Press—A passport system—Domiciliary visits—
Police surveillance—Fort Lafayette—a bastile—
No freedom of the person—
War calamity and distress—
Irresponsible Govt.—

I hope you 'll see Thackeray and Delane.

I need scarcely say it 's not true I have been refused a pass to go where I pleased—I have one.

Kind regards, good wishes,—and that I may soon see you on my own account.

Sincerely

XI

CONSUL AT PARIS

1861–1864

IN the early part of September, 1861, the report became current in Paris that Garibaldi had been invited by our Government to take the supreme command of the Union army. This report was bread to the imperialistic journals in Paris. I at once pronounced the report, in its length and breadth, absurd. At the same time I was aware that Henry S. Sanford, our Minister Resident at Brussels, had been down to see Garibaldi, and I did not know to what extent he might have contributed to the plausibility of this report.

A day or two after reading about it in the *Patrie,* I met with Mr. Beckwith, an old acquaintance and a brother-in-law of the late John M. Forbes of Boston, then residing in Paris, who told me that he had accompanied Sanford, at his request, on his visit to Garibaldi, and gave me a pretty full and, I have no doubt, accurate account of what occurred. He said in substance that the United States Consul at Antwerp had written to Garibaldi expressing a wish that he would throw himself into the great struggle pending in America, and that Garibaldi had written in reply that he would be most happy to do so if Italy would spare him; that Trechi, an intimate friend of Garibaldi and an officer in the confidence of the King, took a note to Garibaldi from Sanford stating that the United States Government had been gratified to learn that he had expressed an interest in the struggle between slavery and freedom waging there, and expressing Sanford's wish to know whether the general was disposed to entertain a proposition to enter our service. Trechi soon came back with a rather pompous note addressed to the King, in which Garibaldi said in

substance, "The Americans desire me to take command of their armies; does your Majesty need me here, or shall I go?" etc. The King was not pleased with the note; said it was impossible to give Garibaldi anything to do, that he was entirely impracticable, did not appreciate the King's situation and relations with Austria and France, etc., and began to dictate a letter to Trechi. He had not dictated many lines before Trechi begged his Majesty to excuse him from being the bearer of such a note, and advised his Majesty not to send it; "for," said he, "Garibaldi is a power in Italy; the Italians love him. What you have written would offend him seriously, and that you cannot afford to do at present." Finally the King said he would consult his council.

The result was that Garibaldi was given to understand that he might go. "Thereupon," Beckwith continued, "Sanford and I went down to Caprera and made the offer he had been authorized to make, a major-generalship in our army and the payment of the incidental expenses of transporting Garibaldi and a few of his companions whom he might deem indispensable. Garibaldi rejected the proposal; said he was good for nothing to work under any one else, that he must have the supreme command, with authority to proclaim the freedom of all the blacks in the United States, if on getting there he should think such a step advisable."

Of course Sanford had to decline both propositions and to return to Brussels a little ashamed of the incident he had provoked.

Beckwith said Garibaldi was poor but would allow no one to give him money. He had an insatiable ambition, however, and his exclusion from public life was excessively irksome to him. He doubtless hoped his letter to the King would have been followed by an offer of some public service in Italy, and was no doubt greatly disappointed by the result.

I wrote Mr. Seward congratulating him that Sanford's mission had proved abortive, but fail to find any copy of my letter.

Soon after General Andrew Jackson became President of the United States, he invited Francis P. Blair, a young man then residing in Kentucky, though by birth a Virginian, to become the editor of the *Globe,* a newspaper about to be established at Washington, to be what was termed in those days

"the organ" of the Administration. Mr. Blair owed this compliment, it is said, to an article against the South Carolina doctrine of Nullification, or the right of any State to withdraw from the Union when so disposed, which he published in a Kentucky newspaper, and which attracted the attention of the President. The *Globe* began its career in 1830, and became the organ not only of the Jackson but of successive Democratic administrations until the accession of President Polk, when a lack of harmony between his views and those of the Administration led Mr. Blair to retire to his country place at Silver Spring, Maryland, where he resided until his death on October 18, 1876. In 1848 he supported Mr. Van Buren, the candidate of the Free Soil or antislavery extension party, for the Presidency against Lewis Cass, the candidate of the Democratic party.[1] Because of his unequalled familiarity with our national affairs, his rare good sense, his high personal character, his courage and sterling patriotism, he continued to the day of his death to be the political Nestor of every Administration in Washington, and probably had more of the confidence of President Lincoln, and as much influence in shaping his policy so far as that policy was not misshapen by events over which the President had no control, as any other person.

In 1864 Mr. Blair conceived the idea that, through his personal acquaintance with many of the Confederate leaders, he might be able to effect a peace. Without telling the President of his intention, he asked for a pass to the South, and had several interviews with Jefferson Davis and others. His efforts finally led to an unsatisfactory "peace conference" on February 3, 1865. After Lincoln's death Mr. Blair's opposition to the reconstruction measures and to the general policy of the Republicans led to his coöperation with the Democratic party, though his counsels were disregarded by its leaders till 1876, when Mr. Tilden was nominated for the Presidency.[2]

Mr. Blair conceived a distrust of Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, at an early stage of Mr. Lincoln's Administration, having never sympathized politically with Mr. Seward, who,

[1] For an explanation of the provocations for this schism in the Democratic party, which led to the organization of the Republican party and the abolition of slavery in the United States, see Bigelow's Life of S. J. Tilden (Harper & Brothers).

[2] See Appleton's Cyclopedia.

prior to the formation of the Republican party, had always acted with the Whigs. It is rare that a man who has none of the responsibilities of office, however extensive may have been his experience in public affairs, is competent to appreciate or fairly to criticise the officer who bears those responsibilities. They are not in communication with the same currents of information, and therefore are always judging from a different state of facts. Hence, with the purest intentions, their liability to disagree. To illustrate this we need go no further back than to Bismarck's public deliverances after his relegation to private life, and Mr. Gladstone's assaults upon the Salisbury government for declining to interfere by force of arms between the Sultan of Turkey and his Armenian subjects. Neither was judging precisely the same state of facts as the administration he criticised was dealing with.

Lord Stanhope, in his Life of Pitt, speaking of the embarrassments growing out of Pitt's consulting with Addington after his retirement from office, makes this remark: "It seems to me that on this point Pitt's determination was perfectly right and wise. I should say from my observation of Politics that a Statesman in Office can never long continue to consult a Statesman out of Office with mutual satisfaction and to the public advantage except in the single case when the Statesman out of Office has explicitly and finally renounced every idea of himself returning to power." I am not clear that even the exception here is well taken.

It is doing no injustice to Mr. Blair to assume that in the repose of his easy-chair he knew much less of what the Government could advantageously do toward suppressing the Rebellion than Mr. Seward, who was in telegraphic communication with every township in the country, and in constant communication with the chief representatives of every shade of public opinion abroad as well as at home. In the distinction here stated will be found probably the best explanation that can be offered for much of the censure passed upon Mr. Seward in the following letter. It deserves also to be borne in mind by the reader that at the writing of this letter Mr. Blair was in his seventy-first year.

FRANCIS P. BLAIR TO BIGELOW

SILVER SPRING, 26 Oct. 1861.

My dear Bigelow:

As you told me you liked, when abroad, to get my views of our situation, let me begin with a résumé.

Your friend, Seward, has been a nightmare on the administration. Let me mark the steps he has taken in frustration of the President. When the President put his foot on the car for Washington, he announced his mission to be the restoration of the Govt., and to retake all that had been taken from it by secession. He had proclaimed his purpose to make Seward his Premier in advance; and the first step of this Minister was to prepare to frustrate the policy declared by the President. In Weed's paper,[1] in the Astor House speech—in a set speech in the Senate, he made compromise his counteracting policy. He proposed "concession" (to use his own word) to the Traitors who had taken up arms to break down the abandoned union and "offered the right hand of fellowship to violence." The Gulf States scorned the overture. If they had acceded to it the policy of Buchanan, again dictated by the South, would have been renewed under Seward—as the whole South, holding its seats in the Senate then, commanded that body in coöperation with Seward, it could have dictated the Cabinet. As it was, this overture secured his first point, the confirmation of his nomination. Meantime the seizure of all the undefended forts and property of the Govt. went on in the South with orders to reduce the rest.

The administration was installed with a reiteration in the Inaugural of the purpose to restore the Govt. in its integrity. Mr. Seward then opened a negotiation with the border slave states in direct repugnance [thereto]. His proposal through the emissaries of the Oct. Convention was the surrender of Fort Sumter—a virtual surrender to the seceded states of the right they asserted—in consideration of an adjournment of that convention without passing an ordinance of secession; the object being to prevent the immediate coalition of the border

[1] *Albany Evening Journal.*

states with those of the Gulf. This diplomatic mode of preventing the march of the revolution, postponed all energetic movements to stay it. Its active instruments gained time, without obstruction to their belligerent operations, & the union lost its great depots in the South. The Norfolk Navy yard and its ships were taken and Harpers Ferry, its arms and machinery fell into their hands, and the Capitol—the Govt. itself —had well nigh fallen by these [illegible] of Mr. Seward's compromised friends. They arrested the war entirely on our side while it was pushed rapidly on the other.

Now he has paralyzed the Govt's. movements in the western department, disconcerted by Fremont in the first instance and at this moment brought to a standstill by Seward's machinations to keep him in command. This general has set himself up by a sort of Mexican *pronunciamento*—by Martial law superseding the Constitution, the law and the President—into a dictatorship and has proclaimed a new political issue by ignoring a private order written to him by the President and giving manumitting papers to slaves in contravention of law and the President's instruction. Besides his whole course of maladministration in regard to purchase of appointments, setting at naught law and military regulations, and his incapacity as an officer evinced in the abandonment of Lyons & Callogan. All demanding his removal have been overruled by Seward's management though thrice resolved on by the President, and we are now likely to have the abolition phrenzy on an enlarged scale, brought into the conflict to divide us in the North under auspices of Fremont and Seward. I think Seward's idea is that the now notorious incapacity of the former will leave the old rider of the abolition Hobby on his back and master of the field.

But I write now to bring to your view another blunder of the Premier from which I hope you will deliver us in France where the motives of it if ascribed to our Govt. or people must make a bad impression. The association of the Bourbon heirs with the staff of the commander of our armies is an insult to Louis Napoleon both as a man and Emperor. If it be an appeal to his fears, thus setting up rivals and making them part of our military forces, it shows a want of respect in our Secretary for the courage and genius of the first man in Europe—and it must be offensive to the Emperor, though despising such

petty attempts, to see our liberal Govt. lifted up to independence by the soldiers of France, giving place to the outcasts of the great nation which has just given independence to Italy, by discarding from that fair country the remnant of the despotism of the House of Bourbon, while we afford it nurture here.

Let me assure you that this act of Seward does not correspond with the feeling of the rest of the Cabinet, of the President, or people. The country knows what its liberal institutions and those of the world owe to the two Napoleons. The first won the heart of this country by the battle which drove Austria out of Italy and made a Roman state at Marengo. The battle of Solferino was not a less glorious blow for freedom as felt by every patriotic American. In this crisis of our fate we turn our eyes to the second Napoleon to assist in saving our Republic upon the same principle as that by which he has established the unity of Italy. He will baffle the machinations of England as he has baffled those of Austria, and the American as well as the Italian people will hail him as the saviour of popular sovereignty in the two hemispheres.

Give my love to Mrs. Bigelow, and believe me,

Your most obedient servant and friend

RICHARD COBDEN TO BIGELOW

Midhurst, 18 Nov. 1861.

My dear Sir:

A dispatch was sent by General Cass to Mr. Mason at Paris, I think a year or two ago, upon the subject of Belligerent right in time of war. A copy of this dispatch was read by Mr. Dallas to Lord John Russell, who gave a quotation of it in a speech in the House of Commons, Feby. 18, 1861 (see Hansard).

As no doubt a copy of this dispatch is in the Archives of the Legation at Paris, my object in writing is to ask you whether I could have a copy,—in confidence if such be the understanding.

I want this document in the interests of peace and goodwill

between this country and the United States. Out of this Civil war will I hope rise a determination on the part of all the Maritime States to adopt as the future maritime law of the world the suggestions which first emanated from America for abolishing blockades, and exempting private property at Sea from capture by armed government vessels.

I hope you and Mrs. Bigelow are well.—Pray tell her that I have an addition of a daughter to my family and that mother and child are doing well.

With our kindest regards to you both, I remain,

Yours truly

I should think that young Mr. Adams at the American Mission would be able to find you the document,—he is sharp at such matters. But do not mention my name in the matter, excepting in quoting my quotation in Hansard.

THE SEIZURE AND SURRENDER OF THE CONFEDERATE COMMISSIONERS

A little before midnight of Friday, the 11th of October, 1861, a dozen or more ladies and gentlemen were gathered together upon the wharf in Charleston harbor.

The night was pitchy dark, and it was raining violently. In a few minutes only after their arrival, the party were seated in a ship's pinnace, till then invisible, that had apparently been waiting for them at a few oars' length from the landing. Two or three strokes of the oars were heard, and the boat with its new burden was swallowed up in the darkness again.

The party in the boat, who were embarking upon a voyage which was destined to make some of them more famous than any other event of their lives, consisted of James M. Mason of Virginia and John Slidell of Louisiana, commissioners from the "Confederate States," the first to England and the second to France; Mr. McFarland, secretary to Mr. Mason; Mrs. Slidell; Miss Matilda Slidell; Miss Rosina Slidell; Mr. Eustis, who was Mr. Slidell's secretary; Mrs. Eustis, a daughter of

Mr. Corcoran, the head of a leading banking house in Washington, but at that moment a prisoner in Fort Lafayette; Colonel Le Mat of Louisiana, and two or three others of less political importance who were profiting by the opportunity to find a refuge in foreign lands.

In a few minutes after leaving the wharf, the party were on board the small steamer *Theodora,* lying in wait for them inside the bar. By one o'clock her cables were slipped and she was gliding as noiselessly and as invisibly as possible down the bay. As she passed Fort Sumter the lights on board were darkened, the engine slowed, and other precautions were taken to escape notice, and with entire success. She was soon beyond the reach of the glasses or the guns from the fort, and on the open sea.

On the 16th she arrived at Cardenas, on the island of Cuba, where the commissioners disembarked. On the 7th of November, with their families and secretaries, they sailed from Havana for Southampton in the British royal mail-steamer *Trent.* About noon of the following day, while running the narrow passage of the old Bahama Channel, a steamer was sighted from the *Trent,* directly in her course and apparently waiting for her, but showing no colors. On approaching her, Captain Moir of the *Trent* hoisted the British ensign, which, however, received no attention. When the two ships were within about a quarter of a mile or something less, the strange vessel fired a shot across the *Trent's* bow and ran up the American flag. The *Trent,* declining to receive orders from the stranger with or without the American flag, held on her course and paid no attention to the summons. As soon as time enough had elapsed to leave no doubt of her purpose, a shell from the American's forward deck burst about one hundred yards in front of the *Trent.* This was a summons Captain Moir could not disregard, and the *Trent* was slowed. Presently a boat put out from the American vessel and boarded the *Trent.* The officer in command, Lieutenant Fairfax, asked for a list of her passengers. The captain refused to give it or to recognize the right of the officer to ask for it. Lieutenant Fairfax then called out the names of the rebel commissioners and their secretaries, and said those were the persons he was in quest of; that he knew they were on board, and his orders were to bring them away with him at all hazards. Captain

Moir declined to recognize the authority of the intruder to meddle with his ship or passengers, and refused to give up the commissioners.

Lieutenant Fairfax then said he would be obliged to take possession of the ship, and thereupon made the appropriate signal to his commander. Without delay three boats, containing thirty marines and about sixty sailors heavily armed, put out from the American ship and rowed alongside.

Seeing that further resistance would be worse than fruitless, Messrs. Slidell, Mason, Eustis, and McFarland, who meantime had come on deck, proceeded to get their personal baggage and descended with it into the boats, the ladies of the party deciding to remain on board the *Trent* and go on to Liverpool. The commissioners were taken to the frigate, which proved to be the *San Jacinto,* under the command of Captain Wilkes, which had just arrived from the coast of Africa and was on her way to New York. The commissioners were brought to New York, and, by orders from Washington, placed in confinement in Fort Lafayette. A few days before leaving Charleston the commissioners addressed letters to R. M. T. Hunter, then Secretary of State of the Confederacy, in which they give at length some further particulars of their departure and voyage to Cardenas, to which subsequent events have given importance.

In the following extract from Slidell's account of his first interview with the Emperor Napoleon at Vichy on the 16th of July, 1862, he gives some additional particulars of his treatment while a prisoner in Fort Warren, which I quote because they effectually dispose of the allegation, quite current at the time, that the commissioners were rudely and discourteously treated, as criminals rather than as prisoners of war which they claimed to be.

I spoke of the submission of the neutral powers to a blockade which for more than six months had existed only on paper as having inflicted on us incalculable injury; that the submission to a blockade not enforced in accordance with the principles of international law and the fourth article of the Treaty of Paris, the voluntary renunciation of the right to trade with ports not really blockaded, were in fact a violation of the neutrality which the European powers professed

to observe, and that we were especially disappointed that France, who had always championed neutral rights, should for the first time have failed to assert them.

The Emperor said that he had committed a great error which he now deeply regretted. France should never have respected the blockade; that the European powers should have recognized us last summer, when our ports were in our possession and when we were menacing Washington. "But what," he asked, "can now be done? To open the ports forcibly would be an act of war; mediation if offered would be refused, and probably in insulting terms, by the North, and mere recognition, while of little advantage to you, would probably involve us in a war."

To this I replied that a large portion of our coast was not even now effectually blockaded; vessels were constantly arriving at and departing from Charleston, Wilmington and other small ports. These might be declared open, and the declaration, if necessary, enforced by arms. The Northern Government would bully and menace, but experience had fully shown what value should be placed on their threats.

They had first instructed their ministers to say that our simple recognition as belligerents would be considered as an act of hostility; that we had been so recognized; then that any communication with our agents, even unofficial, would be considered and followed by the like consequences; that our privateersmen should be hanged as pirates; they had threatened Holland with war because she had permitted the *Sumter* to take supplies of provisions and coal in her ports; yet in all these instances and many others that could be cited, finding that their menaces had been disregarded, or, as in the case of the privateers, retaliatory measures would be adopted by the Confederate States, they had, with bad grace it is true, but very quietly, abandoned their absurd and insolent pretensions. The last and crowning instance of loud boasting and ignominious backing out was the affair of the *Trent*. The commander of the *San Jacinto* had been fêted, wherever he went, as a conqueror; his journey from his landing at Boston[1] to his arrival at Washington was one continual ovation; the Secretary of the Navy officially endorsed his action; the House of Representatives voted him a sword by acclamation; the President and his Cabinet openly declared that the prisoners should never be surrendered, and the entire press without exception denounced as cowards and traitors all who ventured even to hint that the seizure was illegal. Yet they had succumbed so soon as the peremptory demand to give up the prisoners was made by England, backed by the significant letter of M. Thouvenel.

[1] Whence the prisoners had been transferred by orders from Washington.

The Emperor asked me how I had been treated while a prisoner. I answered: not discourteously, but that we had been very indifferently lodged at Fort Warren. His Majesty occupies, by the way, a small house at Vichy, and received me in his only "salon" there and one of very modest proportions. I told him that we were four prisoners in a room about one-fourth dimensions of the one in which we were sitting, which served us for bedroom, saloon, and dining-room, at Fort Warren, but that fortunately we had found there a very agreeable mess established in a kitchen. I took this occasion to say that I regretted not to have had an earlier opportunity of presenting, on behalf of my wife and children, my thanks for his friendly interposition to which I mainly attributed my release, but that I had always regretted it, because if we had not been given up it would have caused a war with England, which would have been of short duration, and, whatever might have happened to myself, the result must have been advantageous to our cause. The Emperor said that he thought I was right; that he regretted to say that England had not appreciated his friendly action in the affair of the *Trent;* that there were many reasons why he wished to be on the best terms with her, but that the policy of nations necessarily changed with circumstances, and that he was consequently obliged to look forward to the possible contingency of not having always the same friendly relations as now existed.

LORD LYONS, BRITISH MINISTER AT WASHINGTON, TO EARL RUSSELL, BRITISH MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS

WASHINGTON, November 19, 1861.

My Lord:

I have already informed your lordship by telegraph that Mr. Mason and Mr. Slidell, who are believed to have been on their way to England and France as commissioners from the so-called Confederate Government, were taken by force out of the British mail-packet *Trent* by the U. S. ship *San Jacinto* in the Bahama Channel and brought to this country as prisoners.

The copious extracts from American newspapers which I have the honor to inclose[1] will make your lordship acquainted with such particulars concerning this unfortunate affair as have transpired here. They will also convey to you a tolerably correct idea of the impression which it has made upon the American public. The evidence of

[1] Not found.

the English witnesses on board the *Trent* will probably reach London about the same time as the present dispatch. Without a knowledge of that evidence it is impossible for me to form any correct opinion of the character of the transaction. I have accordingly deemed it right to maintain the most complete reserve on the subject. To conceal the distress which I feel would be impossible nor would it if possible be desirable; but I have expressed no opinion on the questions of international law involved; I have hazarded no conjecture as to the course which will be taken by her Majesty's Government. On the one hand I dare not run the risk of compromising the honor and inviolability of the British flag by asking for a measure of reparation which may prove to be inadequate. On the other hand I am scarcely less unwilling to incur the danger of rendering a satisfactory settlement of the question more difficult by making a demand which may turn out to be unnecessarily great.

In the present imperfect state of my information I feel that the only proper and prudent course is to wait for the orders which your lordship will give with a complete knowledge of the whole case. I am unwilling moreover to deprive any explanation or reparation which the United States Government may think it right to offer of the grace of being made spontaneously. I know too that a demand from me would very much increase the main difficulty which the Government would feel in yielding to any disposition which they may have to make amends to Great Britain. The American people would more easily tolerate a spontaneous offer of reparation made by its Government from a sense of justice than a compliance with a demand for satisfaction from a foreign minister.

. . . . . .

I have, &c.

The effect of this "outrage upon the British flag," as it was the fashion to term it, was startling. It absorbed the conversation of the drawing-room and the council-chamber, and was a subject of fierce debate in every college club and palace of several continents.

Immediately upon the receipt of the news at the Admiralty, a Cabinet council was summoned by Lord Palmerston to determine whether Mr. Adams's passport should not be sent to him. To the rebels and their sympathizing partisans in Europe the news gave infinite delight, for they assumed that Captain Wilkes had not acted without the sanction of his Government. They hoped and believed England had received an insult to

which she could not submit; that the United States would never make the only reparation possible that would be satisfactory—the surrender of the commissioners; and, finally, that a war between the two countries must ensue, that England would be obliged to help fight the battle and thus help establish the independence of the Confederate States.

The loyal Americans in Europe were filled with concern, for this event seemed to have deprived them of the few friends in the press and in public life that had not already abandoned the Union cause. The Tory press of London were of course anxious to make the most of their grievance. The *Morning Herald* trusted "there would be no delay in avenging an outrage unprecedented even in American lawlessness." The *Post,* which was reputed to reflect the policies of Lord Palmerston, said: "The insult was most gratuitous; was unwarranted by the code of nations; was not only to be duly felt but deeply resented." The *London Daily News,* which had been neutral at least, if not friendly to the Unionists, for a few days lost its balance and scolded us very sharply.

The only journals in England that refused to join in this cry were two papers established by the political friends of Mr. Bright, one in London and one in Manchester, and which the *Morning Herald* signalized for public execration in an editorial article commencing as follows: "With two exceptions which together constitute but one, all the morning journals of London and of the country are unanimous in their expressions of disgust and indignation at the American outrage. Mr. Bright by his London and Manchester organs stands forth in opposition to the honor and the universal feeling of his country: now, as ever, hateful in the eyes of all educated and thoughtful men; now, as ever before, the object of the scorn and reprobation of all Englishmen."

The French press naturally took a somewhat more dispassionate view of the seizure, not being directly interested. Besides, the French people are wont to contemplate with Christian composure any event which promises to embroil their insular neighbors with foreign powers and at this time especially with America. Besides, in Paris as in London, those who for any one of manifold reasons desired the success of the Confederates rejoiced over the seizure of the commissioners and sought to give the grievance great international importance.

Our political friends among the French people were thor-

oughly demoralized. They took it for granted that Captain Wilkes had acted under orders; that we could not recede; and that England would become the active instead of, what she had till then seemed, to some of us at least, to have been, the passive ally of the Confederates. They did not see how it was possible for them to defend the act in the press or in the Chambers. There was a time within the three days which immediately followed the news of the seizure when one could have counted on his fingers about all the people in Europe not Americans who still retained any hope or expectation of the perpetuity of our Union. They took it for granted that we would fight until we were satisfied that there was no use of fighting longer, and then we would agree to some terms of separation. All faith in our final success was practically extinguished.

It was all the more trying a moment for loyal Americans, and especially for Federal officials in Europe, that we had no transatlantic telegraph in those days, nor had we any official information as yet of the relations which the Washington Government sustained to Commander Wilkes's adventure. And yet we were expected to encourage and strengthen our friends to the best of our ability until we could be reinforced from home.

A day or two after the news reached Paris, I called upon the venerable Garnier-Pagès about ten o'clock in the morning. M. Pagès had been a member of the provisional government under Lamartine in 1848, and was now again one of the half-dozen Republican members of the Corps Législatif under the Second Empire. I had known him since 1859, when I was presented to him by the late Robert Walsh of Philadelphia while Consul in Paris. He was now as then an ardent Republican and a stalwart friend of the Union cause, partly because of his aversion to slavery, partly because of his aversion to the Imperial Government, which was suspected of inclining to the rebels, and partly because he believed that the future of republicanism in Europe depended upon the success of republicanism in America..

I found him very much disturbed and already looking upon disunion and its consequences as inevitable in the near future.

I felt that it would never do for a person of his age, activity and zeal to be allowed to go up and down among the Republicans of Paris in the frame of mind in which I found him. I

immediately proceeded to state as well as I could all the reasons that occurred to me for refusing to regard the seizure of the commissioners as an event likely to have a serious or permanent influence upon the war.

My talk occupied about twenty minutes. When I had done he said: "Why won't you sit down and write out just what you have said to me, and publish it over your own signature to-morrow morning? It would have a very reassuring effect and would afford as substantial comfort to others as" (he was pleased to say) "it has afforded to myself."

I replied to him that, by the rules of our service, I was not allowed to correspond with the public through the newspapers; but, as he attached so much importance to an authoritative statement of the kind I had made to him, I promised to lose no time in finding some suitable person to make it. General Winfield Scott, who had just been relieved from the duties of Commander-in-chief of the Union armies, had arrived in Paris only the day before. It occurred to me at once that Scott was the person to make the statement, and Mr. Thurlow Weed, who was also then in Paris and an intimate friend of the general, was the most immediately available person to prepare the general's mind for it. I immediately repaired to Mr. Weed's hotel, a few blocks off, related to him briefly what had occurred, and asked him if he thought General Scott would be willing to publish such a statement as was called for. Mr. Weed said he did not doubt but he would not only be willing but well pleased to do it. It was then arranged between us that he should go to the general's hotel and secure his consent, while I should repair to my office and prepare the statement he was to sign, in case he might shrink from the task of preparing such a statement himself. In the course of an hour or so Mr. Weed rejoined me at my office and said the general thought well of my suggestion and would receive me at his rooms at 2 P.M. At the hour appointed I repaired to General Scott's apartment in the Hotel Westminster, and read to him the letter which in the meantime I had prepared. Knowing as I did that the general had no mean opinion of his skill in the use of the English language, I felt some hesitation in reading it to him, and was immensely relieved when he signed it without altering a word or suggesting a modification.

The letter ran as follows:

GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT TO A FRIEND

My dear Sir:

You were right in doubting the declaration imputed to me that the Cabinet at Washington had given orders to seize Messrs. Mason and Slidell, even under a neutral flag, for I am not aware that the Government has ever had that point under consideration. At the time of my leaving New York it was not known that the *San Jacinto* had returned to the American seas; and it was generally supposed that those persons had escaped to Cuba for the purpose of reëmbarking in the *Nashville*, in pursuit of which vessel the *James Adger* and other cruisers had been dispatched.

I think I can satisfy you in a few words that you have no serious grounds for concern about our relations with England, if, as her rulers profess, she has no disposition to encourage the dissensions in America.

In the first place, it must be superfluous to say to you that every instinct of prudence as well as of good neighborhood prompts our Government to regard no honorable sacrifice too great for the preservation of the friendship of Great Britain. This must be obvious to all the world. At no period of our history has her friendship been of more importance to our people; at no period has our Government been in a condition to make greater concessions to preserve it. The two nations are united by interests and sympathies—commercial, social, political and religious—almost as the two arms to one body, and no one is so ignorant as not to know that what harms one must harm the other in a corresponding degree.

I am persuaded that the British Government can entertain no doubt upon the point; but if it does, I feel that I may take it upon myself to say that the President of the United States, when made aware of its existence, will lose no opportunity of dispelling it.

Nor is there anything, I venture to affirm, in the seizure of these rebel emissaries which ought to receive an unfriendly construction from England. Her statesmen will not question the legal right of an American vessel of war to search any commercial vessel suspected of transporting contraband of war; that right has never been surrendered by England; it was even guaranteed to her by the Treaty of Paris; and British guns frowning down upon nearly every strait and inland sea upon the globe, are conclusive evidence that she regards this right as one the efficiency of which may be not yet entirely exhausted.

Of course there is much that is irritating and vexatious in the exercise of this right, under the most favorable circumstances; and it is to be hoped the day is not distant when the maritime states of the

world will agree in placing neutral commerce beyond the reach of such vexations. The United States Government has been striving to this end for more than fifty years; to this end early in the present century, and in its infancy as a nation, it embarked in a war with the greatest naval power in the world; and it is even now a persistent suitor at every maritime court in Europe for a more liberal recognition of the rights of neutral commerce than any other great maritime nations have yet been disposed to make.

But till those rights are secured by proper international guaranties upon a comprehensive and enduring basis, of course England cannot complain of an act for which, in all its material bearings, her own naval history affords such numerous precedents.

Whether the captives from the *Trent* were contraband of war or not, is a question which the two governments can have no serious difficulty in agreeing upon. If Mr. Seward cannot satisfy Earl Russell that they were, I have no doubt that Earl Russell will be able to satisfy Mr. Seward that they were not. If they were, as all authorities concur in admitting, agents of the Rebellion, it will be difficult to satisfy impartial minds that they were any less contraband than a file of rebel soldiers or a battery of hostile cannon.

But even should there be a difference of opinion upon this point, it is very clear that our Government had sufficient grounds for presuming itself in the right, to escape the suspicion of having wantonly violated the relations of amity which the two countries profess a desire to preserve and cultivate.

The pretence that we ought to have taken the *Trent* into port and had her condemned by a prize court, in order to justify our seizure of four of her passengers, furnishes a very narrow basis on which to fix a serious controversy between two great nations. Stated in other words, our offence had been less if it had been greater. The wrong done to the British flag would have been mitigated, if, instead of seizing the four rebels, we had seized the ship, detained all her passengers for weeks, and confiscated her cargo. I am not surprised that Captain Wilkes took a different view of his duty, and of what was due to the friendly relations which subsisted between the two governments. The renowned common sense of the English people, I believe, will ultimately approve of his effort to make the discharge of a very unpleasant duty as little vexatious as possible to all innocent parties.

If under these circumstances England should deem it her duty, in the interest of civilization, to insist upon the restoration of the men taken from under the protection of her flag, it will be from a conviction, without doubt, that the law of nations in regard to the rights of neutrals, which she has taken a leading part in establishing, requires revision, and with a suitable disposition on her part to establish those rights upon a just, humane and philosophic basis. Indeed,

A.D. 1786 General Winfield Scott A.D. 1866

I am happy to see an intimation in one of her leading metropolitan journals which goes far to justify this inference. Referring to the decisions of the English Admiralty Courts, now quoted in defence of the seizure of the rebels on board the *Trent*, the *London Times* of the 28th November says:

"So far as the authorities go, the testimony of international law writers is all one way—that a belligerent war cruiser has the right to stop and visit and search any merchant ship upon the high seas. . . . But it must be remembered that these decisions were given under circumstances very different from those which now occur. Steamers in those days did not exist, and mail-vessels carrying letters, wherein all the nations of the world have immediate interest, were unknown. We were fighting for existence, and we did in those days what we should neither do nor allow others to do, nor expect ourselves to be allowed to do, in these days."

If England, as we are here encouraged to hope, is disposed to do her part in stripping war of half its horrors, by accepting the policy long and persistently urged upon her by our Government, and commended by every principle of justice and humanity, she will find no ground in the visit of the *Trent* for controversy with our Government. I am sure the President and people of the United States would be but too happy to let these men go free, unnatural and unpardonable as their offences have been, if by it they could emancipate the commerce of the world. Greatly as it would be to our disadvantage at this present crisis to surrender any of those maritime privileges of belligerents which are still sanctioned by the laws of nations, I feel that I take no responsibility in saying that the United States will be faithful to her traditional policy upon this subject, and to the spirit of her political institutions.

On the other hand, should England be unprepared to make a corresponding sacrifice; should she feel that she could not yet afford to surrender the advantages which the present maritime code gives to a dominant naval power, of course she will not put herself in a false position by asking us to do it. In either case, therefore, I do not see how the friendly relations of the two governments are in any immediate danger of being disturbed.

That the overprompt recognition, as belligerents, of a body of men —however large, so long as they constituted a manifest minority of the nation—wounded the feelings of my countrymen deeply, I will not affect to deny; nor that that act with some of its logical consequences, which have already occurred, has planted in the breasts of many the suspicion that their kindred in England wish them evil rather than good; but the statesmen to whom the political interests of these two great people are confided, act upon higher responsibilities and with better lights, and you may rest assured that an event so

mutually disastrous as a war between England and America cannot occur without other and graver provocation than has yet been given by either nation.

WINFIELD SCOTT.

HOTEL WESTMINSTER, PARIS,
December 2, 1861.

The very day the letter of General Scott appeared in the morning papers of Paris, the following dispatch, by a curious coincidence bearing the same date, whenever written, was addressed by M. Thouvenel, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs,[1] to his Minister Plenipotentiary, M. Mercier, in Washington:

THOUVENEL TO MERCIER

Translation

PARIS, December 3, 1861.

HENRI MERCIER, Minister of the Emperor at Washington.
Sir:

The arrest of Messrs. Mason and Slidell on board the English packet *Trent* by an American cruiser has produced in France, if not the same emotion as in England, at least extreme astonishment and sensation. Public sentiment was at once engrossed with the unlawfulness and the consequence of such an act, and the impression which has resulted from this has not been for an instant doubtful.

The fact has appeared so much out of accordance with the ordinary rules of international law that it has chosen to throw the responsibility for it exclusively on the commander of the *San Jacinto.* It is not yet given to us to know whether this supposition is well founded; and the Government of the Emperor has therefore also had to examine the question raised by the taking away of the two passengers from the *Trent.* The desire to contribute to prevent a conflict perhaps imminent between the two powers, for which it is animated by sentiments equally friendly, and the duty to uphold, for the purpose of

[1] Appointed by the Emperor shortly after the *coup d'état* of the 2d of December, 1851. He had previously represented France in Greece and in Bavaria.

placing the rights of its own flag under shelter from any attack, certain principles essential to the security of neutrals, have, after mature reflection, convinced it that it could not under the circumstances remain entirely silent.

If, to our deep regret, the Cabinet at Washington were disposed to approve the conduct of the commander of the *San Jacinto,* it would be either by considering Messrs. Mason and Slidell as enemies or as seeing in them nothing but rebels. In the one case as in the other case there would be a forgetfulness, extremely annoying, of principles upon which we have always found the United States in agreement with us.

. . . . . .

For ourselves, we should see in that fact a deplorable complication in every respect of the difficulties with which the Cabinet at Washington has already to struggle, and a precedent of a nature seriously to disquiet all the powers which continue outside of the existing contest. We believe that we give evidence of loyal friendship for the Cabinet at Washington by not permitting it to remain in ignorance, in this condition of things, of our manner of regarding it. I request you therefore, sir, to seize the first occasion of opening yourself frankly to Mr. Seward, and if he asks it send him a copy of this dispatch.

Receive, sir, the assurance of my high consideration.

On the 28th of November, and five days before the preceding letter was posted to Mercier, Thouvenel thus wrote to the Comte de Flahault, French Ambassador in London:

Everything disappears before the great incident which has arisen in the relations of the United States with England. To know if we shall have to fill, as a power interested in safeguarding the privileges of neutrals, a direct and active part, it is indispensable to know how the advocates of the Crown and the English Government regard the diverse questions implied in the seizure of the *Trent,* no less than in the capture of the Confederate Envoys. In any case and should it concern us in consequence of the opposition of our doctrines on the extent of the right of "visit" and the definition of objects contraband of war rather than of an insult to the British Flag, do not leave any doubt of our sentiments on the subject.

In sentiment as well as in form we find the Americans in the wrong, and our opinion boldly expressed through our Minister at Washington, to whom I will write about it on Thursday next, will morally second the action of Lord Lyons.

On the 12th of December M. Thouvenel writes again to the Comte de Flahault:

I am charmed with the good effect which my dispatch to M. Mercier has produced on Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell. So long as we have no message from President Lincoln it would be rash and idle to indulge in conjectures, but it seems to me that there is a pacific current in the air and that the English and the Americans, who are good calculators, will think twice before fighting. General Scott, who was to have passed a part of the winter here, has left in haste for Washington to support, with his authority, conciliatory ideas. I have spoken very strongly to the Minister of the United States (Mr. Dayton) in the sense of my dispatch, and he has promised faithfully to report my conversation through Mr. Seward.[1]

Viel-Castel, one of the familiars of the court, in his "Mémoires," speaking of the war anticipated between the United States and England from the capture of the Confederate commissioners, gives the impression which prevailed at the Tuileries, when he says: "We shall remain neutral in the Anglo-American conflict, but we shall recognize the Southern Confederacy."[2]

It is manifest from these citations that the Emperor was just at that time much more disposed to place Great Britain than the United States under obligations to him.

I had the letter of General Scott immediately translated and copies dispatched to the principal morning and evening papers in Paris, and copies in English to the London papers in time for their respective editions of the day following its publication.

The expediency of making this statement was more than justified by the result. It was copied in whole or in part pretty

[1] Thouvenel, Le Secret de l'Empereur, Vol. II, p. 196.
[2] Mémoires de Horace de Viel-Castel, Vol. VI, p. 120.

universally by the European press. Coming as it did from General Scott, who till within a fortnight had been practically a member of the Federal Cabinet; the assurance it contained that Commander Wilkes could not have acted under orders from his Government, and that if Mr. Seward could not persuade Earl Russell that his Government had a right to stop the *Trent* and seize the rebel commissioners, Earl Russell would unquestionably be able to persuade Mr. Seward that it had not, and that in either case the friendly relations of the two governments were not imperilled—all together, these considerations had an immediate and reassuring effect.

Our friends in Europe took courage from General Scott's letter, and began to wonder how they ever suspected that the Federal Government had authorized the seizure of the commissioners, or doubted that the proceeding would be peacefully arranged. A complimentary dinner was given by his fellow-townspeople at Rochdale to Mr. Bright, whom the *Trent* affair had for a time placed between the upper and the nether millstone, to afford him an opportunity of giving impulse to the reaction, of which he most effectively availed himself. At this dinner he made one of his most memorable speeches on American affairs.

Mr. Cobden also, who was invited to speak at this meeting, sent a letter which was a skilful amplification of the letter of General Scott:

> An opinion seems to be entertained by some parties, here and on the Continent, that it is in the power of the Governments of France and England to control, if not put an end to, the conflict. I entertain the strongest conviction, on the contrary, that any act of intervention on the part of a European Power, whether by breaking the blockade, or a premature acknowledgment of the independence of the South, or in any other way, can have no other effect but to aggravate and protract the quarrel. History tells us how greatly the horrors of the French Revolution sprung from the intervention of the foreigner. Were a similar element thrown in to infuriate the American contest, every restraining motive for forbearance, every thought of compromise or conciliation would be cast to the winds—the North would avail itself of the horrible weapon always ready at hand, and by calling in the aid of the negro would carry the fire and sword of a servile war into the South, and make it a desolation and a wilderness. So far

from expecting that the raw material of our great industry would reach us sooner in consequence of such an intervention, I believe the more probable result would be the destruction of the cotton plant itself throughout the Southern States of the Union.

I have seen with some surprise the assumption in certain quarters that, from the moment when our legal authorities have given their opinion on that point at issue, the question is settled, and that we have only to proceed to enforce their award. It is forgotten that the matter in dispute must be decided not by British but by international law, and that if the President's Government should assume the responsibility of the act of their naval officer, they will claim for the reasoning and the precedents urged by their legal advisers at Washington, the same consideration which they are bound to give to the arguments of the law officers of the British crown. To refuse this would be to deny that equality before the law which is the rule of all civilized States, and to arrogate for ourselves, as interested parties, arbitrary and dictatorial powers. Had I been able to meet my constituents, I should have in their name, and with I know their full concurrence, repudiated the language of those public writers who, without waiting till both parties have had a hearing, have given utterance to threats, which, if they are to be supposed to emanate from the British people, must render compliance on the part of the American Government difficult, if not impossible.

Whatever be the issue of the legal controversy, this is a question which we cannot hope to bring to a more satisfactory issue by an appeal to arms. We endeavored to impose our laws, by force, on the Americans when they were three millions of colonists, and we know the result. Again, in 1812, when we were belligerents, and the United States with eight millions of people were neutral, and after we had for years subjected their vessels to search and seizure—which will now probably be adduced as precedents to justify the recent proceedings on their part—a war broke out on this very question of belligerent rights at sea, which, after two years of mutual slaughter and pillage, was terminated by a treaty of peace in which, by tacit agreement, no allusion was made to the original cause of the war. With these examples, can we reasonably hope by force of arms to compel the 20,000,000 of Americans who are now united under the Federal Government to accept our exclusive interpretation of the law of nations?

That England had substantial domestic reasons for being in no haste to wake up an enemy beyond the Atlantic, did not figure much in the press, but one may find a naïve recognition

of the fact in a letter written by Cobden to Bright two days after his friend's *Trent* speech was delivered. Palmerston was urging an enormous expenditure for the coast defences of England from the predatory instincts of the Bonaparte with whom he was flirting for an alliance to discipline the United States.

MIDHURST, Dec. 6, 1861. (To Mr. Bright.)—Your admirable address cannot fail to do good. But it is a mad world we live in. Here I am in the midst of extracts from Hansard, etc., to show up the folly or worse of the men who have been putting us to millions of expense to protect us from a *coup de main* from France, and now we see the same people willing to rush into war with America, and leave us exposed to this crafty and dangerous neighbor. Might we not be justified in turning hermits, letting our beards grow, and returning to our caves? . . .

In a subsequent letter to his friend Mr. Paulton, Mr. Cobden admits that his Government let "I dare not" wait upon "I would." He wrote:

I can't see my way through the American business. I don't believe the North and South can ever lie in the same bed again. Nor can I see how the military operations can be carried into the South, so as to inflict a crushing defeat. Unless something of the kind takes place I predict that Europe will recognize the independence of the South. I will tell Sumner this, and tell him that his only chance if he wants time to fight it out is to raise the blockade of the Mississippi voluntarily, and then Europe might look on.

But our friend Bright will not hear anything against the claims of the North. I admire his pluck, for when he goes with a side it is always to win. I tell him that it is possible to wish well to a cause without being sure that it will be successful. However, he will soon find in the House that we shall be on this question, as we were on China, Crimean, and Greek-Pacifico wars, quite in a minority. There is no harm in that if you are right, but it is useless to deceive ourselves about the issue. *Three-fourths of the House will be glad to find an excuse for voting for the dismemberment of the Great Republic.*[1]

[1] Richard Cobden, Life by John Morley, p. 571.

That General Scott's letter was most opportune no evidence was furnished more significant than the following article from the *London Daily News* only three or four days after its wail of despair for the Union.

GENERAL SCOTT'S LETTER

General Scott's temperate and manly letter is almost the only authoritative expression of American feeling we have yet had on the exciting question now at issue between the two countries. It is scarcely surprising that such a document should have rather disconcerted the calculations of those who, under the influence of strongly biassed feeling, had virtually decided beforehand the course which the Washington Cabinet would pursue in this grave emergency. It was instructive, for example, to notice the ludicrous alarm which Lord Malmesbury's organ (the *Herald*) yesterday betrayed lest the General's letter should contribute in any way towards bringing us nearer to peace, and the nervous alacrity with which it hastened to assure its readers that there was no ground whatever for such a suspicion. This alarm is nevertheless not altogether unfounded. The voice of an upright honourable man like General Scott, who through a long career has served his country in the most difficult and responsible posts, will be listened to with respect, and every paragraph of his letter breathes an earnest desire for peace. It is true he writes rather as an enlightened and responsible citizen than as a jurist or politician, and his letter is accordingly more valuable for the broad and calm view it takes of affairs than for any specific opinions expressed on the points of law. But there is no ground for representing that General Scott regards the act which threatens the peace of the two countries as a "very small affair," or for assuming that because he refers to the legal points in dispute as matters for consideration he necessarily denies the justice of our claim for reparation. Our outraged honour must be satisfied, and no one knows this better than General Scott. But we imagine that the communications between our own Government and the Washington Cabinet are conducted according to the usages of civilised nations. To suppose the contrary would be a deep and gratuitous injustice to the responsible advisers of the Crown. But while we require and expect a practical result from the application to the Washington Cabinet which Lord Lyons is instructed to make, we do not imagine that the British Government will arrogate to themselves the right of refusing to listen to what may be urged at Washington on points of law. The law under discussion is a law for both countries, and each Government, therefore, has an interest

in receiving the representations of the other. For the rest, General Scott's letter displays throughout the good sense and good feeling which belong to his character, and have been so often exemplified in his public career. Those who form their notion of the Americans from the worst passages of the most disreputable rowdy journals, may be surprised at the terms in which he refers to this country, and the value he attaches to a good understanding between England and America. . . . The part of General Scott's letter which refers to the future is too important to be overlooked. He is perfectly right in intimating that this is the very opportunity for reviewing the Law of Nations as it affects the rights of neutrals. The immediate question with regard to the seizure on board the *Trent* must, of course, be settled first. But the point of honour once satisfied, the duty of both Governments and both nations is to look forward rather than backward. The past is undoubtedly but too full of violent precedents, overbearing claims, and the assertion of rights which no laws ought to recognise and no civilised nations tolerate. In all great naval wars neutrals have not only been sufferers, but they have often suffered to an extent that is utterly unjustifiable. The right of search has been wantonly abused, to the injury of neutral shipping and the discouragement of neutral commerce. It is high time that these abuses were finally corrected by a complete revision of the law relating to the rights of neutrals. General Scott urges this point with great force. He says truly enough, that the United States Government has been striving to accomplish this necessary revision for more than fifty years—from the beginning of the century, in fact. The time is surely come, as he suggests, for making some attempt "to establish these rights—the rights of neutrals—on a just, humane, and philosophic basis." And the violent act of Captain Wilkes may in the end be an advantage to both countries, if it issues in a united effort to bring this part of our international code more into harmony with the requirements of civilisation, and the augmented wants of a busy and commercial age.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS TO WILLIAM H. SEWARD

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
LONDON, December 6, 1861.

Sir:

The current of popular feeling is still running with resistless force throughout this Kingdom. The conflict of opinion heretofore existing with powers nearly equal in favor of and against the Government of the United States is now merged in an almost universal demand

for satisfaction for the insult and injury thought to be endured by the action of Captain Wilkes.

The members of the Government as a whole are believed not to be desirous of pressing matters to a violent issue but they are powerless in the face of the opinion they have invited from the law officers of the Crown. In quick succession have been issued two proclamations forbidding the export of saltpeter and gunpowder and of arms and munitions of war. At the same time orders have been given to fit out at once a large number of war ships upon which great quantities of arms are placed, and officers and men are warned to hold themselves in readiness to embark on or after Christmas, being the time when the response to the dispatches sent out by the *Europa* on Monday last is expected to arrive. There can be not a shadow of a doubt that the passions of the country are up and that a collision is inevitable if the Government of the United States should before the news reaches the other side have assumed the position of Captain Wilkes in a manner to preclude the possibility of explanation.

Under certain circumstances my situation is becoming very rapidly not merely one of little or no public use but also of some personal embarrassment. Even should this storm blow over without damage, so completely has mutual confidence been destroyed by it that there is little prospect of a restoration of those relations upon which alone the intercommunication of governments can be made to yield beneficial results. Ministers and people now fully believe it is the intention of the government to drive them into hostilities. The arrogance of past Administrations, with which the present has no sympathy, is yet made to rest on the latter as if that too were animated by the same spirit.

Much of this state of opinion has its source in persons imbued with a settled malignity to America, but it ought in justice to be added that it is also entertained in qualified form by many of its best friends. Of the causes of this misinterpretation it would be of little moment now to inquire. Of the effect I have been fully sensible ever since the first day of my arrival. It has most unfortunately undermined that confidence in the good intentions of an Administration which I firmly believe to have been the most in harmony with the policy of Great Britain of any that has been in power for many years until, instead of being friendly, it is regarded as among the most hostile. So far as it has been within my power I have combatted this impression in every form where I could meet it, but the result has been rather to give me credit for good intentions, than to inspire conviction of the Government's sincerity.

The end of it is that it seems really a matter of indifference whether I remain or not at this post. My present expectation is that by the middle of January at furthest diplomatic relations will have been

sundered between the two countries without any act of mine. I am therefore endeavoring to complete all the ordinary business of the legation in advance of the moment when the proper instructions will arrive in regard to the final disposition of its affairs as well as to the course I am myself to pursue.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your Obedient Servant

While the achievement of Captain Wilkes depressed the genuine friends of our country in Europe to the verge of despair, it was received in the United States with a corresponding degree of satisfaction. The press was, I believe, practically unanimous in its commendation of the captain's "gallantry," and of the disposition made of his captives. President Lincoln and his Cabinet, with two exceptions, approved of the capture and thought they were prepared for whatever might be the consequences of detaining the commissioners. Mr. Blair, the Postmaster-General, said at once that they must be surrendered, and Seward naturally maintained a discreet silence which at least recognized that there were two sides to the question. Edward Everett, who had been a Minister to England and a Secretary of State; Caleb Cushing, who had been a member of the Cabinet under a previous administration; R. H. Dana, Jr., who was then engaged in editing a new edition of Wheaton's standard work on international law; Theophilus Parsons, a professor of jurisprudence in Harvard University, besides a multitude of less conspicuous men upon whose coolness and deliberation in a crisis the nation was accustomed to rely, were elated and jubilant over the capture, and resolute against any surrender of the captives.

On the 24th of November Captain Wilkes advised the Secretary of the Navy of his delivery of his prisoners on that day to Colonel Dimick, commanding the United States detachment at Fort Warren.

On the 27th of November Mr. Seward wrote Mr. Adams:

I forbear speaking of the capture of Messrs. Mason and Slidell. The act was done by Commander Wilkes without instructions and even without the knowledge of the government. Lord Lyons has ju-

diciously refrained from all communication with me on the subject, and I thought it equally wise to reserve ourselves until we hear what the British Government may have to say on the subject.

GIDEON WELLES, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY, TO CAPTAIN CHARLES WILKES

NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, November 30, 1861.

Sir:

I congratulate you on your safe arrival, and especially do I congratulate you on the great public service you have rendered in the capture of the rebel emissaries. Messrs. Mason and Slidell have been conspicuous in the conspiracy to dissolve the Union and it is well known that when seized by you they were on a mission hostile to the Government and the country. Your conduct in seizing these public enemies was marked by intelligence, ability, decision and firmness and has the emphatic approval of this Department.

It is not necessary that I should in this communication, which is intended to be one of congratulation to yourself, officers and crew, express an opinion on the course pursued in omitting to capture the vessel which had these public enemies on board further than to say that the forbearance exercised in this instance must not be permitted to constitute a precedent hereafter for the infractions of neutral obligations.

I am, &c.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY TO THE PRESIDENT

NAVY DEPARTMENT, December 2, 1861.

The President:

. . . . . .

Captain Charles Wilkes, in command of the *San Jacinto*, while searching in the West Indies for the *Sumter* received information that James M. Mason and John Slidell, disloyal citizens and leading conspirators, were with their suite to embark from Havana in the English steamer *Trent* on their way to Europe to promote the cause of the insurgents. Cruising in the Bahama Channel he intercepted the *Trent* on the 8th of November and took from her these dangerous men, whom he brought

to the United States. His vessel having been ordered to refit for service at Charlestown the prisoners were retained on board and conveyed to Fort Warren, where they were committed to the custody of Colonel Dimick, in command of that fortress.

The prompt and decisive action of Captain Wilkes on this occasion merited and received the emphatic approval of the Department, and if a too generous forbearance was exhibited by him in not capturing the vessel which had these rebel emissaries on board it may in view of the special circumstances and of its patriotic motives be excused, but it must by no means be permitted to constitute a precedent hereafter for the treatment of any case of similar infraction of neutral obligations by foreign vessels engaged in commerce or in carrying trade.

GIDEON WELLES,
Secretary of the Navy.

The House of Representatives, meeting a month after the arrival of Captain Wilkes with his booty—a reasonable interval for reflection—as its first legislative act, passed unanimously, and without a reference to a committee, a joint resolution approving Captain Wilkes's "brave, adroit and patriotic conduct." It also requested the President to present him with a gold medal, and that he have Mason and Slidell confined in the cell of a convicted felon until Colonel Michael Corcoran, who was taken prisoner at Manassas, should be treated as all the prisoners of war taken by the United States on the battlefield had been treated. Though there was not wanting a certain amount of distrust in some quarters as to the legality and, yet more, the expediency of Captain Wilkes's performance, it was pretty generally applauded by all sorts and conditions of men in the United States.

Senator Sumner, the chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, was one of the few prominent American statesmen who from the beginning took a different view of the duty of the Government. He said the detention of the captives meant war with England, and "war with England involves: (1) instant acknowledgment of rebel States by England, followed by France; (2) breaking of the present blockade, with capture of our fleet, *Dupont* and all; (3) the blockade of our coast from Chesapeake to Eastport; (4) the sponging of our ships from

the ocean; (5) the establishment of the independence of rebel States; (6) opening of these States by free trade to English manufactures, which would be introduced by contraband into our States, making the whole North American continent a manufacturing dependency of England."

Thurlow Weed, the writer of the following letter, was and for half of a century, more or less, had been the editor of the *Albany Evening Journal,* the official paper originally of the Whig and afterwards of the Republican party at the capital of New York State. He was also a close political and personal friend of Mr. Seward. He sailed with Bishop McIlvaine of the Episcopal Church and Archbishop Hughes of the Catholic Church in the steamer *Arago* for Havre the day following that on which Mason and Slidell were taken from the *Trent,* November 8, 1861. He returned to New York in June, 1862, spending the interval mainly between Paris and London.

THURLOW WEED TO BIGELOW

London, December 5, [1861].

Dear Bigelow:

If bankers are well informed things are at their worst, with slight chance for improvement. At Baring's and at Peabody's, it is confidently believed that instructions went over for Lyons to demand a release of S. & M. or his own passport.

And the war preparations look like it. Immense shipment of arms to Canada, war vessels getting ready, etc.

Baring is against us "flat-footed." Peabody *tries* to see both sides—ours *dimly.*

. . . . . .

The Queen's sympathies and conversation are on our side.

Duke of Newcastle is reported to say, that Seward told him in America that we should have to fight England in a year or two.[1] Morgan is to know positively about this tomorrow.

. . . . . .

[1] Late in the year 1860 and during a visit of the present sovereign of England to the United States, he was entertained in Albany at a dinner given to him and the Duke of Newcastle, who accompanied him. Mr. Seward, who was already aware of his own selection for the office of Secretary of State by Mr.

December 6.

I have just left Mr. Adams who shares all my apprehensions and with additional lights.

The Ministry long believing we meant to pick a quarrel with England, choose their own time, making the *Trent* affair the occasion and pretext.

The Duke of Newcastle repeats what Seward said, or did n't say to him. I suppose, however, that he did say idle words, better left unsaid, if liable to be misapprehended.

I am writing letters to Congressmen which will be received, probably, after the matters to which they refer have been disposed of.

Yours truly

At the risk of being somewhat tedious I am unwilling to dismiss this subject without giving my readers the benefit of the new and very important light shed upon the terms of the letter addressed by Lord John Russell to Lord Lyons,[1] which has recently been disclosed in the Letters of Queen Victoria between the years 1837 and 1861, which were published by his Majesty Edward VII. in the year 1907. In this correspondence we have a letter from Downing Street on the 13th of November, 1861, by Viscount Palmerston, then Prime Minister, to Queen Victoria, in which he says:

There was reason to suspect that an American federal steamer of war of eight guns, which had lately arrived at Falmouth, and from thence at Southampton, was intended to intercept the Mail Packet coming home with the West Indian Mail, in order to take out of her Messrs. Mason and Slidell, the two Envoys from the Southern Confederacy, supposed to be coming in her.

Lincoln, the President-elect, chaffingly remarked to the Duke of Newcastle that he was soon to be in a position where it would be his duty to insult Great Britain, and of course he would do it. The duke, being a Scotchman, was not to blame for taking this remark of Mr. Seward seriously.

[1] See p. 426.

Viscount Palmerston had on Monday a meeting at the Treasury of the Chancellor, Doctor Lushington, the three Law Officers (Sir William Atherton, Attorney-General, Sir Roundell Palmer, Solicitor-General, and Dr. Phillimore, Counsel to the Admiralty), the Duke of Somerset, Sir George Grey, and Mr. Hammond. The result of their deliberation was that, *according to the Law of Nations, as laid down by Lord Stowell, and practised and enforced by England in the war with France, the Northern Union being a belligerent is entitled by its ships of war to stop and search any neutral Merchantmen, and the West India Packet is such; to search her if there is reasonable suspicion that she is carrying enemy's despatches, and if such are found on board to take her to a port of the belligerent, and there to proceed against her for condemnation.* Such being ruled to be the law, the only thing that could be done was to order the *Phaeton* frigate to drop down to Yarmouth Roads from Portsmouth, and to watch the American steamer, and to see that she did not exercise this belligerent right within the three-mile limit of British jurisdiction, and this was done. But Viscount Palmerston sent yesterday for Mr. Adams to ask him about this matter, and to represent to him how unwise it would be to create irritation in this country merely for the sake of preventing the landing of Mr. Slidell, whose presence here would have no more effect on the policy of your Majesty with regard to America than the presence of the three other Southern Deputies who have been here for many months. Mr. Adams assured Viscount Palmerston that the American steamer had orders not to meddle with any vessel under any foreign flag; that it came to intercept the *Nashville*, the Confederate ship in which it was thought the Southern Envoys might be coming; and not having met with her was going back to the American coast to watch some Merchantmen supposed to be taking arms to the Southern ports.

About two weeks later, and on the 29th of November, Viscount Palmerston, writing to the Queen, says:

. . . The Cabinet at its meeting this afternoon resumed the consideration of the forcible capture of the Southern Envoys from on board the *Trent* steamer upon which the law officers had yesterday given the opinion contained in the accompanying report. The law officers and Doctor Phillimore, Counsel to the Admiralty, were in attendance. The result was that *it appeared to the Cabinet* that a gross outrage and violation of international law has been committed, and that your

Majesty should be advised to demand reparation and redress. The Cabinet is to meet again to-morrow at two, by which time Lord Russell will have prepared an instruction to Lord Lyons for the consideration of the Cabinet, and for submission afterwards to your Majesty. The general outline and tenor which appeared to meet the opinions of the Cabinet would be, that the Washington Government should be told that what has been done is a violation of international law, and of the rights of Great Britain, and that your Majesty's Government trust that the act will be disavowed and the prisoners set free and restored to British Protection; and that Lord Lyons should be instructed that if this demand is refused he should retire from the United States.

It is stated by Mrs. and Miss Slidell, who are now in London, that the Northern officers who came on board the *Trent* said that they were acting on their own responsibility, without instructions from Washington; that very possibly their act might be disavowed and the prisoners set free on their arrival at Washington. But it was known that the *San Jacinto*, though come from the African station, had arrived from thence several weeks before, and had been at St. Thomas, and had there received communications from New York; and it is also said that General Scott, who has recently arrived in France, has said to Americans in Paris that he has come not on an excursion of pleasure, but on diplomatic business; that the seizure of these envoys was discussed in Cabinet at Washington, he being present, and was deliberately determined upon and ordered; that the Washington Cabinet fully foresaw it might lead to war with England; and that he was commissioned to propose to France in that case to join the Northern States in war against England, and to offer France in that case the restoration of the French Province of Canada.

General Scott will probably find himself much mistaken as to the success of his overtures; for the French Government is more disposed towards the South than the North, and is probably thinking more about Cotton than about Canada. . . . [1]

It will be observed that in Viscount Palmerston's first letter the law officers of her Majesty, without an exception, con-

[1] As an illustration of the spirit which animated Lord Palmerston in those days, it may be worth while to quote a paragraph from a letter written just one month later than the above to the Queen, wishing her Majesty the compliments of the season:

"This autumn and winter however have been productive of events in three of the four quarters of the globe which future years are not likely to repeat. The capture of Pekin in Asia by British and French troops; the Union in Europe of nearly the whole of Italy into one Monarchy; *and the approaching and virtually accomplished Dissolution in America of the great Northern Confederation*, are events full of importance for the future, as well as being remarkable in time present."

curred in the declaration that, "according to the Law of Nations, as laid down by Lord Stowell, and practised and enforced by England in the war with France, the Northern Union being a belligerent is entitled by its ships of war to stop and search any neutral Merchantmen, and the West India Packet is such; to search her if there is reasonable suspicion that she is carrying enemy's despatches, and if such are found on board to take her to a port of the belligerent, and there to proceed against her for condemnation."

In the second letter, of the 29th of November, though the law officers and Dr. Phillimore were in attendance at a Cabinet council, Viscount Palmerston says: "The result was that it appeared to the Cabinet [not to the law officers any more] that a gross outrage and violation of international law has been committed, and that your Majesty should be advised to demand reparation and redress."

On the same day this letter was addressed to the Queen, Earl Russell, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, addressed to the Queen the following letter:

EARL RUSSELL TO QUEEN VICTORIA

FOREIGN OFFICE, 29th November, 1861.

. . . . . .

Lord Russell proposes to frame a draft for tomorrow's Cabinet of a despatch to Lord Lyons, directing him to ask for the release of Messrs. Mason and Slidell and their two companions, and an apology. In case these requirements should be refused, Lord Lyons should ask for his passports.

The Lord Chancellor and the law officers of the Crown are clear upon the law of the case.

Lord Russell will be glad to have your Majesty's opinion on the draft which will go to your Majesty about four o'clock tomorrow, without loss of time, as the packet goes to-morrow evening.[1]

[1] The draft of the dispatch to Lord Lyons reached Windsor on the evening of the 30th, and, in spite of his weak and suffering state, the Prince prepared the draft of the Queen's letter early the following morning. The letter has been printed in facsimile by Sir Theodore Martin, who adds that it has a special value as "representing the last political Memorandum written by the

In reply to this letter Queen Victoria addressed Earl Russell the following communication:

QUEEN VICTORIA TO EARL RUSSELL

WINDSOR CASTLE, 1st December, 1861.

[*Note in the Queen's handwriting:* This draft was the last the beloved Prince ever wrote; he was very unwell at the time, and when he brought it in to the Queen, he said: "I could hardly hold my pen."

VICTORIA R.]

The Queen returns these important drafts, which upon the whole she approves, but she cannot help feeling that the main draft, that for communication to the American Government, is somewhat meagre. She should have liked to have seen the expression of a hope that the American captain did not act under instructions, or, if he did, that he misapprehended them—that the United States Government must be fully aware that the British Government could not allow its flag to be insulted, and the security of her mail communications to be placed in jeopardy, and Her Majesty's Government are unwilling to believe that the United States Government intended wantonly to put an insult upon this country, and to add to their many distressing complications by forcing a question of dispute upon us, and that we are therefore glad to believe that upon a full consideration of the circumstances, and of the undoubted breach of international law committed, they would spontaneously offer such redress as alone could satisfy this country, viz. the restoration of the unfortunate passengers and a suitable apology.

I need not disguise the satisfaction I experienced from reading this letter, on discovering, after an interval of almost fifty years, that the letter of General Scott was but an amplification

Prince, while it was at the same time inferior to none of them, as will presently be seen, in the importance of its results. It shows, like most of his Memorandums, by the corrections in the Queen's hand, how the minds of both were continually brought to bear upon the subjects with which they dealt."

of substantially the same views that were commended by the Prince Regent to the Queen, adopted by her, and gave the final tone to the letter which Lord Lyons was instructed to communicate to Mr. Seward.

EARL RUSSELL TO THE LORDS COMMISSIONERS OF THE ADMIRALTY

FOREIGN OFFICE [LONDON], November 30, 1861.

My Lords:

I have received the Queen's commands to transmit to your lordships the instructions[1] which are to be sent to-day to Lord Lyons. The Queen directs that copies of these instructions should be sent to Vice-Admiral Sir A. Milne. Vice-Admiral Sir A. Milne should be directed to communicate fully with Lord Lyons and to take such measures as circumstances may seem to require.

The vice-admiral will refrain from any act of hostility against the sea or land forces of the United States except in self-defence. But as the act of wanton violence and outrage which has been committed makes it not unlikely that other sudden acts of aggression may be attempted, Vice-Admiral Sir A. Milne will take care not to place his ships in positions where they may be surprised or commanded by batteries on land of a superior force. He should not detach more than one line-of-battle ship and two frigates on the expedition to Vera Cruz, and he should dispose of the rest of his force in the manner in which it may prove most serviceable in case of hostilities. He will look to the safety of Her Majesty's possessions in North America and the West Indies, and he will in all respects execute all such commands as he may receive from your lordships to guide him in the performance of his arduous duties. Your lordships will no doubt be of opinion that Admiral Milne ought not himself to go to Vera Cruz and in that case an officer acquainted with the Mexican coast may be the most fitting person to act with Sir Charles Wyke in the discharge of duties on that coast.

I am, &c.

[1] To prepare the British North American squadron for sailing orders.

RICHARD H. DANA, JR., TO BIGELOW

Boston, Dec. 7, 1861.

My dear Mr. Bigelow:

. . . I believe we shall begin now to gain upon the insurgents steadily. I suppose N. Orleans, Savannah, and Charleston to be the points of attack. The rapid increase of our steam fleet of gun boats makes the blockade daily more effectual; and the affairs of Hatteras, Port Royal, and the *S. Jacinto* here give life and favor to the navy.

But, supposing our success to be ever so complete, by flood or field, what is to be the political result? Will the people of the South throw off their present leaders, leaving them to exile or punishment, and return to their alliance? This is the consummation most devoutly to be wished. I do not believe that the Republic can go on under the old auspices of an oligarchy of slaveholders possessing a power anywhere near as great as they possessed before. If the old limits are restored, the Slave Power as a social and political force must be diminished or destroyed. Our people will not refuse a union with Slave states, even on the old constitutional basis, but it must be on such terms as shall effectually prevent the slaveholders becoming a power to rule or ruin.

As to emancipation, notwithstanding all you hear of Sumner's speeches, and Mr. Cameron's report and the conversion of the pro-slavery democrats into abolitionists, I do not believe that, when it comes to the point, the people will carry on a war for the purpose of forcible emancipation in all the states by the general government. The people are ready to deal with local slavery strongly and keenly under the war power, as a means, and rejoice in the ability to do so. But to make immediate emancipation as a moral crusade, the purpose of the war; to practically set aside the Constitution, and construct by force of arms a central government, which shall take upon itself the solution of the four million negro problem, without the assent or co-operation of the Southern whites—from that we should shrink. Only necessity would bring us to it. The only thing about which I feel sure, is that there shall be no attempt at an arrangement until we shall have thoroughly

whipped them, so that there can be no more insolence from them, but we have substantially the selection of our terms.

Wilkes did a capital thing. It struck a chord which thrilled through the land. And we all think he had the law of nations with him. Personally I do not see room for a doubt. And then the poetic justice of Mason being brought a prisoner to Boston.[1]

As to England, it is evident she is paying off an old score against us, and is hoping to lay forever the spectre of the Great Republic. I suppose Beresford Hope's ignorant slangy speech is an indication of the feeling of the high tories toward us. They have an instinctive sympathy with slaveholders, and beyond that see a blow at Republican government.

These are great times to live in. I wish I were an actor on the great central stage; not that I feel myself positively qualified, but relatively I cannot feel that I should displace my betters as to many of our representatives. But few of our Members of Congress are men whom any of us would select for the charge of any great public concern. That has been the failure in our political system. Public life has run down. But this tribulation is to carry us to a better state of things.

Good Bye and believe me truly yours

Mr. Sanford, our Minister to Belgium, appears to have been invested, by some department of the Government at Washington, with the authority to purchase guns and other needed military supplies for the Union army. The following letter relates to negotiations attempted by him in Egypt through our Consul-General there, William S. Thayer.

H. S. SANFORD TO BIGELOW

My dear Bigelow: BRUSSELS, 7 Dec., 1861.

I have yours of the 5th enclosing Thayer's letter—the vague reply of his to my telegram of enquiry has caused me to wait

[1] Dana here seems to attribute to Mason instead of his senatorial colleague Toombs the prediction that the day was approaching when he would call the roll of his slaves on Bunker Hill.

for a report from our inspector who will be in Marseilles tomorrow. If I can get any suitable guns nearer home and to be forwarded immediately, I think now it will be more prudent. There is difficulty in the way of transportation by steam, and probably in the speedy packing etc. of arms. I shall decide in a day or two upon the reports.

We are having all sorts of misères. The *Congress* full of contraband, in Southampton detained—the *Estella* to take out a large freight from Antwerp withdrawn by *intervention of English Consul* and a larger amount of guns to go by her to seek some other means of transportation—the German steamer full. I offered $30,000 for an extra steamer yesterday, but it was declined. I am afraid to have steamers loaded with our arms go into Southampton and have sent to Boker not to let her freight go thus into the lion's mouth.

Genl. Scott's letter was very opportune and has done good. Was it your "copy?" the points were well put—it has a wide circulation I see.

I am appalled at the war spirit in England. The *Yankee* seems to have aroused a hatred there second only to the sentiment shown in Dixieland.

When will the reaction set in?

In haste, Yours truly

I observe Thayer's letter speaks of Mr. Hale of the *Advertiser*. When you see him, I wish you would incidentally ask the origin of their *slangy* attacks upon me in the Boston papers. I suspect it comes from a man named Ripley, who was here on the *Macedonian* case, and whom I caught in a very ugly piece of business: Conniving at putting one of the seals of the Legation into the hands of Mrs. Fair and using it himself afterwards for smuggling lace, if not Southern correspondence. I wrote him a very sharp letter requesting him to give an explanation, if he had any to give—but it elicited no reply. Had I caught him here after my knowledge of the business, which has a very ugly name in law—he would have had a hard time of it. I have sent for details of the engagements made by the *Estella's* brokers. Boker's was not in

writing. I understand some others were, and if I can make out a case I think of instituting Suit—the law is precise and my lawyer whom I consulted says that heavy damages can be, in his opinion, recovered—if I find it will *lay* I will get Boker or their agents to undertake it—unfortunately, the vessel is not in port; her broker, however, is a wealthy and responsible merchant—and I itch to make somebody pay for the *tour* old Pam. has put upon us.

WEED TO BIGELOW

London, December 8, 1861.

Dear Friend:

. . . . . .

Huge preparations are going forward here, and with the utmost haste. The government expects it [war] and the people will be disappointed if balked.

I dined with a large English party on Friday—all were strong Northern sympathizers, and all, nevertheless, for war if S.[lidell] & M.[ason] are not given up.

There is great and general hostility to Seward here. He is regarded as the incarnation of ill-will to England.

I forgot to say, in the right connection, that at dinner (with Sir Emerson Tennent) Gen. Scott's letter was warmly commended, as it is, indeed, wherever I go in London. Mr. Lucas,[1] who called last evening, was much gratified with the thoughtful kindness which made his paper the medium.

Mr. Adams, who came in since I commenced this letter, sheds a ray of hope by telling me there is an Editorial in the *Tribune* taking our view of the *Trent* affair, and saying that if S.[lidell] & M.[ason] can be used to help the cause of Neutral Commerce they will prove of more value than ever has been expected, etc. etc.

[1] Mr. Lucas was the editorial manager of the *London Star* and a brother-in-law of John Bright.

BIGELOW TO WILLIAM HARGREAVES

PARIS, Dec. 9, 1861.

My dear Mr. Hargreaves:

I am greatly relieved by a perusal of the American papers recd. today. I found none of them defending the policy of seizing the rebel emissaries on the *Trent* in contemplation of seriously offending England. They seem anxious to persuade themselves that England will find nothing in the act to which she can take exception. This leads me to hope with considerable confidence that when my countrymen come to see how seriously the thing is taken by Europe they will at once say to your minister: "We thought the law sustained us and think so still, but these scamps are not worth your friendship, much less a war; take them and be hanged." The difficulty and the only difficulty that I can foresee will be in regard to the form of the surrender. Our Govt. may be unwilling to put them on board a British steamer, for that might have to some extent the character of an ovation to them, but Mr. Seward may say, "We will put these men back in Dixie whence they illegally escaped, and if they get again on board a British passenger ship we will promise not to trouble them there." Upon such terms the surrender might be made and I think would be made. Less favorable terms to us would be of no advantage in the end to either party.

I don't know how to express my gratitude sufficiently to Mr. Bright for his Rochdale speech. It was worthy the heart and the head of Chas. J. Fox. He will live to bless the day that he was inspired to make it. The Press here in Paris is quite disposed to have the rights of neutrals put upon a proper footing before this *Trent* affair is settled, and I suspect England will find less unanimity on this side the straits in any aggressive policy she may contemplate towards the United States, than seems to be anticipated. It is our firm conviction here that there will be no war unless England desires it, but the impression is that England wants enough of war to furnish an excuse for breaking the blockade without exposing her

motives to degrading suspicions and to divide our confederacy that she may, among other things, do the banking and carrying trade for Dixie. It is only this apprehension that gives me any distrust of the peaceful termination of the *Trent* affair. On the other hand I know that the *Times,* the Duke of Newcastle and some other great powers in England are assiduously cultivating the notion that we, Mr. Seward above all, are "spoiling for a fight" with Great Britain. How any body could believe this who was not as Mr. Bright says "dead drunk" I cannot comprehend. Happily the tone of our journals just received sufficiently disposes of any doubt upon the subject. I have not seen a paper that proposes to fight for Slidell's and Mason's carcasses—not one. It is a similar inference I presume drawn in London, that has advanced the stocks on your exchange, today, as I am told, three fourths per cent.

I think if Mr. Seward promptly gives up those men upon such conditions and in such a way as an independent nation properly can, it will place the present administration in your country in a rather disadvantageous position, for the fury and precipitation exhibited in this matter of the *Trent* by the cabinet and the Press could only be excusable upon the clearest presumption that we meant to insult England in making the seizure and when made were disposed to stand by it regardless of consequences: in other words that we were worse than indifferent about the friendship of England.

It is already sufficiently apparent I think that no such feeling exists with us and it seems to me that Lord John must, if he ever reads our papers, by this time think he took us up rather sharply, that he stopped the works at your manufactories for American account rather abruptly; that he spoiled a number of excellent contracts quite unnecessarily; in other words that he and his colleagues have shown a great deal more of unfriendliness towards America than America has shown towards England in this affair.

. . . . . .

Yours most truly

J. LOTHROP MOTLEY, MINISTER OF THE UNITED STATES AT VIENNA, TO BIGELOW

LEGATION OF THE U. S. AMERICA,
VIENNA, Dec. 17, 1861.

My dear Sir:

Mr. Bates, head of the Baring Brothers, and as staunch and patriotic an American as exists in the world, wrote me on the 13th April—"a week ago I should have said with you that we were drifting into a war with England, but a change has come over the Government here, and they seem now disposed to do all in their power to stop the departure of privateers. They have stopped a small vessel in Liverpool, and are prompt in acknowledging Mr. Adams's communications. . . . I think if the U. S. do not issue letters of marque we shall avoid war, for ministers are beginning to be convinced that the country will not go with them. The confederates are trying hard to get us into a war with England. It is their last card, and I don't think they will succeed if the Washington government is wise . . ."

I agree entirely with these views and I think that so eminent a merchant who has such good opportunities of seeing what is going on and who is so entirely faithful to his native land, is a good judge in the case.

The Barings are all secessionists except Mr. Bates—but of course they don't want war—I think myself it would be an awful sell to have a row with England now. If we should really take Charleston (for God knows what the truth of all these flying rumors may be), why, the blockade running must soon come to an end and we can spare more fast sailing cruisers to look up the *Alabamas*. If war must come, let it be deferred. I agree with you that it is hard to be hit without hitting back; but after all, this is not *all England* fighting us, only Laird and his fellow curs. I hope we shall keep our bull dog grip on the throat of the rebellion and not allow ourselves to be made to loose our hold by all these puny efforts of their helpers. I am well aware, however, that there is a strong

party in England who wish war with us—Palmerston himself would far rather have a war with us than with Russia—France on the contrary would prefer to fight Russia, I think. But if we must fight England I would rather she would put herself so completely in the wrong, as to make us unanimous. Still it would be a poor bargain to give up the Southern country and take Canada in exchange, after two years of warfare and commercial ruin. The frozen St. Lawrence running E. & W. is a poor substitute for the Mississippi. A friend of mine, Mr. Forbes of Boston, & Mr. Aspinwall of New York are in London. I am told that their object is *to buy* the privateers. I doubt whether the plan succeeds.

. . . . . .

Once more thanking you and with kind regards from us all to Mrs. Bigelow and yourself, I remain,

Ever sincerely yours

MOTLEY TO BIGELOW

Private

Legation of the U. S. America,
Vienna, Dec. 19, 1861.

My dear Sir:

I was very much obliged to you for your letter of Dec. 7.—I thank you likewise for your kindness in sending me General Scott's letter—which I admired very much, and with which I entirely sympathize.

I delayed writing to you, in reply, until we should have received here the telegram of the Message, and concerning the possible tone of which I have been exceedingly anxious. I have been saying all the time, if the Government does n't *commit* itself in the Message, I shall begin to breathe again. Well, we got the telegram yesterday afternoon, and I saw with great satisfaction that the word *Trent* was not mentioned. This is as much as I dared to hope. Now it seems to me that we *may* get out of this extremely awkward scrape. It would

be mere fustian and idiotic braggadocio on our part to pretend that we wished war with England. Our war with the South is beginning to prosper, but we don't find that business such a trivial one, as to make it worth our while to give our domestic enemies the slight assistance of the whole navy of England, the most powerful ever heard of in the world.

Those who have the interests and the honor of our republic in their hands, will hesitate long, I trust, before they compromise both by accepting a war with England at this moment. It is no humiliation for us now to maintain the principle always advocated by us, that a naval officer is not to constitute himself judge in admiralty. As to our interests, I suppose that Mr. Chase does not find it so easy to get the ways and means for the present warfare to desire to negotiate an odd thousand millions or so extra to pay for the little episode of a war with England. In short, there is not a word to be said about it. We *can* extricate ourselves with honor, and we must do so. A war with England at this moment is perdition—I cannot believe that we are such a set of lunatics as deliberately to commit a grand national suicide.

I won't characterize the conduct of England, as exhibited in its press, with two honorable exceptions, *Daily News & Star,* and in its public speeches with the single exception of John Bright—to whom I feel much more disposed to give a vote of thanks than to Capt. Wilkes—its attitude towards us will not be one for honorable men to feel proud of, one of these days.

But there has been an immense change in that Country since I left it in June last, and then, although there were coldness and indifference enough, together with a good deal of quiet satisfaction that republicanism had come to grief, there was still a considerable confidence felt that we should succeed in putting down the insurrection, and so that by waiting they should get their cotton, which was all the mass cared about. On the whole they waited with exemplary patience—for them, almost to justify the complacent boasts which they daily make before the world—that they did n't break our blockade, thus to shamefully violate every principle of international law, in order to help themselves, by force, to their cotton. But Bull Run did the business. That destroyed our prestige, and made it manifest that the cotton famine would be a long and very dangerous one. So they have been watching for a good pre-

text and our enterprising Captain has played into their hands exactly. "Pam" was getting shaky—and now he has got a good cry—"Insult to the flag"—"Outrage to English honor" —"Yankee insolence"—"Death before dishonor"—and so on. So the tories, who, in the course of the conservative reaction now sweeping over England, have gained immense strength, will, after all, not find it so difficult to trip him up as they thought. It is all a game in which the interests of forty or fifty millions of people are the country and a few politicians the players. The fustian about "insult to the flag" is ridiculous, when we all know that the crown lawyers have rested their whole case on the point—that the *Trent* itself should have been seized and carried to the United States, which proceeding would have certainly been considered more insulting and probably have been attended with bloodshed on the spot.

But I did n't mean to go an instant into the merits. Our people are calmly discussing the matter as a law point—not dreaming that an immense party in England had seized on the matter as a casus belli *because they were looking* for one. They wanted a pretext, I hope they may not get it. If the matter is now handled in a large and statesmanlike way at Washington, we may yet pluck the flower safety out of this *Trent* nettle.

Do have the kindness to write to me as soon as you conveniently can and tell me all you know in regard to Gen. Scott's return. Did he see any body in power—has he received officially or unofficially any communication from the French Government, or has he gone back, as I suppose, to do what he can on his own hook to prevent this catastrophe? If there is any thing positive pray let me know. You have no idea of our intense anxiety on this subject. When you get this letter, you will already be in possession of the Message and the latest papers. While I write I have only the confused topsy turvy telegram, and that fellow Reuter always puts the worst foot foremost, so I hope the facts are better than the first announcements. I shall not believe that Congress had already passed a vote of thanks on the 3rd of Dec., until I find it proved. I also decline to believe, for the present, that a stone fleet has sailed down the Mississippi, for the purpose of blockading Charleston and Savannah. Yet that is word for word in the same telegram which announces the vote of thanks to

Wilkes. You see by the tone of my letter that I entirely agree with you on the subject. When I first heard the news of the action of the English Government, it was by telegram announcing that they had virtually declared war upon us, by sending a communication which no Govt. could have received without disgrace. This, it seems, however, was only newspaper bombast, and I shall now not renounce hope till every straw has disappeared.

I rely on the adroitness and common sense of the cabinet to extricate us from the dilemma, and I don't feel so much afraid of the gas blowers of New York and other cities, as to tremble, if only the government stands firm. I talk in this sense here with my colleagues and maintain the most friendly relations with the English ambassador, a most amiable and excellent man, who is as sincerely desirous as I am that war between the two countries should be avoided. I never will believe that we, on our side, shall play into the hands of those English and American newspapers, which in the interests of the Southern confederacy, and in reality as their hardly disguised organs, have been working so long to get up a war, and to provide the slave holders with an English alliance.

The war, in short, seems to me both inevitable and impossible and I believe that impossibility will carry the day.

We are too shrewd a people not to feel that it would be better for us to make the English a present, not only of Mason and Slidell, but to offer them their pick of a dozen more such out of the riff raff of Fort Warren, than to go to war for them. The two here have done us more damage already, than they would have accomplished in London and Paris in a year. Yancey and the rest have accomplished little. Now let the populace of London take the horses out of their carriage and drag the commissioners in triumph up Piccadilly, and let them be received with a speech of welcome by the prime minister. It would be infinitely better for us, and make more friends for us in Europe, than to keep them in the fort.

We are gradually getting accustomed to Vienna. It is a sombre place, at first, and we reached it when "the melancholy days had come, the saddest of the year"—and the sadness was not relieved by the nature of the intelligence which reaches us day by day.

In the Ball's Bluff business, the killed, wounded and cap-

tured of the Mass. regiments were all intimate friends. They behaved magnificently, but I should like to know whose blunder it was that sacrificed so much. Lee, Colonel of the 20th, is an old friend of mine, and a most valuable officer—and there he is in a felon's cell. When I was at home I walked about with him in his camp, near Boston. He was full of enthusiasm and hope. And now this blunder of Wilkes is like to do infinite damage. I honor Lincoln for his silence in the Message. If people only knew how much wisdom there is in holding the tongue, how much wiser we should all become.

Pray let me hear from you as soon as you conveniently can. Tell me what you know about Scott, and about this design of the French. Give our particular regards to Mrs. Bigelow and accept them for yourself.

Ever most faithfully yours

GENERAL LEWIS CASS[1] TO SEWARD

DETROIT, December 19, 1861.

HON. W. H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

Dear Sir:

Our telegraphic information yesterday led to the conclusion that the British demands arising out of the Mason and Slidell affair would reach you last evening and I therefore took the liberty of communicating with you by telegraph some suggestions that had occurred to me, presuming they would reach you this morning during the Cabinet deliberations. You must find in my anxiety to avoid a war with England my reason for the liberty I have taken upon this occasion and I trust also an excuse for it.

It seems to me that such a war, independent of any other consequences, would go far to prevent the restoration of the rebel states to the authority of the Constitution, a restoration so anxiously desired by every true citizen. My object in troubling you is to explain

[1] Lewis Cass had been Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President Jackson, 1831–36; Minister to France, 1836–42; United States Senator from Michigan, 1845–48; Democratic candidate for the Presidency, 1848; United States Senator, 1849–57, and Secretary of State under Buchanan, 1857–60. Till the Rebellion he had always acted with the Democratic party. He was born in 1782 and died in 1866.

the motive of my telegraphic communication. I thought the suggestions were worth consideration, offering as they appeared to me to do an honorable means of terminating all difficulty with England as to the capture of Mason and Slidell.

Though I think it was justifiable upon grounds laid down and acted upon by England, yet I considered it a most useless and unfortunate affair—an affair which from its evident importance should never have been undertaken by Captain Wilkes without express orders from his Government, and his interference is the more inexcusable as he states in his report that in his search into the authorities upon the law of nations he could find no such case decided and was brought to consider the rebel commissioners as the "embodiment of dispatches"—I think is his phrase—in order to justify the arrest; a strange reason to be officially given for such a procedure. And what has amazed me more than anything else in this whole affair are the laudations bestowed upon Captain Wilkes for his courage in taking three or four unarmed men out of an unarmed vessel. No doubt the indignation justly felt against Slidell and Mason for their treasonable conduct has produced a decided effect upon the public mind in the views that have been expressed.

As to any injury which these rebel agents could do us in Europe it is all nonsense. The question of recognition will be decided by the governments there on views of their own interests and not from any representations which such men or any men indeed could make. They would have been perfectly harmless in Europe, but have been exalted into importance by this unlucky accident. So far as depends upon the political communication of the rebel states with Europe they can send just as many agents there as they please.

But the principle of capture is of very great political importance to us, as is manifest on the slightest consideration.

Wishing you all success in the difficult circumstances in which the country is placed, I am, dear sir, truly yours,

WEED TO BIGELOW

London, 19 December [1861].

Dear Bigelow:

Mr. Adams has a despatch which affords a gleam of hope. It authorizes Mr. A. to say to Lord Palmerston that it approves the views Mr. A. expressed to Lord P. on the subject

of neutral rights and to add that should things occur, unhappily, during our domestic troubles disturbing friendly relations the matters shall be rightfully disposed of, etc. etc.

I suppose you know that M. Mercier was instructed by his government, to say to ours, that the *Trent* affair cannot be regarded with favor or even indifference by governments other than England, and especially by France.

We have commenced operations here for the future, if all is not over. See the Leader in this morning's *News*. It was written by one of the cleverest men in London, from whom they will get many of the "same sort."

Very truly yours

P.S. I have a letter from the Archbishop [Hughes of New York] saying that he has concluded not to present his letter [to the Emperor] at present. Mr. Adams by his confidence and kindness disembarrasses me in that respect.

Truly yours

WILLIAM C. BRYANT TO BIGELOW

New York, December 23rd, 1861.

Dear Mr. Bigelow:

. . . . . .

The case of Mason and Slidell makes an infinite deal of talk here and I suppose the excitement in America is quite as great as it is in England in regard to that subject. The mercantile feeling is a little timid as regards the prospect of a war with Great Britain, but even among the mercantile class, there is an undercurrent of indignation at the insolence of Great Britain in perverting into a cause of quarrel an act copied directly from her own example, and in perfect accordance with the law of nations as her own jurists have expounded it. Nothing but having another war on our hands prevents a violent outbreak of resentment. Unless the demand made by the British Government be exceedingly moderate in its nature, a

feud will be created which can never be so healed as not to leave an ugly scar.

With regard to our quarrel with the Southern States the general feeling is one of impatience suppressed with some difficulty at the tardy proceedings of those who have the direction of affairs. People wonder and wonder what is the reason for keeping such an immense army at Washington, an army now admirably disciplined and perfectly equipped, and ready for any expedition on which they may be sent—when it is clear that the seat of government might be defended with a quarter of the number.

My own view of the matter however leads me to be contented with these delays, and I can see that good may grow out of the encouragement which the rebels will derive from the differences into which we have got ourselves with Great Britain.

General Scott's letter was very much liked here and whether justly or not the credit of its authorship was given by many to you.—Best regards to Mrs. Bigelow and believe me,

Truly yours

PARKE GODWIN TO BIGELOW

New York. Dec. 24. 1861.

My dear Bigelow:

I dare not venture under the existing dangers, which threaten our country, to wish you and yours a Merry Christmas: but I certainly wish you all a happy and blessed one. By this time I think you have learned that the British flurry was in many respects quite premature. Our Government will not surrender Mason and Slidell, but it will disclaim every intention of insult, and I think make the case occasion for the proposal of negotiations on an extended scale to cover larger questions of maritime law. A reference to an international commission may possibly be contemplated. Lord Lyons has yet presented no demands, although he and Seward are in daily intercourse and conversation about the matter. Lyons

recalled some dinner invitations for Christmas which he gave last week, but yesterday renewed them, showing that he expected to remain here some days at least. My notion is that Great Britain means to fasten a war upon us if she can, and therefore I am for defeating her as far as we can, by every stretch of courtesy, short of dishonor. Just now a foreign war would be disastrous, but two months hence, when we shall have got the whip hand of the rebellion as we surely shall, we shall be more prepared. God's hand is in this whole thing more clearly than I ever before saw it in human affairs. Slavery is doomed, and then,—there may be a shaking among the thrones of Europe. Scott is expected to arrive today: his letter, I take it, was your handiwork.

Yours truly

JAMES BOWEN TO BIGELOW

New York, 27 Dec. 1861.

Dear Bigelow:

I have received your letters of 3 & 6 Dec. and that of the later date I have sent to Seward. There will be no war with England, for it is probable that she cannot submit a proposition respecting the two traitors to which our Govt. will not accede and with the cordial approval of the whole country. It is felt that we have our hands full with the rebellion and that to call down upon us the arms of Great Britain would be madness. Nevertheless, the feeling against Great Britain is of intense hatred and the conclusion of the whole matter is, that we must give up the traitors, put down the rebellion, increase our navy, perfect the discipline of the 600,000 men in the field, and then fight Great Britain. This is the present sentiment—what it will be when our debt is 900 millions with the certainty of its increase to 2000 millions if we fight her, time will determine.

What is the exact state of the question at Washington is known to none but Lincoln, Seward, and Lyons. It has not been before the Cabinet, and from what I can learn it will not

be until it is virtually settled. It will be determined by the Pres. and Secy. of State, without the assistance or knowledge of other members of the Cabinet.—I have no time to write further.

Yours Truly

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS TO SEWARD

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
LONDON, November 29, 1861.

HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State, Washington.
Sir:

. . . . . .

On my arrival in town on Thursday I found a note from Lord Russell asking me to call and see him at an hour of the day which had already elapsed. But my secretary, Mr. Moran, who had been apprised of the moment when I should return, called in person at the foreign office and explained to one of the under secretaries the reason of the delay. The conference was then postponed until Friday at a quarter to 2 o'clock, when it took place. The substance of it I will now proceed to submit to your consideration.

His lordship remarked that it was altogether too early to enter into any discussion of the subject upon which he had desired to see me, the seizure of Messrs. Mason, Slidell and others on board of a British vessel. His object now was only to inquire in advance of a meeting of the ministers at 2 o'clock whether I had any information from my Government touching the matter or was possessed of any light which it might be useful for him to possess. I replied that I knew no more of the affair than what had been stated in the newspapers. I was not prepared to say a word about it because I was possessed neither of the true state of the facts nor of the views which my Government had taken of them. I did not even know how far the naval officer had acted under authority.

. . . . . .

I ought to add that in going into the anteroom previous to the conference I met there Baron Brunnow, the Russian Minister, who seized the occasion to express his great regret at the misunderstanding which is taking place and his earnest offer of any services on the part of himself or his Government that might have the effect to restore friendly relations between the two countries.

I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant

EARL RUSSELL TO LORD LYONS

FOREIGN OFFICE [LONDON], November 30, 1861.

LORD LYONS, K.C.B., &c., Washington.

My Lord:

Intelligence of a very grave nature has reached her Majesty's Government.

This intelligence was conveyed officially to the knowledge of the admiralty by Commander Williams, agent for mails on board the contract steamer *Trent*.

. . . . . .

It thus appears that certain individuals have been forcibly taken from on board a British vessel, the ship of a neutral power, while such vessel was pursuing a lawful and innocent voyage—an act of violence which was an affront to the British flag and a violation of international law.

Her Majesty's Government bearing in mind the friendly relations which have long subsisted between Great Britain and the United States are willing to believe that the U. S. naval officer who committed the aggression was not acting in compliance with any authority from his Government, or that if he conceived himself to be so authorized he greatly misunderstood the instructions which he had received; for the Government of the United States must be fully aware that the British Government could not allow such an affront to the national honor to pass without full reparation, and her Majesty's Government are unwilling to believe that it could be the deliberate intention of the Government of the United States unnecessarily to force into discussion between the two Governments a question of so grave a character and with regard to which the whole British nation would be sure to entertain such unanimity of feeling.

Her Majesty's Government therefore trust that when this matter shall have been brought under consideration of the Government of the United States, that Government will of its own accord offer to the British Government such redress as alone could satisfy the British nation, namely, the liberation of the four gentlemen and their delivery to your lordship in order that they may again be placed under British protection and a suitable apology for the aggression which has been committed. Should these terms not be offered by Mr. Seward you will propose them to him.

You are at liberty to read this dispatch to the Secretary of State, and if he shall desire it you will give him a copy of it.

I am, &c.

EARL RUSSELL TO LORD LYONS

FOREIGN OFFICE [LONDON], November 30, 1861.

LORD LYONS, &c., Washington.

My Lord:

In my previous dispatch of this date I have instructed you by command of Her Majesty to make certain demands of the Government of the United States.

Should Mr. Seward ask for delay in order that this grave and painful matter should be deliberately considered you will consent to a delay not exceeding seven days. If at the end of that time no answer is given, or if any other answer is given except that of a compliance with the demands of Her Majesty's Government, your lordship is instructed to leave Washington with all the members of your legation, bringing with you the archives of the legation, and to repair immediately to London. If, however, you should be of the opinion that the requirements of Her Majesty's Government are substantially complied with, you may report the facts to Her Majesty's Government for their consideration and remain at your post until you receive further orders.

You will communicate with Vice-Admiral Sir A. Milne immediately upon receiving an answer of the American Government and you will send him a copy of that answer together with such observations as you may think fit to make. You will also give all the information in your power to the governors of Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Jamaica, Bermuda and such other of Her Majesty's possessions as may be within your reach.

. . . . . .

I am, &c.

EARL RUSSELL TO LORD LYONS

Extract from a Private Letter

FOREIGN OFFICE [LONDON], December 1, 1861.

LORD LYONS, &c.

My Lord:

. . . The dispatches which were agreed to at the cabinet yesterday and which I have signed this morning impose upon you a disagreeable task. My wish would be that at your first interview with Mr. Seward you should not take my dispatch with you but should prepare

him for it and ask him to settle with the President and Cabinet what course they would propose. The next time you should bring my dispatch and read it to him fully. If he asks what will be the consequence of his refusing compliance I think you should say that you wish to leave him and the President quite free to take their own course and that you desire to abstain from anything like menace.

I am, &c.

The late Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort have both been credited, and with justice doubtless, with such a modification of the policy of Earl Russell and Palmerston in this emergency as we may remark the fruits of in this letter from Earl Russell to Lord Lyons. A most interesting confirmation of the influence of the crown upon the phraseology of the document has been recently revealed by Mr. Morley in his Life of Gladstone. He says:

Mr. Gladstone's movements at this critical hour are interesting. On November 27, says Phillimore, "Gladstone dined here, Gladstone with the account in his pocket from the evening papers of the capture of the Southern envoys out of the English mail-ship."

The next two nights he was at court.

"Nov. 28.—Off at 6.30 to Windsor. The Queen and Prince spoke much of the American news.

"Nov. 29 (Friday).—Came up to town for the Cabinet on American news. Returned to Windsor for dinner, and reported to Queen and Prince."

Of this important Cabinet Mr. Gladstone wrote an account to the Duke of Argyll, then absent from London:

"Dec. 3, '61.—The Cabinet determined on Friday to ask reparation, and on Saturday they agreed to two dispatches to Lord Lyons, of which the one recited the facts, stated we could not but suppose the American Government would of itself be desirous to afford us reparation, and said that in any case we must have the commissioners returned to British protection; and (2) an apology or expression of regret. The second of these dispatches desired Lyons to leave within seven days if the demands are not complied with. *I thought and urged that we should hear what the Americans had to say before withdrawing Lyons, for I could not feel sure that we were at the bottom of the law of the case, or could judge here and now what form it would assume. But this view did not prevail.*"

We may assume that Mr. Gladstone, in reporting these proceedings at Windsor, did not conceal his own arguments for moderation which had been overruled. On the following day the Cabinet again met: "Nov. 30 (Sat.).—Left Windsor at 11.25. Cabinet 3–5½. Lord Russell's draft softened and abridged." That is to say, the draft was brought nearer, though not near enough, to the temper urged upon the Cabinet and represented at court by Mr. Gladstone the day before.

The story of the first of these two critical dispatches is pretty well known:[1] how the draft initialled by Lord Russell was sent down the same night to Windsor; how the Prince Consort—then, as it proved, rapidly sinking down into his fatal illness—found it somewhat meagre, and suggested modifications and simplifications; how the Queen returned the draft with the suggestions in a letter to the Prime Minister; how Palmerston thought them excellent, and after remodelling the draft in the more temperate spirit recommended by the Prince, though dropping at least one irritating phrase in the Queen's memorandum, sent it back to the Foreign Office, whence it was duly sent (on December 1) to Lord Lyons at Washington. It seems, moreover, that a day's reflection had brought his colleagues round to Mr. Gladstone's mind, for *Lord Russell wrote to Lord Lyons a private note (December 1) in effect instructing him to say nothing about withdrawing in seven days.*

The British dispatches were delivered to Lord Lyons at midnight on December 18; the reparation dispatch was formally read to Mr. Seward on the 23d; and on Christmas day Mr. Lincoln had a meeting of his Cabinet, Sumner was invited to attend, and he read long letters from Cobden and Bright. "At all hazards," said Bright, "you must not let this matter grow to a war with England. Even if you are right and we are wrong, war will be fatal to your idea of restoring the Union. . . . I implore you not, on any feeling that nothing can be conceded, and that England is arrogant and seeking a quarrel, to play the game of every enemy of your country." A French dispatch was also read. Seward and Sumner were in favor of giving up the men. The President, thinking of popular excitement, hesitated. In the end, partly because the case was bad on the merits, partly because they could not afford to have a second great war upon their hands, all came round to Seward's view.[2]

[1] See Nicolay and Hay, Abraham Lincoln, Vol. V, p. 28; also Martin's Life of the Prince Consort.

[2] Quoted in substance from John Morley's Life of Gladstone, Vol. II, pp. 73–75.

Mr. Morley, in his Life of Gladstone, commenting upon the dispatch of Earl Russell which directed Lyons to leave Washington within seven days if the demands were not complied with, quotes the following remark of Mr. Gladstone:

"I thought and urged that we should hear what the Americans had to say before withdrawing Lyons, for I could not feel sure that we were at the bottom of the law of the case, or could judge here and now what form it would assume. But this view did not prevail."

Mr. Gladstone, as we have shown, had already conceded that all the precedents of English history sanctioned the seizure of the Confederate emissaries. Both the Queen and Prince Albert were sure not to be ignorant of the fact that, in making a *casus belli* of this seizure, England would be making a new departure in her interpretation of the maritime law.

This hesitation at Windsor as recorded by Mr. Gladstone deserves to be taken into account by those who censure the members of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet, and Congress, and even Mr. Lincoln himself, for insisting upon the authority of an unbroken series of British precedents for taking these emissaries from the *Trent* and treating them as traitors to their Government.

LORD LYONS TO EARL RUSSELL

WASHINGTON, December 19, 1861.
[Received January 1, 1862.]

My Lord:

The messenger Seymour delivered to me at 11.30 last night your lordship's dispatch of the 30th ultimo specifying the reparation required by Her Majesty's Government for the seizure of Mr. Mason and Mr. Slidell and their secretaries on board the royal mail steamer *Trent*.

I waited on Mr. Seward this afternoon at the State Department and acquainted him in general terms with the tenor of that dispatch. I stated in particular—as nearly as possible in your lordship's words—that the only redress which could satisfy Her Majesty's Government and Her Majesty's people would be the immediate delivery of the prisoners to me, in order that they might again be placed under

British protection, and moreover a suitable apology for the aggression which had been committed. I added that Her Majesty's Government hoped that the Government of the United States would of its own accord offer this reparation; that it was in order to facilitate such an arrangement that I had come to him without any written demand or even any written paper at all in my hand; that if there was a prospect of attaining this object I was willing to be guided by him as to the conduct on my part which would render its attainment most easy.

Mr. Seward received my communication seriously and with dignity but without any manifestations of dissatisfaction. Some further conversation ensued in consequence of questions put by him with a view to ascertain the exact character of the dispatch. At the conclusion he asked me to give him till to-morrow to consider the question and to communicate with the President. On the day after he should, he said, be ready to express an opinion with respect to the communication I had made. In the meantime he begged me to be assured that he was very sensible of the friendly and conciliatory manner in which I had made it.

I have, &c.

SEWARD TO LORD LYONS

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, December 26, 1861.

Right Hon. Lord Lyons:

[Mr. Seward's reply to Lord Lyons was very voluminous. The question of international law raised by the facts presented in the report of Captain Wilkes "involved," he said, the following inquiries:

1. Were the persons named and their supposed dispatches contraband of war?

2. Might Captain Wilkes lawfully stop and search the *Trent* for these contraband persons and dispatches?

3. Did he exercise that right in a proper and lawful manner?

4. Having found the contraband persons on board and in presumed possession of the contraband dispatches, had he a right to capture the persons?

5. Did he exercise that right of capture in the manner allowed and recognized by the law of nations?

The first four of these questions Mr. Seward decided in the affirmative.[1] The fifth he decided in the negative, and that the captives were wrongly held because the *Trent* was not taken into port and properly condemned by a court of admiralty for carrying contraband of war. This is made the pretext for the surrender of the prisoners.]

. . . . . .

In the present case Captain Wilkes, after capturing contraband persons and making prize of the *Trent* in what seems to be a perfectly lawful manner, instead of sending her into port released her from the capture and permitted her to proceed with her whole cargo upon her voyage. He thus effectually prevented the judicial examination which might otherwise have occurred.

If now the capture of the contraband persons and the capture of the contraband vessel are to be regarded not as two separate or distinct transactions under the law of nations but as one transaction —one capture only—then it follows that the capture in this case was left unfinished or was abandoned. Whether the United States have a right to retain the chief public benefits of it, namely, the custody of the captured persons, on proving them to be contraband, will depend upon the preliminary question whether the leaving of the transaction unfinished was necessary or whether it was unnecessary and therefore voluntary. If it was necessary Great Britain as we suppose must of course waive the defect and the consequent failure of the judicial remedy. On the other hand it is not seen how the United States can insist upon her waiver of that judicial remedy if the defect of the capture resulted from an act of Captain Wilkes which would be a fault on their own side.

Captain Wilkes has presented to this Government his reasons for releasing the *Trent:*

"I forbore to seize her" (says he) "in consequence of my being so reduced in officers and crew and the derangement it would cause innocent persons, there being a large number of passengers who would have been put to great loss and inconvenience as well as disappointment from the interruption it would have caused them in not being able to join the steamer from Saint Thomas to Europe. I therefore concluded to sacrifice the interest of my officers and crew in

[1] As we have seen, it was decided *nem. con.* by the law officers of the crown at the first Cabinet meeting on the subject, as reported by Lord Palmerston himself to the Queen.

the prize and suffer her to proceed after the detention necessary to effect the transfer of those commissioners, considering I had obtained the important end I had in view, and which affected the interest of our country and interrupted the action of the Confederates."

I shall consider first how these reasons ought to affect the action of this Government; and secondly how they ought to be expected to affect the action of Great Britain.

The reasons are satisfactory to this Government so far as Captain Wilkes is concerned. It could not desire that the *San Jacinto,* her officers and crew should be exposed to danger and loss by weakening their number to detach a prize crew to go on board the *Trent.* Still less could it disavow the humane motive of preventing inconveniences, losses and perhaps disasters to the several hundred innocent passengers found on board the prize vessel. Nor could this Government conceive any ground for questioning the fact that these reasons though apparently incongruous did operate in the mind of Captain Wilkes and determine him to release the *Trent.* Human actions generally proceed upon mingled and sometimes conflicting motives. He measured the sacrifices which this decision would cost. It manifestly did not occur to him, however, that beyond the sacrifice of the private interests (as he calls them) of his officers and crew there might also be possibly a sacrifice even of the chief and public object of his capture, namely, the right of his Government to the custody and disposition of the captured persons. The Government cannot censure him for this oversight. It confesses that the whole subject came unforeseen upon the Government as doubtless it did upon him. Its present convictions upon the point in question are the result of deliberate examination and deduction now made and not of any impressions previously formed.

Nevertheless the question now is not whether Captain Wilkes is justified to his Government in what he did, but what is the present view of the Government as to the effect of what he has done? Assuming now for argument's sake only that the release of the *Trent* if voluntary involved a waiver of the claim of the Government to hold the captured persons, the United States in that case could have no hesitation in saying that the act which has thus already been approved by the Government must be allowed to draw its legal consequences after it. It is of the very nature of a gift or a charity that the giver cannot after the exercise of his benevolence is past recall or modify its benefits.

We are thus brought directly to the question whether we are entitled to regard the release of the *Trent* as involuntary or whether we are obliged to consider that it was voluntary. Clearly the release would have been involuntary had it been made solely upon the first ground assigned for it by Captain Wilkes, namely, the want of a sufficient

force to send the prize vessel into port for adjudication. It is not the duty of a captor to hazard his own vessel in order to secure a judicial examination to the captured party. No large prize crew, however, is legally necessary, for it is the duty of the captured party to acquiesce and go willingly before the tribunal to whose jurisdiction it appeals. If the captured party indicate purposes to employ means of resistance which the captor cannot with probable safety to himself overcome he may properly leave the vessel to go forward and neither she nor the State she represents can ever afterward justly object that the captor deprived her of the judicial remedy to which she was entitled.

But the second reason assigned by Captain Wilkes for releasing the *Trent* differs from the first. At best therefore it must be held that Captain Wilkes, as he explains himself, acted from combined sentiments of prudence and generosity, and so that the release of the prize vessel was not strictly necessary or involuntary. Secondly, how ought we to expect these explanations from Captain Wilkes of his reasons for leaving the capture incomplete to affect the action of the British Government?

The observation upon this point which first occurs is that Captain Wilkes' explanations were not made to the authorities of the captured vessel. If made known to them they might have approved and taken the release upon the condition of waiving a judicial investigation of the whole transaction or they might have refused to accept the release upon that condition.

But the case is one not with them but with the English Government. If we claim that Great Britain ought not to insist that a judicial trial has been lost because we voluntarily released the offending vessel out of consideration for her innocent passengers I do not see how she is to be bound to acquiesce in the decision which was thus made by us without necessity on our part and without knowledge of conditions or consent on her own. The question between Great Britain and ourselves thus stated would be a question not of right and of law but of favor to be conceded by her to us in return for favors shown by us to her, of the value of which favors on both sides we ourselves shall be the judge. Of course the United States could have no thought of raising such a question in any case.

I trust that I have shown to the satisfaction of the British Government by a very simple and natural statement of the facts and analysis of the law applicable to them that this Government had neither meditated nor practiced nor approved any deliberate wrong in the transaction to which they have called its attention: and on the contrary that what has happened has been simply an inadvertency, consisting in a departure by the naval officer free from any wrongful

motive from a rule uncertainly established and probably by the several parties concerned either imperfectly understood or entirely unknown. For this error the British Government has a right to expect the same reparation that we as an independent State should expect from Great Britain or from any other friendly nation in a similar case.

I have not been unaware that in examining this question I have fallen into an argument for what seems to be the British side of it against my own country. But I am relieved from all embarrassment on that subject. I had hardly fallen into that line of argument when I discovered that I was really defending and maintaining not an exclusively British interest but an old, honored and cherished American cause, not upon British authorities but upon principles that constitute a large portion of the distinctive policy by which the United States have developed the resources of a continent, and thus becoming a considerable maritime power have won the respect and confidence of many nations. These principles were laid down for us in 1804 by James Madison when Secretary of State in the Administration of Thomas Jefferson in instructions given to James Monroe, our Minister to England. Although the case before him concerned a description of persons different from those who are incidentally the subject of the present discussion, the ground he assumed then was the same I now occupy, and the arguments by which he sustained himself upon it have been an inspiration to me in preparing this reply.

Whenever (he says) property found in a neutral vessel is supposed to be liable on any ground to capture and condemnation the rule in all cases is that the question shall not be decided by the captor but be carried before a legal tribunal where a regular trial may be had, and where the captor himself is liable for damages for an abuse of his power. Can it be reasonable then or just that a belligerent commander who is thus restricted and thus responsible in a case of mere property of trivial amount should be permitted without recurring to any tribunal whatever to examine the crew of a neutral vessel, to decide the important question of their respective allegiances and to carry that decision into execution by forcing every individual he may choose into a service abhorrent to his feelings, cutting him off from his most tender connections, exposing his mind and his person to the most humiliating discipline and his life itself to the greatest danger? Reason, justice and humanity unite in protesting against so extravagant a proceeding.

If I decide this case in favor of my own Government I must disavow its most cherished principles and reverse and forever abandon its essential policy. The country cannot afford the sacrifice. If I maintain those principles and adhere to that policy I must surrender

the case itself. It will be seen therefore that this Government could not deny the justice of the claim presented us in this respect upon its merits. We are asked to do to the British nation just what we have always insisted all nations ought to do to us.

The claim of the British Government is not made in a discourteous manner. This Government since its first organization has never used more guarded language in a similar case.

In coming to my conclusion I have not forgotten that if the safety of this Union required the detention of the captured persons it would be the right and duty of this Government to detain them. But the effectual check and waning proportions of the existing insurrection as well as the comparative unimportance of the captured persons themselves when dispassionately weighed happily forbid me from resorting to that defense.

Nor am I unaware that American citizens are not in any case to be unnecessarily surrendered for any purpose into the keeping of a foreign State. Only the captured persons, however, or others who are interested in them could justly raise a question on that ground.

Nor have I been tempted at all by suggestions that cases might be found in history where Great Britain refused to yield to other nations, and even to ourselves, claims like that which is now before us. Those cases occurred when Great Britain as well as the United States was the home of generations which with all their peculiar interests and passions have passed away. She could in no other way so effectually disavow any such injury as we think she does by assuming now as her own the ground upon which we then stood. It would tell little for our own claims to the character of a just and magnanimous people if we should so far consent to be guided by the law of retaliation as to lift up buried injuries from their graves against what national consistency and the national conscience compel us to regard as a claim intrinsically right.

Putting behind me all suggestions of this kind I prefer to express my satisfaction that, by the adjustment of the present case upon principles confessedly American and yet as I trust mutually satisfactory to both of the nations concerned, a question is finally and rightly settled between them which, heretofore exhausting not only all forms of peaceful discussion but also the arbitrament of war itself for more than half a century, alienated the two countries from each other and perplexed with fears and apprehensions all other nations.

The four persons in question are now held in military custody at Fort Warren, in the State of Massachusetts. They will be cheerfully liberated. Your lordship will please indicate a time and place for receiving them.

I avail myself of this occasion to offer to your lordship a renewed assurance of my very high consideration.

The captive prisoners were accordingly surrendered under the order of the Secretary of State to the British Government, and the British Government accepted them, but did not accept as cheerfully the maritime law under cover of which the surrender was made.

Its objection will be found very clearly stated in the following lines from the pen of Sir William Vernon Harcourt, under the pseudonym of "Historicus":

> In order to constitute contraband of war it is absolutely essential that two elements should concur, namely, a hostile quality and a hostile destination. If either of these elements is wanting there can be no such thing as contraband.
>
> Innocent goods going to a belligerent port are not contraband; here there is a hostile destination but no hostile quality. Hostile goods, such as munitions of war, going to a neutral port are not contraband.
>
> The unquestioned and unquestionable neutral destination of the *Trent* proves beyond all possibility of cavil that neither persons nor goods on board of her could be treated as contraband.
>
> No doubt considerable allowance ought to be made for the difficulty in which Mr. Seward is placed by the hopeless endeavor to reconcile the action of his Government in surrendering the prisoners with the vote of thanks of Congress to Captain Wilkes.
>
> If this dispatch could be treated as a mere apologetic document which was intended to have no further results than to make an embarrassing retreat, we might well connive at the construction of a golden bridge for a flying foe. But unfortunately this manifesto of the American view of international law is only too likely to be taken as sailing orders by American captains.

Had the Hague Tribunal been in function in those days, the counsel appearing before it on behalf of the American Government would probably have raised the question whether during the first three years of the war England was not a belligerent government, and we may now ask, not impertinently, why she paid us $15,500,000 for the damage done to our commerce by ships built and equipped in her dockyards, if she was not constructively such?

Mr. J. Ewing Ritchie, in his "Life and Times of Lord Palmerston," after quoting from the remarks of Henry Ward Beecher on the *Trent* affair in his farewell speech at Manchester, says:

We need not go so far as Mr. Beecher, and defend the conduct of Captain Wilkes as sanctioned by English precedent; but the conduct of Lord Palmerston and the British Government was certainly more spirited than friendly. There was little danger of war with America. The Americans at that time had quite enough to do; nor were our successes, when we were at war with people of that country, such as to create any desire in this country again to engage in an American war. We had gathered few laurels in American encounters; nay, Canada, with its vast and defenceless frontier, supplies an additional motive for desiring peace with our kinsmen across the Atlantic.

SEWARD TO ADAMS

Confidential

Department of State,
Washington, December 27, 1861.

Sir:

You will receive herewith a copy of the correspondence with Lord Lyons on the subject of the *Trent*. The great difficulty in all human enterprises consists in pursuing just and worthy objects persistently when the interests and passions of men avail themselves of accidents to embarrass our movements and divert us from our course.

Nothing could have happened so well calculated to electrify the loyal portion of the American people as the capture and confinement of the four persons who were taken from the *Trent* on their way to Europe to betray their country into the control of ambitious foreign States. But this is no time to be diverted from the cares of the Union into controversies with other powers, even if just causes for them could be found. When the affair happened there was no time for the public mind to weigh against the apparent advantages of the capture, the probable incompetency of the captured persons as individuals to do any considerable injury to our country abroad, much less to measure the dangers of collision between us and foreign powers resulting from an exchange of our own traditional position in regard to neutral rights for the British one—one which we had so long and so consistently repudiated. The Government as you will already have learned has not yielded to any such excitement, but has held itself ready to meet and decide the question upon its merits and with reference only to the public welfare in its broadest and most enduring relations.

The President has adopted his decision with the unanimous assent of his Cabinet. We trust and believe that a change or at least a pause will come upon the mind of Europe when it is seen as it now must be that the United States have maintained calmness, composure and dignity during all the season in which the British people have been so intensely excited, and that in this as in every other case they have vindicated not only their consistency but their principles and policy while measuring out to Great Britain the justice which they have always claimed at her hands. The Union is indeed the paramount interest of the day but the national prestige and character will not be unnecessarily compromised in our efforts to maintain it.

I am, sir, &c.

The painful suspense in which, despite our efforts to belittle the perils of the situation, we found ourselves, was not, fortunately, of long duration. The next or the succeeding mail brought Mr. Seward's memorable letter declining all responsibility for the seizure of the rebel commissioners and providing for their immediate transportation to their original destination.

I will here repeat a story told me by the late Richard M. Blatchford, who arrived in Paris about this time on his way to Rome, where he had been commissioned as Minister Resident of the United States. It related to the preparation of Mr. Seward's letter, and, if authentic, as I have no reason to doubt, is worthy of being preserved. He said that Mr. Lincoln was fully determined not to surrender the commissioners. When Mr. Seward waited upon him with Earl Russell's dispatch demanding their surrender, Mr. Lincoln, as soon as Mr. Seward had finished reading it, said promptly and decidedly, "No." Mr. Seward said it was a grave step to refuse. "No matter," said the President; "I will never give them up." "Then I shall be obliged to ask you, Mr. President, to write the reply to Earl Russell," said the Secretary, "for the strength of the argument from our own past policy, so far as I can see, is all in favor of a compliance with his demands."

After a short interval of silence, Mr. Lincoln said: "Very well, I will write a reply; but you write also such a reply as

you think should be made to it, and come to me with it on Monday morning, when we will read them together."

At the appointed hour Mr. Seward repaired to the White House with the letter he had prepared. Mr. Lincoln asked him to read his letter first. Mr. Seward read, the President meantime making no remark nor giving any sign of the impression it was leaving upon him. As soon as Mr. Seward had finished, the President took up the manuscript of the letter he had prepared, but, instead of reading it, deliberately threw the sheets into the grate. Then turning to Mr. Seward, he said, "That argument is unanswerable."

It was that letter which was finally adopted as the voice of our Government and which proved to be a singularly acceptable expression of the sentiment of the nation.

JOHN BRIGHT TO BIGELOW

Rochdale, Jany. 3, 1862.

Dear Mr. Bigelow:

I ought to have acknowledged your most kind letter sooner —but I have felt almost incapable of writing while so dark a cloud has been over us. From letters I have read from you, your Ministers at Vienna & St. Petersburg,—and from several of your consuls & countrymen in England, I am able to hope that my speech will have some good effect in the United States, unless it be lost in the confusion caused by the hostile attitude assumed by the Press and Govt. of England. It is a great mistake to imagine that our people are against your people. Our Govt. is made up of men drawn from the aristocratic families—it is therefore aristocratic, and from a natural instinct, it must be hostile to your greatness & to the permanence of your institutions. Our rich men take their course mainly from the Aristocracy to whom they look up—and our Press, in London especially, is directly influenced by the Govt., and the two sections of the Aristocracy for which it writes—we have also our tremendous military services, with all their influence on the Govt. & on opinion.

But we have other and better influences—the town populations —the non-conformist congregations, the quiet & religious people, and generally I believe the working men—these have done much to put down the war cry, and to make a very considerable demonstration in favor of moderation, & if needful of arbitration.

The feeling here is strongly in favor of peace, & we are hoping for good news by the boat on Monday next. If this difficulty is surmounted, I think the disposition here will be rendered much more favorable to the North than it has been of late. The religious and antislavery element has been stirred and every week shows how likely your struggle is to be the destruction of the slave system. In this district the cotton question is growing in importance but has not yet reached a point at which it may be deemed very formidable. If we could see progress in the States—if the Northern Slave states could be seen cleared of insurgents, and if any daylight were discernible thro' the gloom, we should go on without any great irritation for some months longer—but if nothing is done to give hope of the contest coming to an end, I fear England and France may seek opportunities of troubling you with a view to get rid of the blockade. Mr. Cobden has been advising the voluntary raising of the blockade. I cannot see my way to join him in such advice—because I think it would be impossible to carry on war without a blockade; without constant disputes with this country in respect of duties payable at the Southern Ports, and of search for contraband which your ships of war would require to maintain.

I am living upon faith—faith that God will not permit the perpetuation of Slavery on your Continent, and that your grand experiment of freedom and self government will not fail. I believe there is no other Govt. in the world that would have survived the perils which yours passed thro from March 1860 to April 1861—and when I see the order and unity exhibited in all the Northern states, I cannot believe in the crash which ignorant and evil minded men here have foretold and evidently wish for.

I need hardly tell you that Mr. Cobden and I have done all we could by writing our intimate friends in this Govt. to urge them to moderation and peace. The Prime Minister is old, and steeped in the traditions of a past generation; he has made

his only reputation by the pretence that he is plucky and instant in the defence of English honor, and he is in that condition just now that a revival of popularity is very needful for him. If foreign affairs are tranquil, his Govt. must break up. Bluster and occasionally war even have been resorted to by ministers in past times to sustain a tottering Statesman or a falling party, and I am not sure that some of our present ministers have a morality superior to that of their predecessors.

Let us hope, however, for good and for peace. I have great trust in the calmness and moderation of your President, and in the solid wisdom of your Senate. They must baffle our warmongers, and show that it is not passion and anger that move them, and then give to the world an evidence of their capacity to steer their great ship, with its freight of freedom and blessings for the whole human race, through the stormiest seas.

Your letter is very kind, and gave much pleasure—I value your good opinion highly—I am glad too to know that Mrs. Bigelow thinks I have done some justice to her Country.

I hope all good Englishmen may feel all good Americans their friends—as for me, be it in peace or war, I shall wish for the good of our race that your Country may withstand every shock, and that our children may see her great and free and offering a refuge to the oppressed from every quarter of the globe.

With my kind respects to Mrs. Bigelow, and many thanks to yourself—believe me always,

Very sincerely yours

BIGELOW TO SEWARD

PARIS, Jan. 7th, 1862.

Sir:

The official correspondence of the State department communicated to Congress with the President's message did not reach me till the 5th inst., some ten days after it reached the minister at the Hague as he informs me, and more than a week after it was in the hands of the London journalists.

I bring the fact to the notice of the State department for the purpose of suggesting a mode by which I think my usefulness may be increased.

Had I received that correspondence a week earlier I could have secured a circulation for large portions of it through the French press and I could have placed the Editors here under such substantial obligations as would have given me effective claims upon their columns hereafter. I could also have had the whole collection inserted in the *Archives Diplomatiques*—the best accredited of diplomatic documents in Europe—for this month. I do not despair of getting a good deal of it in the February number but it would have been more generally read in diplomatic circles if inserted a month earlier. I have given my copy for that purpose to M. Grenier the editor, who by the way is very friendly to us, and disposed to be useful if any one will show him how, consequently I have none for the use of the Paris papers, which seem, so far as I can learn, to have taken such documents as they have published from the English Journals.

This is unfortunate in two respects. It accustoms the Paris Journals to take the hues of the London Press, which are always unfavorable to us, and it wounds their pride to have the precedence in such matters always given to the English papers. Nothing would contribute more to awaken friendly feelings towards us among the writers for the Press here, than for them to be able through the courtesy of our Government occasionally to bring the English Press to Paris, for American intelligence.

As it is, the journals are content with quoting the opinions of the English press, copying but few of the documents and treating at length of none. This I regard as a great misfortune, for the Press of Paris is in a much better condition than any other in Europe to do justice to that correspondence, which, taken all in all, will some day be pronounced by competent authority the most creditable to the nation that has ever issued from the State department during any single administration. And the Paris press too is the only press competent to neutralize the pernicious influence of the English journals. In a few days the correspondence on Mexican affairs will be here, discolored by the English medium through which it will pass. Had I had the opportunity of giving it to the journals

here first the impression it would produce upon Europe would be vastly more advantageous to us. When I give an editor a document I can give him at the same time the light by which it is to be read and interpreted. When he receives it through an English journal first, he takes the English view without hesitation, in some instance with satisfaction because it is a way of punishing us for treating him as a secondary influence. This too is the only means I have of placing the press under obligations to me and of establishing claims upon their courtesy. Mr. Dayton does not feel at liberty to use the fund assigned to him, except in the specific ways designated. Social influences are necessarily very limited in their sphere of operation and it is therefore of importance that the most be made of the "news" which the department has to communicate.

It is from the conviction that I can be most useful to my government in this way, rather than from a desire to increase my labor and responsibilities, that I venture to suggest that documents of interest abroad which are likely to be given to the public before they could reach Europe and return, be sent to me in manuscript or in early proof; if in print, fifteen or twenty copies, for I would like to supply the leading journals not only here but the correspondents of the leading journals in Belgium and in Germany, several of whom have already expressed to me a desire to be turned to account in this way. With facilities of this sort I can win the confidence of every influential journalist here, the fruit of which I am sure would soon be apparent in my correspondence.

I am, Sir, yours very Respectfully

SEWARD TO BIGELOW

Unofficial

WASHINGTON, January 10, 1862.

My dear Bigelow:

I thank you for your letter of the 23d of December. It came in good time to assist me in repressing sentiments and apprehensions about France, which at any time would be unwise, but in this crisis are peculiarly unfortunate if groundless.

We have made a good beginning at Murfreesboro, and we are, I hope, not far from victory in other quarters which must tell. We have too much party, and too little patriotism, but all things considered perhaps are as sound as any nation ever is under such trials.

What is strange is that while on all sides we have fears and alarms, the general tone of national sentiment is firmer than heretofore. Perhaps we are getting used to our misfortunes and dangers.

Faithfully yours

The writer of the following letter was Governor of the State of New York; he had been State Senator, and subsequently was chosen a Senator of the United States. He was also head of the prominent commercial house of E. D. Morgan & Co. President Lincoln urged him to accept a position in his Cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury, which he declined. He was a close political friend of Secretary Seward. His letter was in reply to a warning I had sent him in regard to schemes on foot for an attack on New York City by the Confederates, of which menaced peril to that city, more was afterwards disclosed.

GOVERNOR E. D. MORGAN TO BIGELOW

Albany, January 12, 1862.

My dear Bigelow:

It is quite time that you should have an acknowledgment of your valuable letters to me. The last one dated 8th ultimo came to hand while I was making two kinds of preparation. One for the Legislature, then soon to convene, the other to prevent warships from entering the harbor of New York. I think you will excuse me under the circumstances for my apparent inattention. Mason and Slidell having been given up to Great Britain I suppose we ought to expect a little time for reflection, before any new demand shall be made from that quarter, although the *Tribune* advises foreign nations that if

they have any little grievances with us it is a favorable time to bring them forward for settlement.

We are very poorly supplied with guns, and with ammunition at the fortifications in New York Harbor; and upon the Lakes we have nothing. Nor is there any prospect that Congress will do any thing effective for some time to come. There appears to be much dissatisfaction with General McClellan in Congress, and they do not hesitate to give expression to their views. There is constant grumbling that our armies do not accomplish more, and there is a powerful abolition feeling in and out of Congress. They would favor *instant* Emancipation, and they represent and apparently believe that the war is never to be ended only as we strike at the root of slaveholding. Our situation is a very precarious one. We may have a success that will turn the fate of the conspirators suddenly, and peace thereby be obtained in a few weeks. But I think it is more than probable that the war will continue through the greater part of the year. I hope it will be ended before the period of my retirement in December, and I believe it will.

The Legislature met on the 7th but have thus far hardly become acquainted with their duties. Mr. Speaker Raymond [1] proposes to appoint his committees on the 14th, after which I think they will move, and become a working body.

There is an improvement in both branches, most marked in the Senate. You may have noticed my recommendations as to re-organizing the militia and defending the sea and lake ports. I intend to urge this upon the Committees regardless of Congress, for the general government has its hands full and the state must take care of itself.[2] There is much that is wrong in the management of affairs at Washington, arising mainly as I think from incompetency to grapple with and to terminate the contest promptly. The war is awfully expensive, and the

[1] Then also editor of the *New York Times*.

[2] The May previous Governor Dennison of Ohio, as previously stated, had telegraphed to Governor Morgan to meet the governors of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin at Cleveland, or send a representative, to consult about the defence of the States lying on the Ohio River. Governor Morgan said he could not leave Albany then and requested me to go in his place, which I did. The immediate result of our meeting was practically a circular from Mr. Seward notifying the border States that they would have to depend, for the time at least, for their defence upon themselves; that the Government at Washington had its hands fully occupied in protecting the seat of government.

government is not now paying its contractors. There will very soon be great complaint on this score. The President is faithful and exerting himself properly for the restoration of peace upon the broad basis of the constitution. The Cabinet are not I think a unit upon the policy to be pursued, and it is very evident that they leave undone much that ought to be done, even if they do not some things that ought not to be done. All this however is to be expected and as far as possible to be overlooked.

Sincerely yours

W. H. RUSSELL TO BIGELOW

New York Hotel, N. Y., Jany. 16, 1862.

My dear Bigelow:

Among many grievous faults I do not include indifference to the friendship of those whom I esteem, and therefore I accuse myself of remissness in putting off for a few days the reply which your kind letter of Nov. 10th should have received at once, because it may look like indifference to a correspondent on whose good will I set much value. The delay has been augmented by a severe hint of chills and fever—of the which say nothing I pray you, lest the news should come to the ears of my wife. Since you wrote a great cloud has arisen and passed away, and though the sky is stormy the danger from that squall has been averted. You will probably soon after this reaches you see the new "Minister" Mr. Slidell perambulating the Boulevards. If in November last you were tired of hearing of what the army and navy were going to do, you must now be in the last stage of ennui and fatigue. But if that sensation extends itself to France and England it will become dangerous indeed and I don't see how the extension is to be averted. If ever a nation was kept alive by hopes and promises; by the evidence of things hoped for, the substance of things not seen, it has been the population of the United States. But words are not fattening or even nutritious, and I see evident signs of maceration. Had McClellan, early in December, left 25,000 men in the works defending Alexandria and

the passages to Washington, broken up that vast wooden camp of his; made his army mobile, and marched right round the enemy's left, he could, *I think,* have forced him out of his lines and engaged him in the open with some chance of success. Now movement is impossible! The works are approaching the Crimean type as I prophesied they would, three months ago. All the talk about the folds of the boa constrictor, etc., is rubbish. Buell will not be able to move in Kentucky nor will Halleck, I think, succeed in forcing his way down the Mississippi. Sherman's miserable delay and incapacity at Port Royal destroyed the whole of the prestige of that expedition, and unless Burnside does better, these tentatives will only irritate like fly blisters. I begin to think the West Pointers are mere pedants and that you might as well think to make generals out of the teachers and professors at Woolwich, as to employ mere theorists who have never handled men in the field. Since Ball's Bluff I have lost faith in McClellan. I think McD. infinitely superior to him, tho' still admitting McC. did much in licking the cubs into the shape of soldiers. It 's nothing to the purpose to say the South has no better. They are on the defensive and have taken up good positions on their own ground. Delay is crushing out the life of the North under an expenditure without precedent or parallel. I would rather have 50,000 good French or English troops than the one half million who are sucking up the blood of the States and doing nothing. I am of opinion now as always that if the North puts forth all its strength it can make a Poland of the South, but it can only do so by the use of all that strength and in a legitimate manner; and rapidity of action is one of the greatest elements of its power. The defeat of Manassas paralyzes Northern armies and councils. The President seems only to look at Kentucky and to think only of conciliating the democrats, whose anger and opposition he deprecates, by the sacrifice of Cameron. Seward apes the craft of Richelieu and succeeds only in gaining the dislike of his old friends, whilst he does not in the least degree mitigate the wrath of his ancient foes. As to "the people," I don't know where to find them, what to think of them, what they do—what they think of. Congress seems afraid to tax them; to lay on more duties is to milk a dried teat—and the army to my eyes is the sole substantial thing left in the country *at present—e pur non si muove—* I have run out with my crudities—wife

still invalid. Do give my best regards to your wife. Tell her the devil is not so black as he is painted—even in the *New York Herald.*

Yours ever, my dear Bigelow, no matter what comes

THE CHARLESTON HARBOR GRIEVANCE

Grievously disappointed in finding that the *Trent* affair had not resulted in a rupture with Great Britain, the Confederates and their alien sympathizers besieged the British Foreign Office with divers other complaints, each of which in turn was urged as a sufficient pretext for the English Government to intervene and compel a cessation of hostilities on the basis of a division of the Union. They denounced the choking up of the entrance of Charleston harbor with sunken ships as barbarous; said the war was waged by the Northern States for political and territorial dominion; that the extinction or limitation of slavery with them was of altogether secondary consideration (a view to which Earl Russell gave currency, though it is difficult to believe he could ever have seriously adopted it); that it was a war of the Northern protectionists against the Southern free-traders; that our blockade was ineffective, and its most inconvenient results were borne by the cotton-manufacturers of Europe. These facts will serve to account for the appearance here of the following letter from D. Forbes Campbell to the Paris correspondent of the *London Morning Post,* and the succeeding letter which appeared in the *Post* a day or two after it bears date. It was written at the request of the Paris correspondent of that print. The reader may expect to hear again of this Mr. Campbell.

D. FORBES CAMPBELL TO THE PARIS CORRESPONDENT OF THE *LONDON MORNING POST*

45 Dover Street,
London, 16 January, 1862.

My dear Brown:

How comes it that you have never alluded in your correspondence to the Yankee doings in Charleston harbour and the indignation

thereat roused in France? Upon inquiry you will find that fully three weeks ago, France and England, separately, addressed the strongest possible remonstrances to the government at Washington against the Vandal-like act, *then in contemplation. It has been consummated in spite of our remonstrances.* The foregoing I give you for a *fact.* I learn further from an excellent quarter, that instructions have gone to M. Mercier, to notify the Washington government that *France can no longer recognize the blockade of the Southern ports*—that the blocking up of the harbor of Charleston was uncalled for had the blockade been "*effective.*" England approves of this and will back up France. The lead however will, on the present occasion, be taken by the Emperor. It is said too that H. M. will in his speech, on the 27th instant, denounce the barbarous mode of warfare adopted by the North, and proclaim the blockade no longer binding on France. What joy such an announcement will occasion in Manchester and other places now sorely tried by the cotton famine.

The enclosed from the *Herald* of 6th inst. is the programme of the Conservative party on the American question. The party can marshal 314 men, at a division, and as 127 liberals and radicals (some of them good speakers and men of weight) are pledged to support a motion for the *immediate recognition* of the Confederate States and the raising of the paper blockade, the Ministry will be beaten if they do not make a virtue of a necessity and anticipate the action of Parliament. The motion in question will be *made* and *seconded* by advanced *liberals* and supported by the conservatives "*en masse.*"

Make what use you like of the preceding.

Do you know whether M. Fould has determined to raise a loan? If you do, and can give me the figure and times privately by Monday morning's post, the information might put something into both our pockets. Of course you have seen Sir Robert M.P. and heard his "*veni, vidi, vici.*" Was it he who pitched into Lord Cowley so hard, the other morning in the *Times?*

Yours sincerely

To facilitate the blockade of Charleston, our Government had found it an economy to sink one or more vessels on the bar of the harbor. The Confederates in Europe availed themselves of this fact to raise a howl against our Government for an act which, they persuaded not a few of the writers for the European press, was a violation of the law of nations and a death-blow aimed at the very existence of the chief commercial city of South Carolina.

In order to put the statesmen of Europe on their guard against giving any encouragement to this stupid cry, I prepared the following letters, to which I thought it would probably be more difficult for the official organ of the Government to refuse its hospitality than for other journals subject to censorship.

BIGELOW TO THE *LONDON MORNING POST*

PARIS, Jan. 16 [1862].

My dear Friend,

I received your congratulations upon the peaceful termination of the *Trent* controversy with great pleasure, the greater because I know that in all you said you were sincere—that you really desire peace. If I have seemed tardy in acknowledging your favour it was not because I did not enter with you into the joy which the prospect of a continuance of friendship between our two Governments should inspire, but because I did not see so distinctly as you seemed to, the bow of promise in the clouds. Subsequent events have confirmed my misgivings. From every quarter indications are reaching me which, whatever people on this side of the Atlantic may say, will be construed by my countrymen into a determination to fix a quarrel of just sufficient moment upon us to furnish a pretext for violating our blockade. I have reason to suspect that both your Government and this have remonstrated with the Government of the United States against the means we have employed to close the harbour of Charleston. It is also pretty certain that the Government of her Majesty is lending a willing hand to Parliamentary combinations having in view the violation of our blockade, on the ground that by sinking ships at the mouth of Charleston harbour we have practically admitted the blockade to have been ineffective, and therefore not entitled to respect. My apprehension now is that your Government, leading or following that of France, may adopt such a policy. If so, then war is the prompt and inevitable consequence. Nothing that the friends of peace in either country could do would prevent it. Our people would see in such a

proceeding a determination on the part of your Government, strengthened rather than weakened by our recent concessions in the interests of peace, to compel us to raise the blockade of the Confederate ports. No one could persuade my countrymen after that that anything we could do would secure your friendship unless coupled with the privilege of buying cotton in the Southern ports; and though we drink ever so far lower down the stream than you, that we will not be accused of dirtying the water, just so long as your need of cotton remains unsatisfied. The moment what is now a suspicion in America becomes a conviction, as it would in the contingency here suggested, I am sure that the United States would resist as one man, and with a desperation of which, as yet, you have seen no parallel on that continent.

Nor could I, in my conscience, advise them to do otherwise. It would present one of those occasions when a nation shows whether it is fit to be trusted with the ark of civilisation, and if our people did not spontaneously "pledge their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honours" in defence of their constitution and Government in such a crisis, future historians would pronounce them unworthy of the place in history which their ancestors have made for them.

Those who find no provocation or wrong sufficient to justify war—and I know there are very conscientious people who make such pretensions—may logically enough regard the choking up of the harbour of Charleston as an act of barbarism, but for those who think it ever proper to resort to what Cardinal Richelieu called the *ultima ratio regum,* it is the most puerile sentimentalism in the world to pretend that there was any special rigour in that proceeding. Even had we contemplated the utter destruction of the harbour by sinking those ships, than which nothing was further from our thoughts, the history of European States would have furnished us with abundant precedents for the step. It was by precisely similar means that Richelieu, in 1628, put down the Rochellois rebellion, which, like ours, was stimulated, if not sustained, by Great Britain, and which, like this pro-slavery rebellion, was maintained with a fanaticism equally regardless of any proper adaptation of means to ends. Richelieu constructed a dyke of sunken ships across the harbour of Rochelle over 4000 feet long, and, with its aid, accomplished

the reduction of a city which had withstood seven previous sieges. I am aware that the laws of war have somewhat changed since the days of Louis XIII., and, I trust, for the better, but this act of the great Cardinal Richelieu is not without competent defenders in our generation. M. Quatrefages, a name well known to the scientific world, and withal a devoted Protestant, in his "Souvenirs d'un Naturaliste," published so recently as 1854, gives an account of this dyke, and says:— "La Rochelle avait incontestablement pour elle le droit ancien: le cardinal pouvait invoquer le droit nouveau, et peut-être est-il permit de dire que dans ce sanglant conflit l'attaque et la défense furent également legitimes." In the same sense is the remark with which Henri Martin closes his picturesque recital of that memorable siege, and M. Martin will not be suspected of a disposition to apologise for arbitrary or despotic measures, whether of prelate or monarch. "Richelieu," says he, "était resté treize mois sur ces plages, qui avaient dévoré, depuis la descente des Anglais en Ré, 40,000,000 livres et bien des milliers d'hommes, tout cela pour faire détruire par la France une des forces de France; fatale nécessité! lutte mortelle où l'on ne peut faire un crime au vaincus de sa résistance, ni au vainqueur de sa victoire."

But this mode of warfare is not strange to more recent times, nor to your own annals. Russia did not hesitate to resort to this method of defending Sebastopol from the invasion of a British fleet during the Crimean war.

It is now known that orders were issued by the British Admiralty to shut up the fleet of Napoleon I. at Boulogne, in 1804, by sinking ships at its entrance, and that on the evacuation of Alexandria in 1807 your admiral sank five vessels laden with stone where it was supposed they would prove an effectual and permanent obstacle to navigation. In Lord Dundonald's "Autobiography of a Seaman" I am told there is a letter addressed by that gallant nobleman in 1809 to Lord Mulgrave, then first Lord of the Admiralty, in which he recommends a similar treatment for the anchorage of Aix.

But in what respect is it more barbarous to choke up a harbour than to destroy populous cities? The allied army did what it could to destroy Sebastopol, and but for its capitulation the destruction would have been complete. More recently your army in India was invoked by the leading metropolitan

press in London to raze the city of Delhi to the ground and "sow it with salt."

All sieges and all wars have been conducted in pretty much the same spirit towards cities or ports that have been found to occupy important strategic positions.

But is it not the superlative of nonsense to talk of the barbarism of closing up a port with stone while defending the sacrifice of whole hecatombs of human lives on the field of battle? Which would have been the greater enormity, supposing the motive to have been the same, totally to ruin the harbour of Sebastopol, or to take the thousands of lives sacrificed in its siege and defence? Do you answer that the shutting up of a harbour is a permanent loss to all the world? But were not the lives sacrificed in the Crimea or in India a much more permanent loss to the world, as well as to themselves and their kindred?

But it is a weak invention of an enemy to pretend that our Government has been destroying Charleston harbour. The channel to that city can be opened and put in a better condition than it ever was before, in three months, at less expense than was incurred in buying the ships, and loading and sinking them where they now lie. The Confederates, I know, can not do it, and therein may be found a pregnant commentary upon the effects of slavery in paralysing mechanical genius; but there is no large seaport in the North that cannot furnish the machinery requisite to clear the harbour of Charleston in 90 days at much less expense than would be incurred in keeping up the blockade with floating vessels.

The channel is very shallow, as every one knows; none of the sunken vessels are hulls under—in this respect differing widely from the dyke at Sebastopol, where the vessels were sunk in over 70 feet of water—and all the washing of sand that can take place cannot possibly render their removal in the least degree problematical whenever the city of Charleston becomes entitled to commercial intercourse again with the rest of the world.

Till then, if England would consult her own interests, or those of South Carolina, she will leave Charleston to the discipline of her rightful government. At all events, she must look up some better evidence than this or any other that has yet been advanced to show that our blockade is not effective.

The fact is—and I am sure what I say is susceptible of demonstration—

1st. That there never was so extensive a blockade attempted before by any nation; and

2d. That there never was a blockade embracing more than a single harbour more efficient.

Every port is faithfully watched by two or more vessels of war along a sea-coast of more than 1500 miles, and the best evidence of their vigilance is the enormously high price at which all foreign commodities are ruling in the Southern markets. If there were not a dozen vessels occupied in the blockade of the whole Confederate coast, the Southern prices current would furnish conclusive evidence of its efficiency. Compare it with your blockade in the Baltic, or more recently in the Chinese seas—contrast the relative advance in prices of imported commodities in the two countries, and then you will comprehend the folly of impeaching it.

But why was not some of this solicitude about the efficiency of our blockade exhibited when Turkey declared a long line of her coast under blockade during the past year with only three steamers, and they more than half of the time unable to move for want of coal, which the Government had neither the money nor credit necessary to supply? No complaints of this blockade have been made, and England and France have both respected it faithfully. Be sure, my friend, the motive which may induce your Government to require so much more from America than from Turkey will not pass unchallenged; and, if you interfere with us on any such pretence, you will lose, as a nation, more moral power in the world than you can possibly gain of any other kind.

The fact is, if England breaks this blockade, or allows it to be broken, her naval supremacy is at an end for ever. It is as effective as a blockade can be made against vessels navigated by steam. If England is led into the snare that has been laid for her, and is betrayed into the declaration that our blockade is not effective, she need never hope to establish one hereafter that will be.

My friend, I have said that any interference with our right to keep the rebel ports of America closed to foreign commerce would be promptly and desperately resented, no matter from which or how many quarters that interference came. Such is

my conviction. It does not become me to say what would be the probable result of a conflict with us on such an issue. It may even be that your Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his recent eloquent speech in Scotland, has underrated your powers of conquest. You undoubtedly would do us great damage; you might give a quasi-independence for a time to the cotton States; you might even get possession of Portland, for which your political organs have not had the grace to conceal their covetousness; but with all our losses, yours would certainly be much greater. With all your experience of foreign wars you know nothing of the costliness of a war with a nation separated like ours from you by 3000 miles of ocean, with as many more miles of sea-coast, and occupying an area of territory much larger than all Europe, intersected in every direction by railroads, with an army of half a million of men under arms, a fleet of war vessels not to be despised, and with capacities to multiply them at the rate of three, at least, to England's two. Such a war, I am quite sure, and such is the opinion of your highest commercial authorities, would bankrupt your Government in three months, and sink it, pending the war, if not for ever, by the force of circumstances, from a first to a second class Power; for there is no nation, nor any two nations, in Europe strong enough to fight America, and retain a controlling position in Europe. Much as we should suffer in such a contest, it would be regarded by our people as the only alternative, and, like blind old Samson in the temple, we should leave the consequences to Providence and the Philistines.

I will bring this long and, I fear, tedious letter to a close by quoting a remark of the present ruler of France, in which, I think, the statesmen, the manufacturers, and the taxpayers of England may all find a lesson for the times. He says, in his "Idées Napoliennes":

"The period of the empire has been a war to the death between England and France. England triumphed; but, thanks to the creative genius of Napoleon, France, though vanquished, lost less materially than England. The finances of France are still the most prosperous in Europe. England bends under the weight of her debt. The impulse given to industry and commerce has not been arrested by our reverses. To-day the continent of Europe supplies itself with most of

the products which were formerly furnished by England. Now then, we ask, who are the great statesmen, those who have governed countries which have gained in spite of defeat, or those who have ruled countries which have lost in spite of victory?''

Could England hope for a better result from a war with America?

Yours very sincerely, in peace and in war,

* * *

BIGELOW TO THE *MONITEUR*

Translation

PARIS, January 24, 1862.

To the Editor of the Moniteur:

Some of the English journals, writing apparently in the interest of slavery, are laboring to mislead public opinion in Europe by asserting that the port of Charleston has been closed forever by means of stone sunk in ships at its mouth.[1] This is a pernicious error. The Government of the United States has never contemplated any permanent obstruction of that port. It sank some ships laden with stone at one of the entrances to the harbor, where the water, according to the Coast Survey, averages only nine feet in depth at low tide; the water was admitted into the vessels through plug-holes from below; those holes can be closed and the vessels raised again at less expense and in less time than it took to collect, load and sink them there. At low tide the hulls of the smallest of vessels there must be visible above the surface, and no possible accumulation of sand which they can make in such shallow water can prove a formidable obstacle to their elevation, with suitable machinery, unless by their own weight they disappear altogether, which is not improbable. We are told by the *Charleston Mercury* of a recent date that vessels of 1000 tons laden with railroad iron have been sunk there and not a vestige remained in three months.

[1] The bar is five or six miles from Charleston.

Were this a case in which the conscience of the world ought to be directed by the example of previous generations, I should have little difficulty in vindicating the course of our Government, even had it entertained the vindictive purposes attributed to it. I should have asked your leave to refer our censors to the siege of Rochelle by Louis XIII. in 1628; to the sealing up of the Scheldt in 1648, which gave the commerce of Antwerp a blow from which it has never recovered; to the Treaty of Utrecht, by which Queen Anne bound Louis XIV. to destroy the harbor of Dunkirk, which ranked fourth in commercial importance among the harbors of France; to the threatened stoning up of the fleet of Napoleon I. at Boulogne in 1804; to the sunken ships which the British Admiral left in the harbor when he evacuated Alexandria in 1807, and to the still more recent and familiar example of Russia in her defence of Sebastopol.

Fortunately the Government of the United States does not stand in need of such a vindication, and I am happy to infer, from the emotion exhibited in Europe by the supposed destruction of Charleston harbor, that a more enlightened public opinion and a purer national morality prevail now than when any of the precedents I have cited were furnished.

If the English Government is as anxious as her press seems now to be to protect the commerce of neutral nations from the vicissitudes of war; to have no more blockades, to have all seas and harbors recognized as the common property of all nations, subject to the necessarily indefeasible rights of sovereignty, and to have the peaceful commerce of the world placed under the protection of the navies of the world, there is no government from which it may expect a more cordial coöperation than from the Government of the United States. Upon such terms I am sure the American people will be but too happy to bear the reproach from history of having established the last blockade by which the commerce and civilization of the world will have to suffer.

Yours very respectfully,

(Signed) JOHN BIGELOW,

U. S. Consul.

JOHN BRIGHT TO BIGELOW

Private

ROCHDALE, Jan. 22, 1862.

My dear Mr. Bigelow:

I am surprised at the contents of your letter, for I have heard nothing of the intentions of the Tory party in the coming session. This morning, however, I learn from a letter from London, that it is stated that Mr. Lindsay, M. P. for Sunderland, will bring on the question the first night of the session, and that he will be seconded by Mr. Ayrton, M. P. for the Tower Hamlets (the east end of London).

Neither of these persons has influence in the House, but their proposition, if they make one, may give an opportunity for the enemy on both sides of the House to support schemes which you and I must condemn.

Mr. Lindsay was in the States two years ago, and saw many people there on the questions connected with shipping and with your navigation laws, and doubtless he made the acquaintance of the men connected with your late government. He has spoken unfavorably of the prospects of a restoration of the Union at a meeting during the parliamentary recess, and is I think not unlikely to do foolishly in the matter.

If the Queen's speech is friendly, and if Palmerston and Russell are not for any action in favor of the South, I do not think the House will show a majority against them. Recognition is not war but it is a step in that direction, and Mr. Seward's remark to this effect in one of his dispatches only makes such a step the more dangerous. I shall, of course, do all I can to urge the government to a prudent and friendly course. Lord Russell has written about Charleston harbor, to which I hope and believe Mr. Seward will be able to give a reply that will close that case. I need hardly tell you that I have no influence with the Government so far as Palmerston and the Foreign office are concerned—all I can do is to urge certain members of it to avoid the bottomless pit into which they may be tempted to be drawn.

I observe what you say about the chances of some broad proposition being made by your government. I will tell you

what I hear from a *high source* from Washington. It is expected there that shortly, even during the month of February, the government will occupy New Orleans, and probably one or more of the other cotton ports, in which case I presume the blockade will be at once raised in respect of the ports so occupied, and thus all pretense for interference from Europe will be at an end. If this can be done, I think you will be safe from danger from this side.

Another thing I hear is this—there will be a project for making Missouri, Kentucky, Maryland and Delaware into free states, by a guaranteed compensation for the 400,000 slaves now held in those states. If they consent to this, and your congress resolves to do it, then these states give you no further trouble but become thoroughly for the Union, and you will have no difficulty in determining your course with respect to the slavery question in the insurgent states. Wherever your forces penetrate, there freedom can be offered to the negro.

This is the programme, as I learn from a quarter which I think cannot, and I am sure would not mislead me. Supposing the worst of France and England,—I hope your government may be in advance of them—if you can occupy New Orleans, and offer the compensation to the border states, I think it will be impossible for any government here or in France to interfere, for such interference will not have even the pretense of the injuriousness of the blockade, and would be infamous to the eye of the world, as tending to the restoration and perpetuation of slavery.

Mr. Cobden, as you probably know, wrote to General Scott, before the General left Paris, and also to at least one of your eminent men in Washington, advising that the blockade should be raised, *if possible*. I presume the preparations at home to which you refer, are such as I have named, and consist mainly of the occupation of the cotton ports. You may rest assured that any broad proposition from your government would receive great support here, and it would do much to separate the interests of England and France, if England refused to consent to it, (because France has always been ready to accept modifications of the barbarities of naval warfare,) and therefore would weaken their action against you. Much depends on the rapidity with which your government can act.

The only chance of evil here is in the belief which the *Times*

and other papers have created that the war is hopeless and endless, and a restoration of the Union impossible; if you can show strength and progress within the next month, I think this belief will be shaken, and any disposition to interfere with you will be to a large extent disposed of.

If I hear anything worth telling you, I will write again in a few days.

Ever yours sincerely

The following letter was written after reading my letter in the *London Morning Post,* then the recognized organ of Lord Palmerston. Like many others, Mr. Motley's views of the value of the Union had been greatly invigorated by the course of events during the two years preceding. In 1860 I met him casually in Paris, when he pronounced himself strongly in favor of "letting the wayward sisters go," to use General Scott's expression—in fact, to let the slave States retire from the Union and set up for themselves as our best policy and a good riddance. It was Mr. Motley's great misfortune to have passed most of his adult life in Europe, and, as an inevitable consequence, he received his impressions of American politics meantime mainly from the *London Times,* always our least charitable foreign critic.

MOTLEY, AMERICAN MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY TO AUSTRIA, TO BIGELOW

Private & Confidential

VIENNA, Jan. 24, 1862.

My dear Sir:

I received yesterday your interesting letter too late to reply by that day's post. I sent, however, a number of the previous day's journal of Vienna, *Die Presse,* which contained an article on our affairs, as much to my mind as I trust it will be to yours. This newspaper has much the largest circulation of any daily here—30,000—is very well conducted, very liberal, and always remarkably well informed, and well disposed

on American matters. Should you like the tone of this article, and think it worth having translated into French papers, I should be glad to send, hereafter, other numbers that may seem useful. Let me know whether you can and would do this. I don't know whether you read German. If not, I would observe that there are one or two points that require correction in the article sent. The intention of stone-blockading New Orleans is spoken of—which of course is nonsense—and there are one or two allusions to France which might be suppressed.

In regard to the member of Parliament and his letter he may be well informed and, doubtless, is, as to party intrigues in England. I suspect that he is quite wrong as to the intentions of the French Government—although you ought to be better informed than I. I had a long talk yesterday—two hours steady—with the Duc de Gramont (French Ambassador here). That they have remonstrated against the stone sinking is true. That they have instructed M. Mercier that they will no longer recognize the blockade of the Southern ports is *not true*—that the French and English governments have combined forcibly to intervene in our affairs, is all fudge. That the Emperor in his speech will "denounce the mode of warfare adopted by the North as barbarous" etc. etc. the Duc de G. does not believe. Of this one point however we shall all be able to judge very soon.

It is very certain that France wishes to put an end to the war. But I feel certain that she will try remonstrances, offers of mediation and negotiation, before resorting to violence. If we could have been blown sky high by vulgar, brutal newspapers in France and England, or by the speeches of ignorant, passionate, and venal members of Parliament—there would have been nothing left of us by this time—but I doubt if either government is yet prepared to make war upon us in cold blood. I have explained very fully to the Ambassador here (who is an old acquaintance of mine, and a most amiable, excellent person) that it would be impossible for us to avoid a war with France or England, or both, if they declared our blockade not binding, and that we should accept it, even tho' ruin and desolation stared us in the face, because we should see in such a policy the determination to drive us into a war, however we might wish to avoid it. He has promised to write to the Emperor at once, and communicate these views. He is an old

and very intimate friend of his Majesty, and expresses confidence that he is not actuated by hostility to us. I have also commented on the insane trash that is talked about destroying forever the port of Charleston, by blockading temporarily one of several channels, and of characterizing as a paper blockade that of the Southern ports, watched, and to last accts. by 129 ships, as calumny and falsehood of our great enemies in Europe. Nothing however will save us more than six months against foreign interference, except unquestionable success, or an unequivocal policy as to slavery. England *can't* fight against an emancipating government. She now affects to consider the U. S. A. as much for slavery as the Confederates.

In regard to your suggestion about my going to England, between ourselves, I doubt if Adams would like it, and I don't like to appear to intrude on his province. He is very able and might think me meddlesome. As to the question itself in England, it is all a vile intrigue between the ins and outs—which shall make the most capital out of the hatred of democracy. What would have been said of us if we had done so dirty a thing as to suppress and lie about Seward's dispatch of 30 November? Nothing could be more disgraceful. Pray let me hear from you soon.

Best regards to Mrs. Bigelow.

Ever sincerely yours

P.S. You observe that this note is *very confidential* as I quote private conversations—which must be most securely kept from the public.

SEWARD TO BIGELOW

Confidential

Department of State,
Washington, Feby. 3, 1862.

Sir:

I must be excused for disbelieving that the French Government is acting so perfidiously as it certainly would be if the

information given you by your friend of the *Press* in Paris is correct. I know, moreover, that the writer of the letter from London, which you enclosed to me, is misled very widely in regard to certain facts on which his hateful schemes are based.

Of course, however, I am grateful to you for giving me the information, and whatever prudence and wisdom can do here will be done to prevent the design it purports to reveal.[1]

Prospects here are cheerful and encouraging. We are, I think, now masters of the position, and I trust that it will soon be understood in Europe.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant

SEWARD TO BIGELOW

Department of State,
Washington, Feby. 14, 1862.

Sir:

I thank you for your diligence and attention in sending to me the paper drawn by M. Garnier-Pagès,[2] which is indeed very able and very interesting.

Accept my thanks also for your own paper concerning the stone blockade.

Judging from a manifest difference in the tone of the European Press, and that of the representatives of European States here, on exciting topics, I am constrained to believe that much of what is said in London and Paris is designed to quiet interested or sinister complaints made there, without expecting to produce effects here. But this is confidential.

Do not fail to express my warmest thanks to M. Garnier-Pagès for his generous and loyal paper.

I am, Sir, &c.

[1] This was, I think, in response to a rumor which had reached me of a scheme of the Confederate refugees in Canada to take advantage of the unpopularity of the conscription laws of New York to burn the city of New York.

[2] One of our warmest friends in the Corps Législatif, who gave his impression to Mr. Seward of the best way to counteract in Europe the policies of the Imperial Government in relation to the United States.

BIGELOW TO SEWARD

CONSULATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
PARIS, Feb. 17, 1862.

HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD,
Sir:

I have reason to believe that Slidell has had an audience with the Emperor. Mr. Brown, the correspondent of the *London Post,* showed me a note yesterday from the office of the Minister of Foreign Affairs containing a paragraph to this effect, "If Mr. Slidell has been presented to the Emperor, it was a private act and he has not been received in an official or public character." Mr. Brown was satisfied from the note and from a conversation, which he sought afterwards, that the Emperor did receive Slidell, that Slidell said the North would not conquer the South, and that the South was ready to offer Europe unconditional free trade.

The rest of the conversation, so far as I heard it, was the commonplace rhodomontade about the wealth, resources, and repressed prosperity of the South, only waiting independence to develop itself. I hope you may have received a fuller account of this interview from a more direct source.

Yours very Respectfully

In the following communication will be found some facts which should have been an objection to a Bonaparte, at least, countenancing a separation of the Louisiana Purchase from the rest of the Union.

It was sent to me with a letter from a gentleman, personally unknown to me, signed, "Yours in our country's trials, ALONSON PENFIELD," and dated "Washington, February 21, 1862," with the request: "to give it to such a paper as a medium that you may think the best to reach the ears of the Government, or the widest dissemination among the people."

As the laws are silent between embattled forces, I did not

see any advantage in offering the paper to the French press, even if sure of its acceptance, which I was not; but the point seemed to be well taken by Mr. Penfield.

FRANCE AND THE REBEL STATES

France precluded recognizing a Southern Confederacy by the Treaty ceding Louisiana. The State of Louisiana reverts to a Territorial Condition.

In the 1st Article of the treaty of 1803, by which Louisiana was ceded to the U. States, are these words, "The First Consul of the French republic, desirous to give to the U. States a strong proof of his friendship, doth hereby cede to the U. States in the name of the French republic forever and in full sovereignty the said territory, with all its rights and appurtenances"; and in Art. 3d, "The inhabitants of the ceded territory shall be incorporated in the *Union* of the U. States and admitted, as soon as possible according to the principles of the Federal Constitution, to the enjoyment of all the rights, advantages and immunities of citizens of the U. States."

Marboise, his secretary or minister of the public Treasury, appointed by Bonaparte to negotiate with our ministers for the sale of Louisiana, tells us that Napoleon with his own hand drew up this 3d Article. Should France recognize the so-called Confederacy it will be in contravention of the treaty, for the States of Louisiana and Arkansas are part of the Louisiana Purchase, the former covering both banks of the Mississippi River. Both "inhabitants" and "*territory*" are conjoined, and if we look into the history of the negotiation as it progressed we find that it was the *territory* as a basis for after population and power more than the then small number of the people for whom stipulation and provision were made by the First Consul. Nor was it the money consideration—the $15,000,000 was a mere trifle in the estimation of Napoleon for the property. What, then, was the great purpose in his mind? The U. States had asked only for the island of Orleans. Marboise was in daily communication with Napoleon as to the progress of the negotiation. We recite a few sentences from the First Consul which Marboise gives us. "The principles of a maritime supremacy are subversive of one of the noblest rights that nature, science and genius have secured to man, I mean the right of traversing every sea with as much liberty as the bird flies through the air; of making use of the waves, winds, climates and productions of

the globe; of bringing near to one another, by a bold navigation, nations that have been separated since the creation; of carrying civilization into regions that are a prey to ignorance and barbarism. This is what England would usurp over all other nations. To emancipate nations from the commercial tyranny of England it is necessary to *balance* her influence by a maritime power that may one day become her rival; that power is the U. States. The English aspire to dispose of all the riches of the world. I shall be useful to the whole universe if I can prevent their ruling America as they rule Asia." Again, "If I should regulate my terms according to the value of these vast regions to the U. States the indemnity would have no limits." After the treaty was signed Napoleon said, "This accession of *territory* strengthens forever the power of the U. States, and I have just given to England a maritime rival that will sooner or later humble her pride." Here we have the developed idea—a *balance* power on the *Western* continent. The vast *territory* ceded was to be a composite element of that power.

Sovereignty and eminent domain passed to the U. States, but it was not the intention or spirit of the treaty that those powers should ever pass from the U. States to any *other government* or power diminishing a particle of the *balance* power, least of all that France should ever intervene to the disruption of the great *balance* wheel. To bring a wilderness of a million of square miles, in States, into the "Union" was not the work of a day; it required time. The west bank of the Mississippi from its mouth to its source has been planted with flourishing members, of large area, and another in the central rear, six in all. These States, however, excluding from the State of Minnesota the remnant of the old Northwest Territory, give but 394,000 square miles erected into States, leaving yet of the Louisiana Purchase 470,000 square miles. The Constitution of the State of Louisiana declares, "We the representatives of the people of all that part of the *territory* or country ceded under the name of Louisiana by the treaty made at Paris on the 30th of April, 1803, between the U. States and France contained in the following limits," &c. The people of the territory of Arkansas on forming a Constitution assert their "right of admission into the Union as one of the U. States of America, consistent with the Federal Constitution, and by virtue of the treaty of cession, by France to the U. States, of the Province of Louisiana." We see with what tenacity these two now rebel States held to the provisions of the above treaty, for entering the Union. Moreover the enabling Act of Congress for the people of Orleans Territory to form a Constitution imposed prohibitions against obstruction of the Mississippi River, and in the act of admission to the Union, again recited from the ordinance of 1787, "Provided it shall be taken as a condition upon which the said State is incorporated into the Union that

the river Mississippi and the navigable rivers and waters running into the same or the Gulf of Mexico shall be forever free as well to the inhabitants of the said State as to the inhabitants of other States and the inhabitants of the territories of the U. States." Here we remark that the signal manner in which she has violated and broken these conditions legislates her out of the Union into her territorial condition, which would be consummated by a declarative act of Congress. Some others of the rebellious States are in the same category.

When Louisiana was ceded to the U. States it had been under the fostering care, alternately, of France and Spain near a century, and at its cession in 1803 the amount of exports from N. Orleans according to President Jefferson was less than $2,000,000 the previous year. In a little over *half* a century from its first possession by the U. States, saying nothing of the vast traffic carried on between upper river towns and the exports from the Mississippi valley through the Lakes, the receipts of produce alone at N. Orleans for 1860 according to the annual trade tables were, in value, but a little short of $200,000,000. The immense trade of the *grandest river of the globe*, a trade of greater magnitude than that of any other river, has been suddenly devastated with a ruin almost as complete as that of Apocalyptic Babylon. Such a blow cannot fall without producing a shock to the trade of maritime nations if not as terrific, scarcely less wide-spread than was the financial tornado of 1857, that swept from the Mississippi to the Bosphorus.

The U. States have been sedulously carrying out in good faith the uttermost demands of the treaty; nor can they, if they would, yield the sovereignty of any part of the Louisiana Purchase to Confederate States or devise it to any other government and keep good faith with France. The States of Louisiana and Arkansas have broken the most sacred stipulations with the U. States, and their own *broken State Constitutions* are the badges of their treachery and falsehood.

It was during the Crimean war that the harvest of France failed in 1855 and Louis Napoleon sent orders to a French house in St. Louis to purchase wheat. The large shipments of breadstuffs from the Lakes to England and France and *to supply the allied armies in the Black Sea* were interrupted by the close of navigation; but in December the large "Orleans" boats of 2000 tons were carrying the wheat bought on the above order down the river by a winter voyage. This great avenue, the Mississippi, to the grain fields of the northwest is now closed by the rebels. Will France side with the rebel States when those same grain fields have sent the past season large supplies by the Lakes to the whole Atlantic continental coast from the Mediterranean to the Elbe?

English historians and writers tell us that it was the invention of the steam-engine and the spinning-jenny, and others yet that it was the cotton manufacture that enabled England to carry on her wars directly

and by subsidies to the overthrow of Napoleon. Some American writers say that behind these the true cause was *Cotton!* Now while it is averred by some that the object of a Southern Confederacy is to establish greater safeguards to slavery, and by others, to possess a monopoly of cotton, we must also add that *the possession of the key of the Mississippi* is the *vital* power. Without this the bubble would be gone. This is the *pivot* point. It was so in the airy castles of Aaron Burr; of Spanish and French intentions to found, each in succession, a vast empire centring upon the same point. This was the scheme of John Law one hundred and fifty years ago, when he marshalled to his aid the entire forces of the banking system of France, and merged all the Foreign Companies of trade, the revenues of the kingdom, foreign and internal, to increase the magnificence, the splendor and glory of the one Company, "*the Company* of the Indies—the Mississippi Company." The inflation which pervaded all France in view of prospective if not present wealth made the financial recoil but the more terrible. What is that principle of attraction that ever and anon holds men spellbound as they look upon the dazzling glitter of that golden key of the Mississippi river? Will France, now infringing the treaty, thwart the intentions and wishes of France under the First Consul?

A. P.

WASHINGTON, February 21, 1862.

BIGELOW TO SEWARD

PARIS, March 7, 1862.

HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD,

Sir:

The pregnant and very able debate in the Senate on the address of the Emperor has been brought to a close by the almost unanimous adoption of the Government programme as was anticipated. But one layman voted against it. The disadvantages of a union of the temporal and spiritual powers under the same crown, I venture to say, were never presented under circumstances better calculated to secure for them the appreciation of the Catholic world. It was sufficiently clear from the course of the discussion, that the Government was disposed to neglect no efforts to create a public sentiment which would sustain it in departing from the *statu quo,* which is exhausting Italy, and keeping all Europe in a state of fever-

ishness, menacing incalculable distress and mischief at no distant day.

The proposal to add Montauban[1] to the ranks of the nobility, which led to a somewhat serious collision between the Emperor and the Corps Législatif, has been settled by Imperial concessions. I understand that the Emperor yielded through no good feeling towards the Corps Législatif nor from any indisposition on his part to try conclusions with them, but in consequence of the reports which came to him from the department of war. The officers were almost unanimously against the proposal, so unpopular is Montauban among them. The story about the pearl necklaces is sheer stuff. There was but one necklace in question and that was pronounced by the highest authority on such questions to be worth not exceeding 50,000 francs as jewelry. The demonstration of the Army however is a very significant symptom and has encouraged all the elements of disaffection here immensely.

I send by this mail a copy of M. Renan's *discours* at the College of France, which led to the suppression of the course. To the action of the government on this subject is attributed, to a large extent, the unsettled feeling, to which I have already referred and which has become so serious as to lead to numerous arrests and some apprehension of public disturbance. I have no idea that there is any real misunderstanding between M. Renan and the Imperial government. The Emperor wanted to have said just what the Professor did say, without being made responsible at Rome for the saying of it. M. Renan has long been under the patronage of the Emperor; he visited the East some years ago specially charged by him to report upon

[1] Montauban had served in Africa and became a general of division in 1855. In 1860 he was placed at the head of the expeditionary corps sent to revenge the violation of the Treaty of Tientsin. He put the Chinese army to flight, and with his victorious troops entered Peking on the 12th of October and compelled the Chinese Government to submit to a peace on onerous terms. His marvellous success was unhappily soiled by the scandalous pillage of the Summer Palace. The Emperor immediately recompensed him by making him a Senator, and on his return conferred on him the title of Count of Palikao. The Emperor tried to make the Corps Législatif vote him an endowment. The proposition, however, was received with such coolness that he withdrew it. The Emperor found the means, nevertheless, of testifying his gratitude at the expense of the State. It was discovered at the fall of the Second Empire that the sum of 589,500 francs had been taken out of the war indemnity imposed upon China, and given to the new Count of Palikao, by order of the Emperor.

the topography of those parts of Asia illustrated by Cæsar's arms—the Emperor is occupied upon a life of the conqueror of Gaul—and it was at the hands of the Emperor only the other day that he received this professorship. Besides this, the character of his address was well known beforehand and he himself anticipated what occurred. About, you may remember, was sent to Rome at the Emperor's expense to write a book, which was published and printed at the Emperor's expense and suppressed by the Emperor's police in three or four days after it was announced, but not until enough copies were issued to enable all Frenchmen, who could read, to read it under the stimulus given to public curiosity by government interference. I fancy that the suspension of M. Renan's course resulted from a desire to make a conspicuous exhibition of respect for the spiritual authority of the Church, that the blows daily dealt by him against its temporal power might fall with the more weight.[1]

[1] While Mr. Cobden was negotiating the treaty of commerce with France in 1860, he had his lodgings with a lady who was then the widow of one of his valued Lancashire friends. Her house was frequented by the working class of literary and scientific people. In calling there one evening upon Mr. Cobden, I was presented to a comparatively young man in a rather clerical costume and tonsured head, whom I took for a priest. I remember that the reason assigned for presenting me was that he had married the niece of Ary Scheffer, the artist, though he had already written and published "L'Histoire Générale des Langues Sémitiques," and had been a contributor to the *Revue des Deux-Mondes* in articles entitled "Études d'Histoire Religieuse" and "Essais de Morale et de Critique." This young man was Ernest Renan.

His connection by marriage with Ary Scheffer, however, was in that circle his chief claim to social distinction. He had been educated for a priest, but, largely through the influence of his friend Berthelot and the careful study of the Hegelian philosophy, he abandoned the Church and substituted human science for Christianity as his religion. During the years 1860 and 1861 he made the expedition in the East under the auspices of the Emperor, and while in Galilee conceived the plan of the series of publications entitled "Les Origines du Christianisme," embracing, first, "La Vie de Jésus," published in 1863; "Les Apôtres," in 1866; "St. Paul," in 1867; "L'Antechrist" and "Marc-Aurèle," and the other works upon which his fame as a writer and his weakness as a thinker rest to-day. I say weakness as a thinker, because after the Franco-Prussian War he practically went back upon all the opinions which he had at different times previously professed.

On his return from his trip to the East he was named professor of the Hebrew, Chaldaic and Syriac languages of the Collège de France, but in his first lecture he had the hardihood to speak of Jesus as *un homme incomparable.* However it may be now, Paris was not then prepared to have the divinity of Christ denied in an institution supported at public expense. The manifestations of opposition, both from the clerical and anti-clerical

You will find in the *Constitutionnel* a copy of an amendment relating to American affairs, which will be moved by the opposition. It will not pass, but a month ago it would not have been offered.

The French Government expects and I think would not be very unwilling to see us impose an export duty of two or three cents upon cotton. It would be the most refined way of making John Bull pay for the music to which he has been dancing for the last year, and anything that plagues him is popular in France. Such a step would compel England to surrender her East-Indian market for cotton goods to New England or to propose protective duties. It would be interesting and instructive to see whether her government could turn as sharp a corner against free trade as it did against the right of search a few months ago.

There is a general anticipation here now of a counter-revolution in the Cotton States and the surrender of Johnstone's command is pretty conclusive evidence of it. The Secessionists here say, that Floyd and Pillow ought to be hung for running away and Johnstone for surrendering. There are many Southern people here, however, who have passed for Secessionists, who have not been in as good spirits this winter as since the recent news from Tennessee and North Carolina.

If you have any favors to ask of France, now is the time to present them on the condition of repealing or reducing our duties on wine and silk and one or two other articles, which are not produced in the U. S. I have reason to believe that the Emperor would be most happy to be asked to draw the commercial and political relations of the two governments closer. If we could get rid of the tonnage dues alone it would be a great relief.

Yours very respectfully

parties, were so violent that his course was suspended, and not long after the lectureship itself was suppressed.

The last time I met M. Renan was as a guest of Hippolyte Taine in the winter of 1890. He had become very stout and, like Taine in his later days, *très réactionnaire*. He no longer believed that the French could govern themselves, but that they needed to be governed. He seemed also to have begun to realize that he was approaching the close of *une vie manquée;* that as a theologian he had wasted his days in trying to extract sunbeams from cucumbers, and that if his works were to insure him any post-mortem fame, it would be as a literary artist, but not as either a philosopher or historian.

SEWARD TO BIGELOW

Unofficial

WASHINGTON, March 7, 1862.

My dear Mr. Bigelow,

I hope it is true that the person has had the interview[1] with the Emperor and held [illegible] to what is reported as the effect of this conversation. It can do no harm now. Memphis Capitalists and Bankers are now retiring to New Orleans for safety, the New Orleans Capitalists and Bankers will be soon envying Mr. Slidell & his troublesome escape out of the country.

Faithfully yours

SEWARD TO BIGELOW

WASHINGTON, March 15, 1862.

My dear Sir:

I have your note concerning M. Billault's speech--its impression is fully understood here.

Our affairs continue prosperous, the events at Norfolk create a puzzle and a little solicitude. But we can build our iron clad steamers, and build them quicker, and that will set us up completely.

Mr. Mason's town of Winchester has fallen into our hands. Mr. Slidell's greater city is likely to come in very soon. They will find their exile convenient though inglorious.

Faithfully yours

[1] Referring to Mr. Brown's report of an interview between Slidell and the Emperor.

GEORGE BANCROFT TO BIGELOW

New York, March 25, 1862.

. . . . . .

Our Secessionists die hard: the pro-slavery feeling is at this moment stronger than ever, and I do not yet see how we are to restore union feeling. I look forward to a more angry collision of opinion than ever on the subject of the negro; and a madness in favor of slavery, that will not reason, and perhaps that will not remain at peace.

Best regards to Mrs. Bigelow. I am ever, dear Bigelow,

Very faithfully yours

BIGELOW TO SEWARD

Paris, March 27, 1862.

Dear Sir:

Judge Eustis called at our Consulate on Monday on behalf of Mr. & Mrs. Slidell to make an appointment with me for the execution of a deed to some real estate in Iowa and in Wisconsin to a Mr. Ray of Boston. It appeared from Mr. Eustis' statement and from the deed, that Mr. Slidell had conveyed his interest in the property in May, 1861, to Barlow and Belmont of New York or either of them, in trust to convey to purchasers, and the main purpose of the new conveyance was to convey Mrs. Slidell's dower-right and also to confirm the title derived by Mr. Ray through the trustee. Mr. Eustis also coupled his application with the request, that I would meet the parties, when convenient for me, at Vandenbroek Bros.' banking house, which is in the same edifice with my office. This proposition of course I declined very promptly and gave Mr. Eustis to understand, that even if it were more convenient for Mrs. Slidell to rendezvous at the bankers' than at my office—which it was not,—there were other, public considerations, which would deny me the pleasure of extending to her any such courtesy. He then promised to call the next day and did so, accompanied

by the parties. Our interview was without special significance. No allusion was made to American affairs. I suppose their minds were somewhat preoccupied with the news of the retreat of the Confederate Army from Manassas, which had just arrived. The day before, Eustis and I discussed the President's proclamation about purchasing the slaves. He thought the question of compensation would be embarrassing in view of the condition of the treasury. I replied, that if, as was to be presumed from the nature of the case, the proposal had been made with the approval of Slaveholders, the money question would solve itself, and at all events would prove a cheaper artillery than powder and balls.

Mr. Weed, who is now in Paris, mentioned to me that these lands conveyed by Mr. Slidell were some he received for certain railroad charters granted by Congress.

Apropos of the President's Proclamation or Message rather, about redeeming the slaves, which I need hardly say has removed much distrust of our motives in Europe, I have seen a letter written by Lord Brougham from Cannes on the 24th, from which I am permitted to take the following paragraph:

"What a sad state of things in America. I have less than no hope of this last move (slavery) succeeding. But you were unquestionably right to try it."

It all depends upon what his Lordship means by "succeeding." There can be no doubt, I suppose, that it is an important step in the right direction, though, of course, not the whole journey. Within an hour after the news arrived of the devastating visit of the *Merrimac* in Hampton Roads on the 9th and 10th the fate of wooden vessels of war was settled forever.[1] The revelations of that day will be much more expensive to the other maritime powers, than the day's doings were to us, for every dockyard will be put to its last resource in plating everything that carries guns.

[1] For a most excellent account of the battle of the *Merrimac* and *Monitor*, see Nicolay and Hay's Life of Lincoln, Vol. V, pp. 218-238, from which I quote the following paragraph: "Counted merely by blows received and given, it was a drawn battle. But, practically, a victory, which seemed providential in its sudden relief and immense results, remained with the *Monitor*. The whole event was still broader in its effect. That three hours' battle in Hampton Roads changed the conditions of naval warfare for the whole world."

The impression here is universal that peace will be restored by June,—it is derived of course not from American authorities, but I presume from the French government who desire to quiet the public mind as much as possible in regard to trade and to encourage merchants to send in orders to the manufacturers.

Yours, &c.

BIGELOW TO HARGREAVES

Paris, April 3rd, 1862.

My dear Mr. Hargreaves:

. . . . . .

Unfortunately we have given your Govt. a new pretext for spending more money on the Navy. The battle of Hampton roads was what might be termed, in sporting phrase, an eye-opener to all the world. If your fleet however had gone out as was proposed, to open our blockade and take Portland, they might have got their experience in a more expensive way. It is not likely your Govt. would have sent a single vessel that a ship like the *Monitor* could not have sunk in twenty minutes. Does this revelation make the war party any wiser? The *Times* certainly sings more gently of late. The fact is that that event teaches all nations that in the work of destruction the battle is not always to the strong nor the race to the swift. For my own part I am full of solicitude about our own ports. It is impossible to say that there are not more vessels like the *Merrimac* lurking in the Southern waters, ready or getting ready to pounce upon our *unprotected* navy. It is impossible not to admire the ability displayed by the rebels in the use of their limited resources and it is hardly credible that with many of the best officers of our Army and Navy to counsel with, they have overlooked the advantage which a few iron clad boats at New Orleans and other ports on the gulf would give them. It is reported here that they had one built in England and sent out, but the evidence is not yet conclusive. We shall soon be ready for any contingency of that sort but meantime we cannot but feel anxious. This danger out of the way

the prospects of a speedy peace are excellent. Nothing but what looks to the rebels like a chance of success, will keep them in the field half an hour. When the Southern planters become disabused of the impression which the late scenes at Columbus and Nashville show were quite universal, that their property would be appropriated by our army without compensation, I think they will be more disposed to listen to reason. Hitherto there has been no way of conveying this assurance to them. Now however the people of Tennessee, who will be credible witnesses in Alabama and Mississippi and Louisiana and in fact throughout the South, will be competent and disposed to disabuse their Southern friends of the delusion which is so destructive to their property and so unfavorable to reconciliation. It is to be hoped and I think to be expected that the experience by the Tennesseans, of the respect paid by our army to private property, may prevent the future destruction of the crops to any considerable extent.

Yours, &c.

SEWARD TO BIGELOW

Unofficial and Confidential

Department of State,
Washington, April 5, 1862.

Sir:

The account of the domestic troubles of the French Government which you have given me in your letter of the 11th is very interesting.

It does not seem to me probable that discontents will speedily ripen into Revolution in France, and indeed I hope they may not. The interest of France, like our own, is peace. Civil war in Europe would bring various complications for ourselves. We could not sympathize, and yet revolutionists would think they had claims upon us, because they would of course espouse our cause.

The Government could make itself strong by a prompt re-

sumption of the relations towards the United States which it maintained before it lent its unnecessary recognition to the insurgents as a belligerent power. But even the Emperor finds it difficult, I suppose, to retrace an erroneous step in Administration.

It is strange to think how thoughtlessly he has hazarded a valuable friendship.

I am, Sir, Your obedient servant

JUDAH PETER BENJAMIN[1] TO JOHN SLIDELL

Confidential

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
RICHMOND, April 12th, 1862.
No. 3.

Sir:

A reference to the despatches of my predecessor suggested a doubt whether they are quite so definite on one or two points as may be desirable in order to place you fully in possession of the President's views.

It is of course quite impossible at this distance and with communications so imperfect, to ascertain precisely the extent to which the Government of the Emperor may be committed by the understanding reported to exist between France and England on the subject of our affairs. There are however certain points on which the interests of the two countries are so distinct, if not conflicting, that the President can scarcely suppose his imperial Majesty so far to have relinquished his right of independent action as to be entirely precluded from entering into any commercial conventions whatever. If therefore the impression of the President be not ill-founded, you may perhaps be able to effect negotiations on the basis of certain commercial advantages to be accorded to the French people. On this hypothesis, I proceed to lay before you the views of this Government. As a general rule it is undoubtedly desirable that our relations with all countries should be placed on the same common footing; that our commercial intercourse should be as free as is compatible with the neces-

[1]Benjamin was born in Santo Domingo, in 1812, of Jewish parents, who emigrated to New Orleans in 1816. He was a soldier of fortune politically. President Davis appointed him his Secretary of State. At the fall of the Confederacy he took refuge in London, where he died.

sity of raising revenue from moderate duties and imposts. But in the exceptional position which we now occupy, struggling for existence against an enemy whose vastly superior resources for obtaining the material of war place us at great disadvantage, it becomes of primary importance to neglect no means of opening our ports, and thereby obtaining the articles most needed for the supply of the army. If therefore by a convention, conceding to the French Emperor the right of introducing French products into this country free of duty for a certain defined period, it were possible to induce his abandonment of the policy hitherto pursued, of acquiescence in the interdiction placed by the Northern Government on commerce with these states, the President would approve of your action in making a treaty on such a basis. With your enlarged experience of public affairs and thorough acquaintance with the resources and commercial necessities of the South, the President does not deem it necessary to enter into any detailed instructions in relation to the terms of such a treaty.

There is however one contingency to be foreseen on which you might not feel at liberty to commit this government, and which it is therefore proper to anticipate. It is well understood that there exists at present a temporary embarrassment in the finances of France, which might have the effect of deterring that Government from initiating a policy likely to superinduce the necessity for naval expeditions. If under these circumstances you should after cautious inquiry be able to satisfy yourself that the grant of a subsidy for defraying the expenses of such expeditions would suffice for removing any obstacle to an arrangement or understanding with the Emperor, you are at liberty to enter into engagements to that effect. In such event the agreement would take the form most advantageous to this country, by a stipulation to deliver on this side a certain number of bales of cotton to be received by the merchant vessels of France at certain designated ports. In this manner one hundred thousand bales of cotton of 500 pounds each, costing this Government but $4,500,000, would represent a grant to France of not less than $12,500,000 or Fr's 63,000,000, if cotton be worth as we suppose not less than 25 cents per pound in Europe. Such a sum would maintain afloat a considerable fleet for a length of time quite sufficient to open the Atlantic and Gulf ports to the commerce of France. I do not state this sum as the limit to which you would be authorized to go in making a negotiation on the subject, but to place clearly before you the advantage which would result in stipulating for payment in cotton.

Again, vessels sent from France under convoy to receive the cotton granted as a subsidy, would of course be sent with cargoes of such merchandise as is needed in the Confederacy. Now the prices of for-

eign goods are, at the very lowest price, and in many articles, four or five fold the cost in Europe; it is difficult to approximate the amount of profit that would accrue from such a shipment, but it ought at least to equal that on the cotton taken back; so that the proceeds of the cotton granted as a subsidy and the profits on the cargoes of the vessels sent to receive it, would scarcely fall short of F's 100,000,000. On this basis you will readily perceive the extent to which the finances of France might find immediate and permanent relief, if the subsidy were doubled; and the enormous advantages that would accrue to the Government if by their opening one or more of the Southern Ports to its own commerce the interchange of commodities should absorb half a million or a million of bales. If it should be your good fortune to succeed in this delicate and difficult negotiation, you might well consider that practically our struggle would have been brought to a successful termination, for you would of course not fail to make provision for the necessary supply of small arms and powder to enable us to confront our foes triumphantly.

I have arrived at the conclusion that a sufficient sum of secret service money has not hitherto been placed at the disposal of our diplomatic agents abroad. With enemies so active, so unscrupulous; and with a system of deception so thoroughly organized as that now established by them abroad, it becomes absolutely essential that no means be spared for the dissemination of truth, and for a fair exposition of our condition and policy before foreign nations. It is not wise to neglect public opinion, nor prudent to leave to the voluntary interposition of friends, often indiscreet, the duty of vindicating our country and its cause before the tribunal of civilized man. The President sharing these views has authorized me to place at your disposal twenty-five thousand dollars which you will find to your credit with Messrs. Fraser, Trenholm & Co. of Liverpool, and which you will use for the service of your country in such way as you may deem most judicious, with special view however to the necessity of the enlightenment of public opinion in Europe through the Press.

. . . . . .

I am, Sir, &c.

BENJAMIN TO JAMES M. MASON

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
RICHMOND, April 12th, 1862.

Sir:

I have arrived at the conclusion that the interests of the Confederacy require a more liberal appropriation of the funds of the

Department in our foreign service. With enemies so active, so unscrupulous; and with a system of deception so thoroughly organized as that now established by them abroad it becomes absolutely essential that no means be spared for the dissemination of the truth and for a fair exposition of our condition and policy before foreign nations. It is not wise to neglect public opinion, nor prudent to leave to the voluntary interposition of friends, often indiscreet, the duty of vindicating our country and its cause before the tribunal of civilized men. The President shares these views, and I have therefore with his assent, and under his instructions, appointed Edwin de Leon, Esq., formerly Consul General of the United States at Alexandria, confidential agent of the department and he has been supplied with twenty-five thousand dollars as a secret service fund, to be used by him in the manner he may deem most judicious, both in Great Britain and the continent, for the special purpose of enlightening public opinion in Europe through the press. Mr. de Leon possesses to a high degree the confidence of the President as a man of discretion, ability and thorough devotion to our cause. He will bear to you this dispatch, and I trust you will give to him on all occasions the benefit of your counsel, and impart to him all information you may think it expedient to make public, so as to facilitate him in obtaining such position and influence amongst leading journalists and men of letters as will enable him most effectually to serve our cause in the special sphere assigned to him.

. . . . . .

I am, sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant

XII

OPERATIONS OF THE CONFEDERACY IN FRANCE

SEWARD TO BIGELOW

WASHINGTON, April 14, 1862.

My dear Bigelow,

I HAVE your note of the 29th of March. It is something that Mr. Slidell recognizes your Consular Authority—of course you will not reciprocate the courtesy by admitting his diplomatic pretensions. The Maritime Powers could close the war and open the ports in a day by rescinding or revoking belligerent character conceded unnecessarily to the belligerents.

Faithfully yours

Foote and Porter will probably open the Mississippi at both ends before the recognizing powers conclude to consider.

SLIDELL TO BENJAMIN

PARIS, 18th April, 1862.

Sir:

Referring you to my No. 5 of the 14th instant, I have now to report that Mr. Lindsay returned here yesterday, and today saw the Emperor. Earl Russell, in response to a note which Lindsay had addressed to him, stating that he was charged with an important message from the Emperor, said that he could receive no communications from a foreign power, excepting through the regular diplomatic channels. The tone of this response was flippant, although perhaps intended to be sarcastic. Lindsay saw Disraeli, who expressed great interest in our affairs and fully concurred in the views of the Emperor; he

said that he had the best reason to believe that a secret understanding existed between Lord Russell and Seward; that England would respect the federal blockade and withhold our recognition; that if France would take the initiative, any course she might adopt to put an end to the present state of American affairs would be undoubtedly supported by a large majority in Parliament, and knowing this, Lord Russell would give a reluctant assent, to avoid what would otherwise certainly follow: a change of ministry.—

Lindsay of course related to the Emperor all that had passed; he is more disappointed than ever, repeating what he had said in his previous conversations, and what I had forgotten to put in my notes to them, to wit: that since Thouvenel's note to Mercier on the *Trent* affair, England instead of appreciating his friendly offices, as he had a right to expect, seemed to be less disposed to act cordially; that Lord Russell had dealt unfairly in sending to Lord Lyons copies of his representations, made through the Minister at London, on the subject of American affairs, and which has been made known to Seward. He [the Emperor] heard Lindsay's notes of conversation with Disraeli with great interest, and seemed particularly struck with what he had said about the private understanding already mentioned, as affording a key to what he had not before been able to comprehend, and with the suggestion that if he were to act alone, Earl Russell would soon be compelled to follow his example. . . .

He repeated that while he desired to preserve a strict neutrality, he could not consent that his people should continue to suffer from the action of the Federal government. He thought that the best course would be to make a friendly appeal to it, either alone or concurrently with England, to open the ports, but to accompany the appeal with a proper demonstration of force on our coasts and should the appeal appear likely to be ineffectual to back it by a declaration of his purpose not to respect blockade.

The taking of New Orleans, which he did not anticipate, might render it inexpedient to act, that he would not decide at once, but would wait for some days for further intelligence, but the impression of Lindsay from the whole tenor of his conversation is that the question would not remain long unsettled.

The Emperor said to Lindsay he wished that what had passed between them should not become public, and I have therefore to beg that this, and my preceding despatch, should be known to as few persons as possible.

Measures have been taken to procure petitions from the Chambers of Commerce of the principal cities, asking the intervention of the Emperor to restore commercial relations with the Southern States. With great respect,

Your most obedient servant

MEMORANDUM OF DISPATCH NO. 5

Mr. Lindsay, on Friday, 11th April, had by appointment an interview with the Emperor, having received on the previous evening a note from Mocquard, his private secretary, inviting his presence at the Tuileries at 1 P.M. The Emperor said to Mr. Lindsay that he had been led to desire the interview by M. Thouvenel; having been informed by M. Rouher, Minister of Commerce, of a conversation which he had that morning with Mr. Lindsay. After some preliminary conversation about the navigation laws of France, the scheme of establishing a line of steamers from Bordeaux to New Orleans, under the patronage of the French Government, was spoken of, and this of course led to the American question. Mr. Lindsay spoke of the Federal blockade as being ineffectual and not in accordance with the 4th article of the declaration of the Congress of Paris, and mentioned facts in support of his opinion. The Emperor fully concurred in Mr. L.'s opinion, and said he would long since have declared the inefficiency of the blockade and taken the necessary steps to put an end to it, but that he could not obtain the concurrence of the English Ministry, and that he had been, and was still, unwilling to act without it. That M. Thouvenel had twice addressed to the British Government, through the Ambassador at London, representations to that effect, but that no definite response had been elicited. The dates of these representations were not mentioned by the Emperor, but M. Rouher had said to Mr. Lindsay that the first had been made during the past summer, say in June, and the other about four weeks ago. Mr. L. then adverted to the present sufferings of the laboring classes of France and England, mainly caused by the interruption of the supply of cotton from the Confederate States; sufferings which even now were calculated to excite very serious apprehensions in both countries, but which were from week to week becoming more aggravated, and which in two or three months would become absolutely intolerable. That the time for action had arrived, for if the remedy were not soon applied very serious consequences might be anticipated. To all these remarks the Emperor gave his most unqualified assent, but asked, what was to be done? Mr. L. said that the recognition of the Confederate States would do much to mitigate the danger; that if the two powers were not prepared to act immediately, some other neutral nations might take the initiative, and that being thus taken, France and England might invoke the example and follow it. He named especially Spain and Belgium, but the Emperor replied that he did not think Spain would be willing to assume the responsibility of put-

ting herself in the breach, and that as to Belgium, England was the proper power to make the suggestion. Mr. L. then went on to say that not only the interests of Europe required the war to be put an end to, but that every principle of humanity demanded prompt intervention to stop so dreadful an effusion of blood and the mutual exhaustion of both parties; that everybody who knew anything of the hostility between the two sections was convinced that the Union could not be restored, and that even if the South were overrun, she could never be subjugated. That she was carrying on a most unequal contest, rendered still more unequal by the submission of neutral powers to an inefficient blockade; that while professing to be neutral, they were not so in fact, as the Northern States were receiving unlimited supplies of arms, munitions of war, clothing, and of every article necessary to the support of their armies, while the South was effectually cut off from supplies of every kind, which, being a purely agricultural people, they could not manufacture for themselves. To these remarks the Emperor also fully assented. Mr. L. went on to say that the North was not making war, as many pretended, for the abolition of slavery, but to subjugate the South in order to reëstablish their protective tariff and to restore their monopoly of Southern markets. That for proof of this assertion it was only necessary to refer to Mr. Lincoln's inaugural and message, the proclamations of his generals, and the continued existence of slavery in the District of Columbia, which Lincoln might have put an end to a year ago. That he knew many Northern men and had a very extensive correspondence with them, and all agreed that not one Northern man in ten desired the abolition of slavery, for the simple reason that they knew it would be destructive to their own interests. The Emperor said that he believed that this was a true statement of the case; what then was to be done? He could not again address the English Ministry through the official channels without some reason to believe that his representations would receive a favorable response. That for that reason he had been desirous to see Mr. Lindsay; that he was prepared to act promptly and decidedly; that he would at once dispatch a formidable fleet to the mouth of the Mississippi if England would send an equal force; that they would demand free egress and ingress for their merchantmen, with their cargoes of goods and supplies of cotton, which were essential to the world. The Emperor said that while he had always deplored the Civil War in America, he had carefully refrained from any interference in this domestic quarrel; that so long as the interests of France were not too greatly compromised, he had adhered to this policy, but when the action of the Federal Government produced such mischievous results as were now apparent, he felt compelled to protect the interests of France. That he had from the first considered the restoration of the Union impossible, and for that reason

had deprecated the continuation of a contest which could not lead to any other result than separation. He authorized Mr. L. to make this statement to Lord Cowley, and to ascertain whether he would recommend the course indicated to his Government. He asked Mr. L. to defer his intended departure for London until Sunday night, and fixed Sunday, 11 A.M., for further interview, so that he might communicate the result of his conversation with Lord Cowley. Mr. L. reported on Sunday, 13th inst., to the Emperor the details of the conversation he had with Lord Cowley, the substance of which was that he did not think his Government was prepared to act at present, that the proper moment for action had passed, and further developments should be waited for. The Emperor was even more emphatic than on Friday in the expression of his opinions; he requested Mr. L. to see Lords Russell and Palmerston, and communicate to them everything that had passed. He seemed much dissatisfied with the course of England. He also wished Mr. L. to see Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli, not as coming from him, because it would not be proper to address himself to the leaders of the opposition, but that they might be informed of his views and wishes. He asked Mr. L. to inform himself fully of the intentions of Lord Russell, etc., and to return as soon as possible to give him the result. He said he did not desire to be embarrassed by the forms and delays of diplomacy, as he felt the necessity for immediate action.

Mr. L. inferred, *more from his manner than from what he said,* that he was dissatisfied with his present position, which made his action subordinate to the policy of England, and that he might be disposed to act alone.

At the time the following letter was written, Juarez was President of Mexico. For two years he had suspended payment of its national debt. The French legation had been fired on and a tax of one per cent. levied on all capital exceeding $2000. On October 31, 1861, the Treaty of London was concluded, which bound England, France and Spain to send troops to Mexico to take possession of the custom-houses of some of the seaboard towns and collect what one at least of the allies, if not all, pretended to esteem his dues. The United States declined to enter into this partnership. The partners soon disagreed; England and Spain withdrew, and France was left alone.

BIGELOW TO SEWARD

Private

PARIS, April 28, 1862.

My dear Mr. Seward:

I have just learned on an authority at but one remove from Lord Palmerston, that England withdrew her forces from Mexico in consequence of a claim for a large amount trumped up by France, after the claims of the respective parties and their terms of adjustment had been agreed upon. This has created a disagreeable state of feeling between the two governments, as you are doubtless already aware, all evidences of which are carefully kept from the public as far as possible, England not being able to afford the existence of an impression that she and France are not well with each other. The 100 men left in Mexico with the British flag over them are merely to ratify the execution of the agreement entered into by the allies and Mexico, if France should conclude to do it, the remainder of the force having been removed to show England's determination to have no responsibility for any step that may be taken to enforce trumpery claims. It is not easy to see how this difficulty can get air without making bad blood between the people of the two countries as well as between the two governments.

You will have learned before this, I presume, that the present Parliament will be compelled to make special provision for the poor over and above the regular poor rates, the number of people out of employ and destitute being so numerous in England. The pressure in France and Prussia is also getting intolerable to the governments. You will remark a disposition in Europe once more to menace us with foreign interference.

I would invite your special attention to the article in the *Débats* of the 24th, which is attributed, no doubt correctly, to Chevalier; also to the *Constitutionnel,* which is getting very truculent again. These and Mr. Gladstone's recent speech[1] and the article in the *London Post* of a day or two since, which

[1]The speech at Newcastle in which Gladstone said Jefferson Davis "had created a nation."

is here presumed to have been ministerial, justify the impression, that some important step is afoot, which bodes our government no particular good.

Yours very truly

P.S. I forgot to say, that the English press have been requested by the government to say nothing of the Mexican *contretemps*.

I made the acquaintance of M. Auguste Laugel on my first visit to Europe in 1859, and was glad of an opportunity of renewing it when I returned in an official character in the fall of 1861.

M. Laugel was connected by marriage with one of the most pronounced antislavery families of New England, and we had many friends in common. He was an expert in many of the natural sciences, had written some books of indisputable merit, and was a member of the official family, as private secretary, of the Duc d'Aumale, who was in exile at Twickenham when this letter was written.

Had any of the Orléans family come again to the throne of France, M. Laugel would unquestionably have been one of his most confidential councillors.

From the foundation of the *Temps* newspaper in Paris M. Laugel was the editor of the scientific department, under the pseudonym of d'A. Vernier; he was also an active contributor to the *Revue de Géologie* and the *Revue des Sciences et de l'Industrie*. Among his writings most widely appreciated are "Les États-Unis pendant la Guerre" (1865); "L'Angleterre Politique et Social" (1873); "Lord Palmerston et Lord Russell" (1876), etc.

AUGUSTE LAUGEL TO BIGELOW

Orleans House, Twickenham,
May 22, 1862.

My dear Mr. Bigelow,

I have received your note and will try to find you in town. Meanwhile, I send you a card which will help you to spend

next Sunday in a less tedious way than you naturally would through a *London Sabbath.* The Duke d'A. has had yesterday an Exhibition of all his fine things, pictures, drawings, manuscript, books, etc. etc. for the Fine Art Club—but as the weather was very bad, and as some people could not come, the house will be open again next Sunday, from *2 to 7;* I *do* advise you to come were it not even for the pleasure I shall have in seeing you—but, in truth, the collections are most beautiful. Just a morning meeting without any etiquette or dress.

Give my best regards to Mrs. Bigelow and believe me

Yours very truly

What glorious news we hear from America!

The nature of the news here referred to is disclosed in the following note from Mr. Seward.

SEWARD TO BIGELOW

Private

Department of State,
Washington, May 23, 1862.

Sir:

Your note of the 9th was received. It is believed here that the virtual opening of New Orleans and other ports to trade will either allay the discontent existing in Europe, or at least render it necessary for those who are managing it for sinister purposes to change their plans of operation.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant

At a general council held at the residence of General McClellan on November 15, an expedition already planned was

first mentioned to the general. He objected to the detachment of a sufficient number of his men from other undertakings. The Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Welles, thereupon proposed to insure the capture of New Orleans by the navy. He presented a plan, the credit of which must belong to his Assistant Secretary, Captain G. V. Fox, asking only a contingent of 10,000 men with which to hold the city, and out of which Commander Porter, who was present at the council, was to organize a mortar flotilla that he would command in person.

"The original proposition of the Navy Department," says Secretary Welles, "was to run past the forts and capture the city, when, the fleet being above and communication cut off, the lower defences must fall." Commander Porter concurred in the desirability and probable success of the naval expedition which the department suggested and outlined, but strongly advised the addition of a powerful mortar flotilla, which should reduce these formidable forts by a bombardment before the fleet essayed to pass them, so as to leave no enemy or serious obstruction in the rear. His proposal was adopted.

The department chose Captain David G. Farragut to lead the expedition. He was then sixty years of age and had been forty-eight years in the service, having become a midshipman when but eleven.

Though born in Tennessee and twice allied by marriage with Virginia families, his heart was untouched by disloyalty. He was residing at Norfolk, Virginia, when the frenzy of secession seized the Old Dominion. "On the morning," writes his son, "when it was announced that Virginia had passed the ordinance of secession (April 18), Farragut went as usual to the rendezvous previously mentioned, and was soon aware by the reserved manner and long faces of those about him that affairs had reached a climax. He expressed himself freely as not satisfied with the action of the Convention, and believing that President Lincoln was fully justified in calling for troops after the seizure of the forts and arsenals. He was impatiently informed that a person of his sentiments 'could not live in Norfolk,' to which he calmly replied, 'Well, then, I can live somewhere else.' Returning home immediately, with the feeling that the time for prompt action had arrived, he announced to his wife his intention of 'sticking to the flag,' and said to her, 'This act of mine may cause years of separation from your family; so you must decide quickly whether you will go North or remain here.' It is needless to say that her decision was as prompt as his own, to go

with her husband." . . . About a month after Porter went to New York to prepare his mortar flotilla, Captain Farragut was called to Washington and confidentially informed of the duty he was expected to undertake.

By the middle of April the expedition was before the forts below New Orleans, Farragut with seventeen men-of-war and 177 guns; Porter with a mortar flotilla of nineteen schooners and six armed steamships for guard and towing service; General Butler with the army contingent of six thousand men, the remainder being yet detained at Ship Island for want of transports. The rebel defences were of threefold character: First, Forts Jackson and St. Philip with about 115 guns, fourteen of them in casemate; second, a river barrier, one and one-half miles below the forts, consisting of log-rafts and dismasted schooners, anchored at intervals and connected by strong chains; third, an improvised fleet of sixteen rebel gunboats, several of them armed with iron prows, and one of them (the *Manassas*) an iron-plated ram. Still another vessel of formidable construction, also designed for iron plating, but in default of which her sloping sides were covered with railroad iron, remained unfinished; she was brought down and anchored half a mile above Fort St. Philip, thus adding a stationary battery of sixteen guns to the strength of the upper fort.

For five days Commander Porter bombarded Fort Jackson without making any apparent impression; and on the fifth day Farragut decided to try his ships. At two o'clock in the morning of April 24, Farragut commanding the flag-ship *Hartford,* the divisions started to pass the forts.

Perhaps the most exciting incident of the passage happened to the *Hartford.* The enemy had on several occasions set adrift and sent down fire-rafts; but the efficient fire brigade, with boats, grapnels, and other appliances specially organized to meet them, had hitherto succeeded in towing them out of the way, to points where they would be harmless. It happened as the *Hartford* was passing Fort St. Philip, one of these fire-rafts came down, not merely drifting in the current, but pushed and directed by a rebel tugboat. The *Hartford,* swerving aside to avoid the encounter, ran aground; and the tug, perceiving the advantage, boldly pushed the blazing raft against the flag-ship. In an instant the flames enveloped the whole ship's side and flashed aloft into the rigging. It was a critical and painful moment to Farragut: "My God!" he exclaimed, "is it to end in this way?" But caution and good discipline triumphed. Only the dry paint was as yet ablaze, and a well-directed stream of water from the fire apparatus subdued the

mounting flame. Most opportunely, too, the ship's engines were able to back her from her great peril, and she continued up the river, silencing the guns of Fort St. Philip as she passed.

With the destruction of the ram *Manassas* at dawn the engagement appears to have closed.

The vessels passed up the river and came temporarily to anchor at quarantine station, six miles above the forts. The combat had lasted about one and a half hours; the rebel flotilla, with the exception of three steamers, was destroyed; the Union loss was, the *Varuna* sunk, considerable miscellaneous damage to other ships, and a total of twenty-four killed and eighty-six wounded. A little more than six weeks from the day when the great naval battle between the *Merrimac* and *Monitor,* in Hampton Roads, filled the world with the new fame of ironclads, Farragut's victory at New Orleans revived the prestige of wooden ships when handled with courage and skill.[1]

BIGELOW TO SEWARD

Paris, May 29, 1862.

Dear Sir:

During a brief visit to London, whence I have just returned, I picked up some gossip, which though unworthy of the official *cachet,* may have body enough to bear a voyage across the Atlantic.

I found Russell of the *Times* in bad health, though not confined to his house. He says Delane was very much put out with him for leaving America. Mrs. Russell said he dared not stay with the Army; that he was afraid of being assassinated. He made no remark of that kind to me. He is engaged in writing up his notes on America for publication. He has been repeatedly heard to say in London, that ours is now the finest army in the world. He is under the impression that he was hit by a weapon levelled by the Secretary of War at General Mc-

[1] See Nicolay and Hay's Life of Lincoln, Vol. V, pp. 265, 266.

Clellan. I think he feels deeply mortified at the position in which the order of the Secretary has placed him in England and that it is to that, more than to anything else, that his impaired health is attributable. He seemed anxious to convince me that he had always spoken kindly of you, and I of course took no pains to discourage his efforts.

Mr. Cameron[1] is searching for the proofs of his descent from Lochiel and with considerable success. I saw a note from McDonald of the *Times*, who has written a book about the clans of Scotland and who states, after a brief interview, that the family likeness is obvious. Poor Lochiel! A gentleman asked me one day rather abruptly, if I knew any stain upon the character of Mr. Cameron. I told him that I had not the pleasure of any personal acquaintance with that gentleman nor had I any personal knowledge of any stain upon his character. He said that question was put to him the day before at dinner by "Bear" Ellice. The purpose of the inquiry is sufficiently apparent to those who know the functions which Ellice discharges in London society. I fear Mr. Ellice's inquiries did not always elicit as favorable answers as mine, for I learn that Mr. Cameron has already abandoned London and his genealogical researches and is today expected in Paris.

The feeling of the people of England at present is anything but cordial towards us. They will never forgive us for the ungenerous treatment we received at their hands last year. Bright thinks that probably a majority of those possessing political franchises desire to see a separation of our Union, but that numerically a majority of the nation are for the Union. The *entente* between the aristocracy of England and of the Cotton States seems to be cordial and inexpugnable. I have heard of but one English nobleman who seems to question the supremacy of King Cotton, and that one is the most renowned of the class.

Lord Brougham has been spending several days in Paris to have his teeth subjected to their annual review by Dr. Evans.

[1] Mr. Cameron succeeded James Buchanan as Senator from Pennsylvania in 1845. In 1856 he was returned to the Senate as a Republican. He was appointed Secretary of War quite reluctantly by President Lincoln on March 4, 1861, and on the 11th of January following was cheerfully appointed United States Minister to Russia, which post he resigned the following year. While pursuing his genealogical researches in Scotland he was presumed to be on his way to the seat of his mission at St. Petersburg.

On his arrival at the Doctor's office early one morning, the porter ushered him into a room where a portrait of Washington was suspended. The Doctor's secretary came in immediately after and saw his Lordship standing with his hat off. The secretary prayed him to cover his head as the room was cold. "Non! non!" replied the old man, who was looking at the portrait, *"Dans la présence d'un tel homme on reste toujours découverte."*

That is about the first really respectful and pleasant thing that has emanated from any British Statesman of the dominant party since our troubles began, that I have heard of.

I spent one evening with Cobden. He anticipates a financial crisis in America, which nothing can remedy, of course, but his favorite panacea: free trade. He complained of the ignorance, inaptitude and indifference to the lessons of history and previous experiences of England, exhibited by the framers of our revenue laws, and asked how it was possible for us to surmount the enormous difficulties in our path, if we committed such delicate work to such incompetent hands. Neither admitting nor denying the correctness of his facts, I replied by asking him, if in the conduct of this war, sprung upon us under such terrible disadvantages, we had shown any want of practical skill in adapting means to ends. He admitted that we had not, but on the contrary had astonished the world. Well, said I, when the country is safe from armed enemies and the public credit becomes our vital question, as no doubt it will, can you doubt that statesmen competent to grapple with that question will be found and armed with the requisite means to secure that also? When a man is in danger of going over Niagara Falls, he does not stop to bail out his boat for fear of getting his feet wet. I also told him, that as soon as peace was re-established we could borrow all the money we wanted, in England, at easy rates, so that our credit depended only and entirely upon our putting down the rebellion effectually.

I spent part of last Sunday at Orleans House, where I was favored with considerable talk about American affairs by the Duc d'Aumale. The only part of our conversation of special interest related to Mexico and to General McClellan. He thought the Emperor had made a blunder in his Mexican expedition and was trying with all his might to extricate himself from it,—that his trip to Mexico is at war with the policy and

traditions of France[1] and can never be made acceptable to the French people and that if the Emperor prosecuted it alone, it was because he was ashamed to take backward steps.

Though the Duke has better opportunities than I of knowing the disposition and purposes of the Emperor and though you have better than either of us, I am quite persuaded that he is mistaken; that the Emperor has no thought of leaving Mexico, but on the contrary is well content to have the field to himself and means to cultivate it for the benefit of France "as he understands it." He quiets England and Spain by giving them an ally to become territorially interested in resisting our supposed pretensions to universal dominion over the Western Hemisphere and in protecting their colonies from the caprices and passions of the *enfant terrible,* who in past years has subjected both to many mortifications. He also counts with a good right upon the prayers of the Jesuits for his success, which will serve him in Rome, where he just now needs help, if not in Mexico. In addition to all which I shall be surprised if he has not his eye upon some mines, from which to replenish his wasted exchequer.

Apropos of this subject allow me to direct your attention to the following article in the last *Saturday Review* which reflects very accurately the tone and temper of English opinion as I found it in society, in reference to the Mexican question.

Knowing how deeply the Duke must be interested in the question of McClellan's fitness for his present position, about which the government of the U. S. seems to be so strangely divided, and that he had peculiar and exclusive sources of information, I asked what impression he had received upon the subject. He replied, that certainly McClellan was not a man of genius, but we had no right to require any one to have genius; that he was not capable of those grand combinations which the first Napoleon made in his Italian campaigns, but that he was a master of the science of his profession, that he was prudent, wary, and safe and as yet had not made a single blunder. This he thought was evidence of great merit. The

[1] I did not remind him of the naval expedition commanded by his brother, the Prince de Joinville, against Mexico and the bombardment of Vera Cruz, one of the excuses for which, given by Guizot, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, was to check the spread of the Anglo-Saxon race in America.

Duke seemed entirely content to have his nephews under such a leader.

I forgot to state that in a conversation with Mr. Bright, he stated that we will do well to waste no more money upon fortifying the lakes. That nothing is more improbable than any aggressions upon us, especially since the recent demonstrations of strength which we have made.

Yours, &c.

The expedition of a minister from the U. S. to Rome just at the time when France is withdrawing hers, is the subject of some speculation here in private circles.

RICHARD COBDEN TO BIGELOW

Private

Athenæum Club, London,
15 June, 1862.

My dear Sir:

I am glad to find that my allusion to your past financial example was pleasant to you. I might have gone farther and shown that the arts of peace which have been developed by the capital which you saved from government expenditure have in fact furnished the arms by which the Federal government are now winning their successes,—for, it is to the superiority of the weapons produced by the mechanics of Connecticut more than to any superiority of courage or generalship in the armies that you are indebted for Federal triumphs.—

I am sorry to see that your cruisers are capturing our ships laden with arms &c. for the South, *on the high seas.* Perhaps they are justified by the dictum of Lord Stowell, but I wish—to avoid disputes—that your government would limit their belligerent operations to the waters of the South—I mean to within three miles of the shore. Surely your cruisers might, with proper activity, secure their prize money within three

leagues of the coast, which gives them undisputed sovereignty. What I mean by this is to avoid *small* irritating questions of dispute. The great bone of contention, *cotton,* is quite enough without provoking small issues.—In speaking to Mr. Adams one day, I was surprised to find that he had been complaining to Lord Russell of the open and notorious manner in which cargoes of arms and ammunition were made up here for the South.—He seemed to view it as a grievance that our government did not prevent the shipment of arms &c. to Nassau, which were obviously intended to pass to the Southern ports. I told Mr. Adams that it was no part of the duty of a government to exercise any such surveillance over the operations of Commerce, and I sent him an extract from President Pierce's message in 1855 in which, apropos of the Crimean War, this doctrine is clearly and ably laid down.—I suspect that Mr. Seward had forgotten all this when he instructed Mr. A—— to complain to the English government.

I send you a copy of my letter to Mr. Ashworth upon international law.—I have said all I can, and quite as much as you deserve, in favor of your past course in this connection.

Is Mr. Dayton not coming to see the Exhibition? If he visits England I should like to see him.

With my kind remembrance to Mrs. Bigelow, believe me

Yours very truly

WEED TO BIGELOW

Albany, June 20 [1862].

My dear Friend:

. . . . . .

The Rebellion which three weeks ago seemed on its last legs, now gathers strength for a desperate, but an, I hope, expiring struggle. The elements have hindered and delayed the armies in Virginia and the West.

Union men are emerging as fast as assurances of Protection encourage the growth of tender plants. The ultra Abolition agitation strengthens Davis & Co. Their "one idea" People

cannot see that what they seek will come all the surer and sooner by working with the Government.

I went to Auburn with Seward, who is doing the work of half a dozen Secretaries and, in the main, doing it wisely. The President is a truly wise man. I have not been in Washington.

I went to New York to see Lord Lyons, who goes home with his head and heart (he has both) in the right place.

I think of going to North Carolina to see Stanley, who is the right man, and only needs opportunities for consultation with those in whose judgment he can confide.

The confiscation of the slaves of Rebels, and the slavery emancipation & freedom forever, in the Territories are *steps* in the right direction, and needful. . . .

Truly yours

SEWARD TO BIGELOW

Unofficial

Department of State,
Washington, June 25, 1862.

John Bigelow, Esq.:

My dear Sir:

The *London Times* has succeeded in procuring itself to be universally regarded as an enemy to the United States; engaged in urging upon them the calamities of a foreign war in the crisis of a domestic insurrection sufficiently dangerous. The Secretary of War supposes that it is his duty not to give the *London Times* the weight which it would derive from protecting, supporting and cherishing its agent (the then *Times* correspondent, Sir William H. Russell). The American people do not dissent from the Secretary's opinion. They are being wrought up by the European press to the point of meeting a European invasion. It seems to them as if such an invasion gains favor in Europe just in proportion that excuses for it are removed.

This explanation is for yourself alone. The Secretary of

War does not propose to have any discussion about it, and certainly I can afford to engage in none.

Gen. Cameron's vindication by the President would have come somewhat earlier if he had not assumed to defend himself against Congress and in doing so hurled back accusations against them.

Your defence of our financial policy was right. It stands upon necessities. Mr. Bright should have shown you how we could have gone through the war with a peace revenue and fiscal system.

I do not write or even talk just now about Mexican affairs. I think it prudent to watch and wait. *Between you and myself alone, I have a belief that the European State, whichever one it may be, that commits itself to intervention anywhere in North America, will sooner or later fetch up in the arms of a native of an oriental country not especially distinguished for amiability of manners or temper.*[1]

Our sending a Minister to Rome was just as meaningless as our consenting to M. Mercier's going to Richmond. We appointed Rufus King Minister, sixteen months ago. He declined. We appointed Mr. Randall a year ago. He waited until he got the Wisconsin forces into the field and then went to Rome to save the appointment.

Propositions and debates about mediation and recognition do not tend to make our people amiable. If the debates are

[1] As doubts have been expressed in some quarters whether Mr. Seward ever had any expectation of aid from Russia and whether reports to that effect were not "historic myths," I have marked the paragraph in the preceding letter which I believed then to be, and still believe to have been, a sufficient warrant for the inference that the Secretary of State had an understanding with the Russian Government. What he wrote certainly implies more than could be inferred from a simple display of the flag of the Czar in the harbor of New York.

Shortly after my return from France in 1867, I spent a few days in Washington, during which time I had frequent interviews with Mr. Seward and occasionally met at his house M. Bodisco, the Russian Minister at Washington. The purchase of Alaska from Russia had just been consummated. Of course neither Mr. Seward nor M. Bodisco said distinctly to me that that purchase was made purely and simply as a gracious recognition on the part of the Washington Government of the attitude of the Czar toward the United States in 1862, but I doubt if there was any member of either house of Congress who supposed the Government then had any other motive in the purchase of Alaska than to recognize its obligations to the Czar, or that as territory it had any value except as ridding us of an alien neighbor.

The fact that "there is, as I am told, no record of such an understanding in

kept up abroad, we shall have a navy that will be worthy of a great maritime power. *It might perhaps be well if it were known in Europe that we are no longer alarmed by demonstrations of interference.*

I am, my dear sir, very truly yours

SEWARD TO BIGELOW

Confidential

Department of State,
Washington, June 26, 1862.

John Bigelow, Esq.

Sir:

Your despatch No. 22, dated June 10th, has been received.

The expedition of Jackson was, as you have already learned, a mere raid producing no results. The military situation of the insurgents grows worse every day. The Army of the Potomac is doing its work carefully, and I hope surely.

I send you a note which I received from Mr. Evarts yesterday in relation to Mr. Heine. That gentleman called upon me, and, as was very natural, I found him deeply impressed with

the government departments," is not surprising. Flirtations between nationalities, as between the sexes, are not apt to be proclaimed from the housetops, nor even made matters of record.

In further confirmation of my impression it may be pertinent to quote the following paragraph from a letter written by Mr. Adams to Mr. Seward on November 29 of the year 1861, after a conference with Earl Russell:

"I ought to add that in going into the anteroom previous to the conference I met there Baron Brunnow, the Russian Minister, who seized the occasion to express his great regret at the misunderstanding which is taking place and his earnest offer of any services on the part of himself or his Government that might have the effect to restore friendly relations between the two countries."

The terrors of the Russian bear for rhetorical purposes were not the invention of Mr. Seward. Almost three centuries before Shakespeare had made them classical. On the reappearance of Banquo's ghost at Macbeth's banquet he exclaims:

> "What man dare, I dare:
> Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
> The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,—
> Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
> Shall never tremble."

the conviction that the disunionists in the South would not relinquish their resistance to the Government, and would ruin and destroy everything there if the Government should still persist in its measures to restore the Union. He is in some way connected with the Banks in New Orleans and he seems desirous to induce a conviction on my part that they ought to be allowed to pay Confederate money to their depositors. I rejected the idea decisively, and I said what seemed to me proper to convince him that the Government would succeed in a few months in restoring the authority of the Union, and that it would not be diverted from that policy by any demonstrations or combinations that might be made in Europe.

His connection with M. Fould gives him some importance. I have thought therefore that it would be well to have Mr. Dayton understand him and his relations. I think it unwise, however, to make his visit here the subject of an official dispatch to Mr. Dayton. Will you informally show Mr. Dayton this dispatch with Mr. Evarts' note?

I am, Sir, &c.

WILLIAM M. EVARTS TO F. W. SEWARD, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF STATE

New York,
June 24, 1862.

My dear Mr. Seward,

I have to-day given a letter to Mr. Michael Heine, a New Orleans gentleman, to the Sec. of State, which will probably be presented to-morrow.

Mr. Heine is a connection of M. Fould, the Paris banker and Minister of Finance, and is on his way to Europe, where his relations with M. Fould will bring him into intimate and confidential communication with that Minister.

I have not mentioned this in my open letter of introduction but write this to *you* that Gov. Seward may be sure to know of it, *before* Mr. Heine presents himself.

Yours very truly

BIGELOW TO SEWARD

PARIS, June 27, 1862.

HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD,

Dear Sir:

I am in receipt of some intelligence this morning of almost too horrible a character to be credited, but which comes through such sources as to leave me in no doubt as to my duty in reporting it to you.

Mr. Duncan, a lawyer of New Orleans, formerly from Kentucky and one who went reluctantly into the Rebellion, is now in Paris. In the course of his conversation yesterday at dinner with a friend of mine and a prominent journalist of this city, he said that there was a plan on foot to have a simultaneous assassination of all Unionists in the Slave States. As a preliminary to this atrocity, the Unionists were to have their suspicions disarmed as much as possible by professions of loyalty on the part of the rebels. They expected that an apparently cordial acquiescence in the federal rule would soon lead to a reduction in the federal garrison and meantime that the conspirators might gradually get the confidence of the Unionists and possess themselves as far as possible of such information as would be necessary for the success of their scheme.

Such a massacre as this would naturally be the thought and first resource of a certain class of desperadoes, but that such a design can be shared by any formidable class of people in the United States is something which I find it difficult to imagine, notwithstanding the surprising revelations of depravity which slavery has made during the past year.

If, as the papers report, the Recorder of Memphis has caused the arrest of a citizen for speaking to a Federal soldier, it is pretty evident that there are prominent men in that quarter who have ulterior designs that should render them suspected.

I am informed that Mr. Slidell has expressed his conviction that the rebellion is a failure and that he wishes a settlement

upon a Union basis, if nothing better for the rebels is practicable: I have no means of knowing this positively, but that feeling is freely expressed here by the Secessionists, who visit Slidell's family and who leave that impression of Slidell's views.

Securities of all kinds are going to the United States now in large amounts from France. I do not see how the effect of the present tendency can be otherwise than disastrous to the financial credit of the country, unless something is done promptly to avert it. There is a vast amount of American securities of one kind and another held here and, between the apparently high prices on the one hand and the financial crisis which the advance in Exchange threatens on the other, the French, who are easily frightened about their investments, are all rushing to their bankers ready to sell at almost any price. If the tax bill were passed and we had copies of it in hand here it might have a reassuring effect for a time, unless people concluded that if the taxes were to be paid in government paper they would yield far less than was expected or than is necessary for the credit of the government. No banker in Europe can be made to put confidence in our financial policy so long as paper promises are made a substitute for gold, by law.

If we were a weak power like Mexico or any of the South American Republics they would rely upon their governments to enforce payments, but the United States are too strong for that sort of treatment. Our very strength in this case prejudices our credit.

The weather has improved and the prospects of the harvest have improved proportionally.

I have just procured the conclusion of the debate in the Corps Législatif yesterday on the Mexican question. It is probably the only full report that will go to the U. S., as the conclusion is only just off the press. I would suggest that it be put at the disposal of the press for translation, for it is no doubt the most important debate which has occurred in that body since the Roman question was before it. You will find it in the *Moniteur* of this date.

Yours very truly.

WEED TO BIGELOW

New York, July 5 [1862].

Dear Bigelow:

"Bull Run," without the dishonor! "Bull Run," because we close another campaign without Richmond.[1]

We have no "Reserve" army and I fear cannot even get recruits. It is a wretched business, and *somebody* is to blame.

I am sick, but

Truly yours

WEED TO BIGELOW

Washington, July 12 [1862].

My dear Bigelow:

Mr. Seward showed me your letter to-day. I hope when the Emperor hears from Charleston and Richmond he will not change his policy.

We are in peril from many points and many sources. There are military and political dangers. Recent disasters bring your "Jim Brooks's" and "Bill Duer's" to the surface, croaking.

We are a little too weak for moving at Richmond, Charleston, Savannah, and Mobile. We are expecting the capture of Vicksburg hourly.

M. Loubat dined at Seward's with me yesterday and in the evening we rode out to see the President, who is anxious and nervous.

McClellan has 81,000 effective troops, Polk 40,000, and Burnside 16,000. There are 40,000 off on sick leave, most of whom ought to return.

Recruiting drags. If we had 50,000 fresh troops things might be retrieved.

[1] This letter was written under the depressing influence of the defeat of McClellan in the battle of Gaines's Mill, fought on the 27th of June. For particulars see James Ford Rhodes's History of the United States, Vol. IV, p. 40.

This city is a vast hospital in which more than 12,000 sick and wounded languish.

Bowen has turned the Police Force into a recruiting rendezvous, and is to be a brigadier.

Truly yours

SEWARD TO BIGELOW

Unofficial

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, July 15, 1862.

Sir:

Your letter of June 27th has been received.

There is no doubt that from a period anterior to the breaking out of the insurrection, plots and conspiracies for purposes of assassination have been frequently formed and organized. And it is not unlikely that such an one as has been reported to you is now in agitation among the insurgents. If it be so, it need furnish no ground for anxiety. *Assassination is not an American practice or habit, and one so vicious and so desperate cannot be engrafted into our political system.*

This conviction of mine has steadily gained strength since the Civil War began. Every day's experience confirms it. The President, during the heated season, occupies a country house near the Soldiers' Home, two or three miles from the city. He goes to and from that place on horseback, night and morning, unguarded. I go there unattended at all hours, by daylight and moonlight, by starlight and without any light.

The anxiety of European Capitalists about their investments here need not disturb you. We are deficient in cotton for export, but abound in gold. If they want to exchange such of our bonds as they hold, and are willing to pay us high values for gold to realize, it certainly disturbs nobody here, but, on the contrary, enriches the country. In the last six months we have received twelve millions of gold from California, and shipped over twenty millions to Europe. All our

old debt is payable, and will be paid, in gold. The interest on all our new debt is payable in gold. And as it will not fall due until after the end of the war, the principal as well as the interest will then be paid, and paid in gold. I think it is thus reasonably certain that our national debt will all be paid in gold, while the principal of no other national debt in the world will ever be paid at all in any currency.

What France and what Europe now need is to send us, not our own stocks to redeem, although they are not unwelcome, nor yet merchandise, although we buy all of it we need, but emigrants to supply the demand for purposes of war and tillage. But while all these things will be understood by and by, nobody in Europe is prepared to understand them now.

I am, Sir, &c.

The future was destined to lend a melancholy interest to the optimism of the preceding letter from the Secretary of State in reply to a warning I had sent him of risks he daily incurred of assassination. In little less than three years from the date of my warning, the President was assassinated; Mr. Seward and his son barely escaped the assassin's knife, and both were actually maimed for life. The Secretary was perhaps correct in saying that assassination was not an American habit when he wrote, but three Presidents have since been the victims of assassins, and Mr. Lincoln's predecessor, James Buchanan, is reported and believed to have surrendered his own views of his official duty, while President, through fear of assassination.

In 1858 a plot to slay the French Emperor by the use of bombs manufactured in England had been organized by a band of Italian refugees in London. The French Government formally called attention to the fact that bodies of assassins abused their right of asylum in England.

In a debate in the House of Commons on a "Conspiracy to Murder" bill, introduced in consequence, and which overthrew Lord Palmerston's administration, Mr. Gladstone said:

"As one who has perhaps too often made it his business to call attention to the failings of his countrymen," if national honor was not henceforth to be a shadow and a name, it was the paramount, absolute and imperative duty of her Majesty's

ministers to protest against the imputation upon Englishmen of favor for assassination, "a plant which is congenial neither to our soil nor to the climate in which we live."[1]

And yet twice at least during her reign arrests were made for attempts upon the life of Queen Victoria.

The optimism of Gladstone, as well as of Seward, is calculated to remind any reader versed in French history of an incident which occurred about a century earlier and which we have upon the authority of Malesherbes:

A merchant of Lyons, journeying toward home in the latter days of 1756, slept in a tavern where he heard, through a crack in the wall or partition, talk of a plot to assassinate the King, Louis XV. Horror-stricken, he returned at once to Paris, sought one of the ministers of the King, and told him what he had overheard. The Minister thanked him, but treated his report with indifference, taking no further notice of it.

Not many days elapsed before the King was actually stabbed—on the 15th of January, 1757—by Damiens, though not fatally.

The careless or culpable Minister then bethought him of the Lyons merchant. Fearing that the report of what had occurred might leak out and he be made responsible for his neglect to provide against it, he issued a *lettre de cachet* and had the unfortunate merchant arrested and confined in the Bastille.

The 14th of July, 1789—a day memorable in history for the number of crimes it revealed—opened the dungeon where had languished for thirty-two years this unhappy victim of arbitrary power.

When Damiens expiated his crime he cried, "I believed I was doing an act worthy of heaven, and I intended to speak of it to all the priests of the palace."

Seward, like the French Minister, paid no attention to the warning he had received. Like Louis, he was stabbed, also by a fanatic, and happily, like Louis, not fatally. The difference between my experience and that of the Lyons merchant was as striking as their resemblances. My warning was given a century after my country had emancipated itself from arbitrary foreign rule, but on the eve of its deliverance from a more

[1] John Morley, Life of Gladstone (New York).

arbitrary domestic tyranny; and it was the warned, not the warner, that was punished for disregarding the warning.

Since writing the above another incident has been revealed which lends an intenser and very unexpected interest to the tragedies of April 14, 1865. Among the letters of the late John Hay recently printed is one written June 17, 1867, when he was on his way as Secretary of Legation to act as *chargé d'affaires ad interim* after the retirement of Mr. Motley, June 14, 1867, at Vienna. In this letter he says:

> Rode to Carthage in the same seat with R—— L—— [Robert Lincoln], a second cousin of the late President. He is forty-one years old, looks much older. The same eyes and hair the President had—the same tall stature and shambling gait, less exaggerated, a rather rough, farmer-looking man. Drinks hard, chews ravenously. He says the family has about run out. "We are not a very marrying set." He is dying of consumption, he said very coolly. There was something startling in the resemblance of the straight thicket of hair, and the gray, cavernous eyes framed in black brows and lashes, both features of the great dead man. Knew my father since long years. Brought a load of wheat to G—— and M—— in 1842 with ox teams; got $90 in gold for it. Told me that in 1860 he had talked to "Abe" about assassination. Abe said: *"I never injured anybody. No one is going to hurt me."* He says he was invited by Abe to go on to Washington at the time of the inauguration, but declined, thinking it dangerous—a naïveté of statement I thought would have been impossible out of the West.

BIGELOW TO HARGREAVES

Paris, July 17, 1862.

My dear Mr. Hargreaves:

I believe I have expressed to you my apprehension from time to time that our war in America might end too soon. Since McClellan's check at Richmond, that apprehension has been sensibly diminished. I think now it is certain or tolerably certain that the war will last long enough to accomplish one great result, without which it would have ended too soon howsoever long it lasted. You can guess what that result is. I

think nearly enough life has been sacrificed now, to cure the fastidiousness which has hitherto prevented our government's dispensing guns and uniforms to colored men. When they come to fill up the ranks of an army composed like ours of the very flower of our citizens and which has been decimated by balls and disease they will not be likely to stand much upon color. The policy and economy of sacrificing husbands, fathers and brothers for the defence of the rights of colored men, who are not thought good enough to fight for themselves, must by this time, I think, be pretty thoroughly exploded. If so, I can see the finger of Providence in the recent disaster at Richmond, for had McClellan succeeded there, the chances are ten to one that the negrophobia would have got the upper hand in the country and the struggle through which we are passing would have resulted like your revolution of 1660, in a restoration in every way worse than the Govt. against which you rebelled. All that is wanting now to bring our troubles to a propitious close is a healthy tone of public opinion throughout the North on the subject of slavery; to be rid of the expectation that the South is to return to the Union with its disproportionate political power, which, like the corresponding delusion at the South in regard to foreign intervention, prevents a large class of influential persons on both sides from seeing things as they are or must be. The democratic party in the United States have been so long accustomed to regard slavery as the Egyptians used to regard the Ibis, as a sacred bird, that it is as difficult to make them attack the former as it would have been to make an Egyptian shoot the latter. But I think that delusion has been nearly cured and I shall be surprised if General Butler wastes much more time in writing letters to Washington to know what to do with Run-away negroes.

I was delighted with the recent passages at arms between Mr. Cobden and Ld. Palmerston. I wished very much to be near you to talk about it. I do not remember any instance of the premier being so successfully bearded as in the China speech. I hope it will improve his manners, his morals I fear are fixed. His wanton speech about Butler's letter has produced a very bad feeling in the United States, and with every allowance for my feelings as an American I cannot but think it was a very indecorous speech to make from his place in

Parliament. However it did good, for it makes our people only the more self-dependent and the more determined. It hastens the time too in my judgment when the people of England will be disposed to confide their vast interests to some prime minister of more prudence and principle. I expect to pass through London next week on my way to Liverpool to meet Mrs. Bigelow's sister who is coming over, when I hope to see you & yours, meantime I remain as ever,

Your sincere friend

BIGELOW TO SEWARD

Confidential

Paris, July 17, 1862.

Dear Sir:

Your dispatch marked "private" enclosing a message for Mr. Dayton was duly received and communicated to him.

Your dispatch of the 25th June, also marked "private," came duly to hand.

I am satisfied that the persistent attacks of the *London Times* upon our government have for their immediate object to drain our country of gold and they have thus far had a tendency to encourage such drainage. They have created quite a panic among the holders of American securities in Europe, who are encouraged of course by all the bankers to lose no time in turning them into gold. The house of Peabody has been doing an enormous business during the past year in this way and I am told that Gov. Morgan had sent from New York to that firm over a million of dollars in gold more than two months ago. They are in correspondence with the banking house of Vandenbroek Brothers in this city, a favorite resort of Secessionists, through whom they are scouring the French market. Vandenbroek Brothers have private dispatches from Peabody & Co. upon the arrival of every Steamer and if there is anything out of which a panic can be made, they are sure to improve it. When Banks was driven across the Potomac, they had the news here exclusively, nor did it appear in any French

paper till confirmed by the next Steamer. They said nothing of the fact that he had but 4,000 men, but allowed the impression to be made, that a *corps d'armée* had been disgracefully repulsed. So they only, in this city, so far as I can learn, had the news of McClellan's retreat, brought by the Steamer of the 2nd instant. It was represented in their dispatch as an utter defeat. A more extended dispatch in the same sense appeared in the *London Times* with an article designed to leave the impression that his army was cut to pieces and his siege guns all taken. Mr. Peabody the same evening at dinner entertained his friends, who inquired if the facts could be as bad as represented, by informing them that according to his private advices, they *were a great deal worse.*

The bankers would of course like to have all the securities in the world bought and sold every week and it is not strange therefore that they as a class do not do much to discourage the efforts made to discredit us abroad. The *Times* acts in the interest of the government and of the country in doing all it can to bring gold to England and France in anticipation of the demand which is sure to arise for it this fall to purchase grain with. It is an ingenious mode—in humble imitation of our legal tender legislation—to compel the holders of American securities to buy and import the gold now which is sure to be wanted, and which when wanted might otherwise impose the burden of getting it upon backs less patient or less strong than those that bear it now. If the crops had been better in Europe than they are now known to be, the British government would not have done as much as it has, either in parliament or through the press, to ruin our character as a nation. It has succeeded in spreading the alarm through France. As I have already informed you, the leading bankers of Paris are sending home all kinds of securities, National, State, Municipal and railways, to sell and all the news at home and all the agencies abroad seem to conspire against all efforts to restore or create confidence.

Vandenbroek Brothers have had an advertisement in the papers for a week or two past, announcing that they were purchasers of American securities. They buy I believe for Peabody & Co.

I saw M. Sellière yesterday, the large army furnisher of this city. He told me that our new tariff had killed his business

with the U. S. He had ceased shipping there altogether. I told him, that it was not the policy of the U. S. at present so much to cultivate importations as to maintain the national existence and in looking after that, we were, just now, less able to consider the convenience and interests of other nations than I hoped we would soon be. Meantime, as we had full employment for our funds, we saw a reduction of foreign importations without regret.

There seems to be a general impression here, that England and France will now take measures to stop the war. Such you will see by a note received from Mr. Lucas, the editor of the *London Star,* is Mr. Cobden's opinion. Mr. Lucas' remarks upon the subject I think are conclusive. It does not seem to me that England could engage in hostilities with us now even aided by France and—supposing they encounter no embarrassments from their European neighbors—without a revolution in both countries.

The papers this morning announce the withdrawal of the Orléans princes from our army and their return to England. Without knowing anything of the reasons for this step except such as are most obvious, the news gave me great satisfaction. They were no longer of any use there to us, while they did much more than an American would be disposed to credit to embitter the court and administration here against us.

I fear the Orleanists are contemplating some step which renders the presence of the princes necessary here. If so, I regret it, for I feel persuaded it must fail, notwithstanding the extraordinary development of Orleanism in France during the last six months, which is incontestable. I hope the withdrawal of the princes will not diminish the friendly interest which certain leading journals have taken in our contest since their fortunes were partially identified with ours.

I have remarked with pleasure a modification of the tone of the government press of this city during the past week. The *Patrie,* hitherto the most venomous advocate of intervention, has become quite moderate and has omitted entirely to draw from the late disasters at Richmond the moral which its past course justified us in expecting from it.

The *Constitutionnel* also has modified its course materially. You have probably better means than I of understanding the cause of this change, for I must admit that hitherto both these

journals have proved inaccessible to any influences which I control.

It is always profitable to search reverently for the finger of Providence in all the important events which make up the lives of nations as well as of individuals. I think I have discovered it in the late repulse before Richmond. As a people we were not yet prepared to make a proper use of victory and peace. There are too many left among us who spell negro with two "*g*'s"—one of your tests I am told of a presidential candidate and a good one.[1] When every household in the free States has been called upon to mourn a father, or a brother, or a son sacrificed in this war; when the flower of our country have been decimated by disease and hostile arms, it is to be presumed that some at least of the fastidiousness about the colour of our soldiers will disappear and with it the peculiar sanctity with which negro property, like kings, is still hedged about among northern people.

A few more checks like that at Richmond will throw a doubt over the wisdom of that policy, which would take the young men from our universities and counting houses to fight for the rights of a race who are thought unworthy of sharing in the struggle. Till our people can become reconciled to use such weapons as Providence has so obviously placed in our hands, I do not believe we can expect a victorious or honorable peace. The prospect of a uniform and soldier's wages would bring to our camps thousands of men, who would make useful workmen and good soldiers. British officers in the West Indies have told me that they estimate their colored soldiers very highly. Until we have sufficiently conquered our prejudices to profit by these resources we may naturally expect that the necessity of resorting to them will increase.

So long as there is any hope or fear of the Southern States coming back into the Union with their ancient political power and cotton terrorism, so long will there be a large class ready to combine against any government whatever which proposes

[1] This is an allusion to a remark Seward is said to have made in reply to Douglas, who had been indulging on the floor of the Senate in a tirade against "nigger-worshippers." After the debate and walking home with him from the Capitol, Mr. Seward, having in view Douglas's notorious expectation of a nomination from the Democratic party for the Presidency, said, "Douglas, no man will ever be President of the United States who spells 'negro' with two *g*'s."

any measure having a tendency in any way to circumscribe the power of slaveholders and so long will this war be ineffectual for the objects for which it is waged. We can never be a united North until all possibility of such a restoration of a slavery dynasty is destroyed. Nor do I think it is the will of Providence that this war should end until the impossibility of such a restoration is placed beyond a peradventure.

Pray excuse me for troubling you with this *débordement*. There are times when every man's tongue is loosed and it would be strange if even the dumb did not speak.

July 18.

I beg to direct your attention to a brief article in the *Constitutionnel* of this morning for its reference to the retirement of the Orléans princes. This article and the language of the *Times* are sure to produce very bad feeling here and I think it highly important that some explanation of the step be furnished, if possible, which will save our government from any responsibility for their retirement. The friendship of their friends, I need not say to you, is very desirable to us here.

I also invite your attention to the following paragraph in the 2nd Paris letter which appears in the *Indépendance Belge* of the 17th and to the extract which follows from the Madrid correspondence of the *Indépendance* of same date.

. . . . . .

Yours very truly

SLIDELL TO J. P. BENJAMIN

PARIS, 25th July, 1862.

Sir:

. . . . . .

On Thursday, the 10th inst., we received the first intelligence of the battles of the 26 and 27 of June and the "strategical movements" of McClellan across the Chickahominy and towards James River. On the strength of these news and of your despatch No. 3 (which with numbers 1, 2 and 4 had been delivered by Mr. de Leon), I was about to call on Count de Persigny, when I received a message from that gentle-

man, who had recently returned after an absence of some weeks in England, saying that he desired to see me. I of course lost no time in complying with his request. I communicated to him confidentially the substance of my new instructions and he advised me to proceed to Vichy where the Emperor would be on Saturday, but he thought would be much occupied for a day or two in receiving the authorities, etc. The Count gave me a very warm letter to General Fleury, who is a great favorite of the Emperor and constantly accompanies him, urging him to procure an audience for me. I went accordingly to Vichy on Tuesday, arriving there in the evening. The next morning I sent a note to General Fleury enclosing that of M. de Persigny soliciting his good offices to procure me *"une audience officieuse"* with the Emperor. I very soon received a reply saying that the Emperor would receive me at 2 o'clock.

You will find herewith full details of my interview marked No. 1.

. . . . . .

No. 1

On Wednesday morning, 16th July, at 9 o'clock, I enclosed to General Fleury, Aide de camp and Premier Écuyer of the Emperor, a letter from Count de Persigny, and asked him to procure me the honor of an official audience with the Emperor. Before 12 o'clock I received from M. Fleury a note stating that the Emperor would receive me at 2 o'clock. The Emperor received me with great kindness and after saying that he was very happy to see me and regretted that circumstances had prevented his sooner doing so, invited me to be seated. He commenced the conversation by referring to the news contained in the evening papers of the previous day of the defeat of the Federal armies before Richmond, which appeared to give him much satisfaction. He spoke of Lincoln's call for three hundred thousand additional troops as evidence of his conviction of the desperate character of the struggle in which he had been engaged and of the great losses which the Federal forces had sustained. That although it was unquestionably for the interest of France, that the United States should be a powerful and united people to act as a "contrepoids" to the maritime power of England, yet his sympathies had always been with the South, whose people are struggling for the principle of self-government, of which he was a firm and consistent advocate, that he had from the first seen the true character of the contest and considered the re-establishment of the Union impossible and final separation a mere question of time. That the difficulty was to find the way to give effect to his sympathies, that he had always desired to preserve the most friendly relations with England and that

in so grave a matter he had not been willing to act without her co-operation, that he had several times intimated his wish for action in our behalf, but had met with no favorable response, and that besides, England had a deeper interest in the question than France; that she wished him "to draw the chestnuts from the fire for her benefit." He asked me to give my views of the state of affairs and of what could be done to bring the war to a close. The conversation had thus far been in French with occasional remarks from me; but as I knew that the Emperor spoke English well and fluently and was said not to dislike having an opportunity to converse in our language I said that if it would not be disagreeable to him, I would prefer speaking English, as I could better express myself in my own tongue. He assented and during the remainder of the interview the conversation was in English. He enquired the amount of our army. I estimated the number of men now under arms at about 350,000, although at certain previous periods, before we had abandoned the impossible idea of defending all the points of our immense coast and frontier, the number had probably been nearer 500,000; but since we had adopted the policy of concentrating our forces, 350,000 men were, I thought, as many as we could advantageously employ. That our difficulty was not to find men, of them we had and always would have more than enough, but that what we wanted were arms, powder and clothing. I explained the composition and character of our army, that with us every man was a soldier, that very many of the élite of our country were serving in the ranks; spoke of the devotion and enthusiasm of our women; that our men were badly clothed and fed, most of them with inferior arms and all insufficiently and irregularly paid, but submitted patiently to all the privations. That on the contrary our enemies were admirably equipped and armed, as a general rule profusely fed, having many luxuries in abundance, such as tea and coffee of which our troops were entirely deprived; but that the very large majority were mercenaries, who served for pay and food, not being able to find employment and wages. The Emperor expressed his great surprise at our troops not having coffee, which he said was considered essential to the health of the soldiers. That probably one half of the privates were foreigners, principally Germans and Irish, while our troops were almost exclusively born on our soil. That this difference made them much more than a match for their enemies when they met with equal numbers, but that this advantage was more than compensated by the greater moral value of those whom we lost, carrying mourning into every Southern family, while no interest was felt at the North for the mercenaries who were fighting their battles, so long as they could supply their places by new levies.

. . . . . .

This gave me an opportunity of saying about Mexican affairs substantially that as the Lincoln Government was the ally and protector of his enemy Juarez, we could have no objection to make common cause with him against the common enemy.

I asked him if he had seen Count de Persigny since his return from England, or if the Count (to whom I had confidentially communicated the substance of your despatch No. 3) had written to him about our affairs. He said that he had neither seen nor heard from the Count. I then stated to the Emperor what I had been instructed to propose. It did not seem disagreeable. He said, how am I to get the cotton? I replied, that of course depends on your Majesty; he will soon have a fleet in the neighborhood of our coast, strong enough to keep it clear of every Federal cruiser.

. . . . . .

I gave him in a few words a description of the American marine; some second class steamers constructed for war purposes and a large number of merchant vessels hastily purchased and fitted up for the blockade and transport service. I said that the *Gloire*, the *Garonne* or the *Normandie* could pass the fortifications of New York and Boston and hold those towns at their mercy, or could enter the Chesapeake, destroy all the vessels there and Fortress Monroe by bombardment.

He agreed with me in this. I expressed my regret at having heard that some of his first class steamers were armed *en flute* and asked if this armament could not be completed at Martinique and Guadeloupe, and suggested that if not, guns could be sent there for the purpose. He appeared to be pleased with the suggestion.

. . . . . .

He then spoke of recognition, saying that simple recognition would be of no value, and as to mediation that would be refused by the North. I replied that as to mediation, I agreed with him, that if offered, it would be refused by the North but would be accepted by us, but that such refusal and acceptance would be of vast advantage to our cause and enlist the sympathies of the civilized world in our favor and afford sufficient reason for more potent intervention. But we did not ask for mediation, all we asked for was recognition, that there was a large majority in the Northern States in favor of peace and separation, but that a reign of terror existed which for the present stifled all expression of such opinions, that the Congressional elections were approaching and that recognition would give the peace party courage to organize and perhaps place them in the majority. He said that he was pleased to see that there had been a great peace meeting in New York. I said that recognition would at once bring out many similar demonstrations. I then said that although we did not place ourselves on that ground, the interests of humanity might be urged as

calling on Europe and especially on him who exercised so potent an influence over the destinies of the world to put an end to the strife, which was not only devastating the South and exhausting the North but paralyzed the industry and commerce of Europe. He replied, what you say is true, but the policy of nations is controlled by their interests and not by their sentiments, and ought to be so. I replied, that I fully admitted his proposition, but that the interests to be consulted should not be those of the hour, that England seemed to have abdicated the great part which she had been accustomed to play in the affairs of the world, and adopted a tortuous, selfish and time serving policy, which had only served to make all nations either her bitter enemies or at least fair weather friends. That we, at first, had been well disposed towards England, but that having for selfish ulterior purposes, to revive for her advantage the old exploded principles of a blockade, and to secure the monopoly of cotton for her Indian colonies, given a false interpretation to the Treaty of Paris, we should never hereafter consider her our friend. The Emperor remarked, I have already told you what I thought of the blockade, and as to the culture of cotton in India supplanting yours, I consider the idea entirely chimerical. If you do not give it to us we can not find it elsewhere. I then said, your Majesty has now an opportunity of securing a faithful ally, bound to you not only by the ties of gratitude, but by those more reliable of a common interest and congenial habits. He said, yes, you have many families of French descent in Louisiana who yet preserve their habits and language. I replied that he was right, and that I could give him an instance in my own family where French was habitually spoken. He asked me whether we anticipated no difficulty from our slaves. I replied that they had never been more quiet and more respectful and that no better evidence could be given of their being contented and happy. This was the only allusion made to slavery during the interview.

The Emperor asked me if I expected that England would agree to co-operate with him in our recognition. I replied that he of course must have much better means of information than I, but that our friends in England were more hopeful than they ever had been before, and that our Commissioner at London, for the first time since his arrival, wrote encouragingly. That the motion of Mr. Lindsay recommending recognition would be brought up on Friday, and that probably the debate would bring out Lord Palmerston with a declaration of his purposes. He asked how Cobden was disposed. I said that he was unfriendly to us, but not so much so as Bright. That it was conceded on all hands that an immense majority of the House of Commons was in our favor, but that Lord Derby was not prepared to take office, and nothing would be done that would cause Lord Palmerston to resign.

While I was advocating recognition, the Emperor, with a very significant smile, said, it is very singular that while you ask absolute recognition, Mr. Dayton is calling upon me to retract my qualified recognition of you as belligerents. I replied, that such a demand was but another evidence of the insolence of the Washington Government.

The Emperor asked me, if France and England intervene, on what terms can a peace be made? The question of boundaries is a most difficult one, what will you do with the border States? You will not be willing to accept what the North, even if she submits to separation, will accord. I replied that the question appeared indeed to be difficult but it seemed to be susceptible of an easy solution and one which we would willingly receive. In all the States where the people had in full conventions voted for separation, there could be no difficulty, that in Kentucky, Missouri and Maryland, the question whether they would join our confederacy, form a separate one for themselves or remain with the United States should be submitted to the popular vote and that I had no fear of the result, that such had been the Emperor's policy in Italy and the whole world approved of it. That the Chesapeake, Potomac and Ohio were natural and indispensable boundaries which could not be relinquished. He regretted he had no map at Vichy that we might trace the line.

I should have mentioned that when speaking of the cotton subsidy, I told the Emperor that the proposition was made exclusively to France, my colleague at London not being aware of my authority to make it.

. . . . . .

I said to the Emperor that in deciding upon the course he was to pursue, he might assume two fixed points of departure. *First,* that reconstruction on any terms was impossible. *Second,* that without European intervention in some form or other, peace was impossible within any reasonable period; that a peace must be preceded by an armistice, with our ports open to the commerce of the world.

I omitted to mention that in speaking of Mexican affairs, I said that Mr. Lincoln had sent to the Senate the treaty negotiated by Mr. Corwin, that this was in fact a subsidy of eleven millions of dollars to enable Juarez to carry on the war against France; he replied, but the Senate will not ratify it; of this, I said, I had no means to form an opinion, but at any rate it was clear that the President approved of its principle and the Executive virtually controlled the Foreign relations. I said that I had heard from what seemed to be good authority, although I did not pretend to vouch for the truth of the Report, that Schufeldt, U. S. Consul General at Havana, had gone to Mexico and placed at the disposition of Juarez two millions of dollars, being the cash installment stipulated by the Treaty, and if this were so, the Mexican army was now waging war against France with means fur-

nished by the Federal treasury. I also alluded to the presence of the Orléans Princes in the Federal armies as evidence at least that Lincoln was not particularly desirous to avoid giving just cause of offense to France, and mentioned that the son of the Prince de Joinville was now serving as a midshipman on board of a Federal man-of-war, a fact of which he had been previously ignorant.

I suggested that without violating neutrality we might be allowed to communicate with our government by French ships of war visiting our ports; that such communication was called for even by French interests; that it was important that Southern newspapers should be freely received to neutralize the false statements of the Northern Press. The Emperor replied that such a request seemed reasonable and that he would consider it.

Finding that the Interview had been sufficiently prolonged, I rose to take leave, saying that I had already too much abused his indulgence; that I had perhaps omitted to present some arguments which if not new to him, were from a different point of view, but that I had prepared a formal demand of recognition in which they were embodied, and that I intended to present them to M. Thouvenel, as soon as he should return from England, where he then was, and I would feel much obliged, if he saw any reason to object to the course I proposed, that he would intimate his wish. He said that he saw no objection to my presenting my demand, *he of course said nothing to compromit himself as to the answer that would be given.* At parting he said that he hoped in future there would be less difficulty in my seeing him than had heretofore existed.

On the whole my interview was most satisfactory. I had been led to expect from what I had heard of his habitual manner that he would be extremely reserved, confining himself to asking questions, or intimating on what points he wished me to speak, with occasional brief observations on his part; on the contrary he was frank, unreserved, I might perhaps say cordial; placing me entirely at my ease by the freedom with which he spoke himself. Although *he said nothing to commit himself as to his future course* I left him with the decided impression that if England long persevered in obstinate inaction he would take the responsibility of moving by himself.

. . . . . .

WEED TO BIGELOW

ALBANY, July 27, 1862.

My dear Friend:

We are in "a fix." Checked at every point, we shall, I fear, soon be called to *defend* every position!

Amid these disasters come, of course, home dissensions. The newspapers insist on conducting the war.

McClellan is a failure. We might have taken Richmond long ago. We lost more men by disease than the victory would have cost.

But the great source of weakness is where we long ago located it. For this there seems to be no remedy. There is no disposition to reform where reform is so much needed.

Extreme men now urge Mr. Lincoln to Proclaim Emancipation, and he is considering it, tho' his Proclamation would expose only the impotency of the Government. I wanted to see events come along logically, as they might now come.

The Administration is also considering the propriety of offering 500,000 Bales of Cotton to those who will come and get it. Sanford will probably take out the proposition.

I have been *trying* to induce the Government to take Charleston immediately, but they will not look that way.

I fear that enlistments do not proceed fast enough to compensate for the emasculation of the army by disease. This is a fearful thought. Perhaps I am morbid.

We ought to resort at once to the draft. That is equitable, and would bring troops promptly.

We are quite well save in spirit, and often talk of you and yours.

Very truly

It was doubtless the sudden collapse of McClellan's Richmond campaign which brought President Lincoln to the determination to adopt his policy of general military emancipation much sooner than he would otherwise have done.[1]

[1] Nicolay and Hay's Life of Lincoln, Vol. VI, p. 130. See also diary of Gideon Welles in the *Atlantic Monthly* for the months of February and March, 1909.

On the same authorities I quote from the diary of Secretary Welles:

On Sunday, the 13th of July, 1862, President Lincoln invited me to accompany him in his carriage to the funeral of an infant child of Mr. Stanton. Secretary Seward and Mrs. Frederick Seward were also in the carriage. Mr. Stanton occupied at that time, for a summer residence, the house of a naval officer, some two or three miles west or northwesterly of Georgetown. It was on this occasion and on this ride that he first mentioned to Mr. Seward and myself the subject of emancipating the slaves by proclamation in case the rebels did not cease to persist in their war on the Government and the Union, of which he saw no evidence. He dwelt earnestly on the gravity, importance, and delicacy of the movement; said he had given it much thought, and had about come to the conclusion that it was a military necessity, absolutely essential for the salvation of the nation, that we must free the slaves or be ourselves subdued, etc., etc. This was, he said, the first occasion where he had mentioned the subject to any one, and wished us to frankly state how the proposition struck us. Mr. Seward said the subject involved consequences so vast and momentous that he should wish to bestow on it mature reflection before giving a decisive answer; but his present opinion inclined to the measure as justifiable, and perhaps he might say expedient and necessary. These were also my views. Two or three times on that ride the subject, which was of course an absorbing one for each and all, was adverted to, and before separating, the President desired us to give the subject special and deliberate attention, for he was earnest in the conviction that something must be done. It was a new departure for the President, for until this time, in all our previous interviews, whenever the question of emancipation or the mitigation of slavery had been in any way alluded to, he had been prompt and emphatic in denouncing any interference by the General Government with the subject. This was, I think, the sentiment of every member of the Cabinet, all of whom, including the President, considered it a local domestic question appertaining to the States respectively, who had never parted with their authority over it. But the reverses before Richmond, and the formidable power and dimensions of the insurrection, which extended through all the slave States and had combined most of them in a confederacy to destroy the Union, impelled the Administration to adopt extraordinary measures to preserve the national existence.

"It had got to be," said he (Mr. Lincoln), "midsummer, 1862. Things had gone on from bad to worse, until I felt that we had reached the end of our rope on the plan of operations we had been pursuing; that we had about played our last card, and must change our tactics, or lose the game. I now determined upon the adoption of the emanci-

pation policy; and without consultation with, or the knowledge of, the Cabinet, I prepared the original draft of the proclamation, and after much anxious thought, called a Cabinet meeting upon the subject. . . . All were present excepting Mr. Blair, the Postmaster-General, who was absent at the opening of the discussion, but came in subsequently. I said to the Cabinet that I had resolved upon this step, and had not called them together to ask their advice, but to lay the subject-matter of a proclamation before them, suggestions as to which would be in order after they had heard it read. Mr. Lovejoy was in error when he informed you that it excited no comment excepting on the part of Secretary Seward. Various suggestions were offered.

"Mr. Blair, after he came in, deprecated the policy on the ground that it would cost the Administration the fall elections. Nothing, however, was offered that I had not already fully anticipated and settled in my own mind, until Secretary Seward spoke. He said in substance, 'Mr. President, I approve of the proclamation, but I question the expediency of its issue at this juncture. The depression of the public mind, consequent upon our repeated reverses, is so great that I fear the effect of so important a step. It may be viewed as the last measure of an exhausted Government, a cry for help; the Government stretching forth its hands to Ethiopia, instead of Ethiopia stretching forth her hands to the Government.' His idea," said the President, "was that it would be considered our last *shriek* on the retreat. (This was his precise expression.) 'Now,' continued Mr. Seward, 'while I approve the measure, I suggest, sir, that you postpone its issue until you can give it to the country supported by military success, instead of issuing it, as would be the case now, upon the greatest disasters of the war.'" Mr. Lincoln continued: "The wisdom of the view of the Secretary of State struck me with very great force. It was an aspect of the case that, in all my thought upon the subject, I had entirely overlooked. The result was that I put the draft of the proclamation aside, as you do your sketch for a picture, waiting for victory."

FREDERICK W. SEWARD TO BIGELOW

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, July 28th, 1862.

Sir:

Your dispatch No. 26 has been received and read with much interest. I am directed to state in reply to the observations

which you have made in regard to the prospects of the European Harvest, that without taking into account the large remaining stock of last year's cereals in this country, the crops this season have so far proved to be the most exuberant ever grown. Europe, therefore, will have no reason to fear that her necessities for grain may not abundantly be supplied from our surplus. We also have and shall continue to have on hand an ample supply of gold, which, as of late, will be continued to be exchanged for American securities, either already due or to become so in future. These will be freely received until the time, which we hope may not be distant, when instead of our own securities Europeans may find it more advantageous to send us their manufactures for our grain and treasure.

I am, Sir, &c.

BIGELOW TO AUGUSTE LAUGEL

Paris, August 8, 1862.

My dear Laugel:

At last the document of which I wrote you, relating to the Mississippi,[1] has arrived. It looks like an extremely instructive and interesting memoir. I wish to send it to you at once, but I hesitate to send it to London without farther assurance that you are not campaigning on the continent with the Duc d'Aumale, whose movements are chronicled in the journals. Please drop me a line of your whereabouts and I will send the book at once. If you know of any private hand to which I can confide it, so much the better. As yet no paper or magazine this side of the Atlantic has noticed or probably heard of this report.

I am sorry that the Orléans princes were so unfortunate in choosing their time for leaving America as to expose themselves to the jibes of the ministerial presses in France and England. I do not know however that what is said can make much difference in the end. History will record with gratitude

[1] Report upon the Physics and Hydraulics of the Mississippi River, prepared by Captain A. A. Humphreys and Lieutenant H. L. Abbott, U. S. A.

the services they have rendered America in this crisis and will protect their names from the malevolence of scandalmongers.

I am in better spirits at present about affairs on the other side of the Atlantic than I have been any time before since the war commenced. It now promises to settle something. The government and the people alike will be forced into a policy in regard to slavery which will have the element of permanence. Had McClellan succeeded at Richmond, the reactionists would have carried the day and peace if made would have involved a restoration of the *status quo ante bellum* which would have been worse than separation, after the war had got thus far. Now, slavery is on the retreat and its extermination is one of the most certain results with which the future is big.

Yours very truly

AUGUSTE LAUGEL TO BIGELOW

RICHMOND, 19th August, 1862.

My dear Bigelow,

I would have answered earlier your kind letter of the 8th if I had not been away for a few days. Whenever you wish to send me anything you can send it in Paris to *M. Collin, 80 Rue du Bac,* who is in constant communication with us. I shall be most happy to study the interesting report you are so kind as to give me and will always be grateful for any communications of that character.

You will not believe that I exaggerate if I tell you that your American affairs are not for a moment out of my mind; the United States have, after my own native country, the first and most prominent place in my sympathies and affections. And there is indeed much now in your country which can give uneasiness to your friends. In the public expression of my opinion, I systematically express my belief in your ultimate success: but in my *for intérieur* I often feel despondent and need the enthusiasm of my wife to revive my spirits.

The conversation of the princes who are returned from America is a source of great interest to me and I have derived

much valuable information from it: Among the reasons of their return to Europe, some of which I am not at liberty to mention, you may consider principally the preoccupation of a possible war between the United States and France. If such an event should take place, it would be better for the French princes to have retired from America before matters came to a breakup. You are better placed than I am to know what grounds there were for such a fear; but exaggerated fears, if they were exaggerated, of this kind, are none the less honorable. The insidious remark of the French and English ministerial press will never destroy this plain fact: in the hour of trial, the United States have received the voluntary services of the French princes, and during a whole year they have shared the dangers and fatigues of the Union Army. I am preparing an article on your affairs for the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* but the very uncertainty of the actual events makes my task very difficult and I am not over impatient to give a form to my opinions, hopes, and fears.

I have *a home* now; and the next time you come to England shall be most happy to receive you in my house and to have you consider it as your own. Give my best regards to your wife and to Mr. Dayton and believe me, my dear Bigelow.

Yours very truly

XIII

THE CRISIS OF THE CONFEDERATE INSURRECTION FORESHADOWED

IN revolting against the Union in 1860 the Southern States were greatly influenced by the expectation of substantial support from Europe, and especially from the large cotton-spinning powers of England and France. These States must have cotton or a famine—thus reasoned the Confederates; cotton they cannot have without both slavery and peace, therefore they will wink at slavery and will soon find a pretext for intervening in some form for peace, which, as most of them were sufficiently infatuated to believe, meant the independence of the South. It is not rash to say that but for the confident expectation of transatlantic aid the war would not have broken out when it did, if ever. The South was singularly unanimous in the conviction that cotton was king in Europe as well as in the United States, and that an interruption of its supply would be so serious in its consequences that a new republic, where cotton was to be king and slavery its corner-stone, would be welcomed into the family of nations as the surest possible guaranty against the recurrence of such a disaster.

For a time the theory gave promise of yielding the fruit expected of it. The idea had been quite successfully propagated in Europe during the earlier stages of the war that slavery had nothing to do with bringing it on, but that the Northern States were animated simply by a lust for power and territory, while the South was only defending its homes and families from ruthless invaders. Even Earl Russell went so far in one of his public utterances as to say as much, and that the subject of slavery was not to be taken into account by foreign statesmen in their dealings with the belligerents. The noble earl lived to change his opinion, and the Southern leaders discovered before the war closed that their most formidable enemy was this of their own household. They

were made to realize, with a cruel distinctness, that, with a constitution and a public opinion which made slavery the one institution within their borders which was too sacred to be debated, the one institution which neither the people of the Confederate States nor their delegates in legislative assemblies or in national or State conventions could meddle with, they were fatally handicapped for the struggle in which they had embarked. They could not throw this Jonah into the sea, for it was their only pretext for rebellion; to retain it on board was inevitable shipwreck. The abolition of slavery meant peace and union at once, and, as a logical consequence, their success in war meant the perpetuation of slavery—that and nothing else. This in due time became apparent to the people of Europe, where the prejudices against chattel slavery were even stronger and more universal than in Massachusetts; nor could this conclusion fail to acquire control in the councils of the European powers—willing as they mostly were to see our Union go to pieces—the moment they began to look about for a plausible pretext for intervention. They found that in whatever direction they put out their hands to help the Confederates they became in spite of themselves the champions of slavery. This was inevitable, but its results the Southern people would not or could not see. They had an idea that the prejudice against slavery was confined pretty much to the Puritans of New England and a few cranks of Exeter Hall. Having been brought up in the midst of it all, it was incomprehensible to them, or at least to most of them, that a man of a sound mind should find anything revolting in the "peculiar institution."

In selecting John Slidell and James M. Mason as commissioners to further their interests abroad, the Confederates were most unfortunate. The names of both were associated in Europe with every scheme for the nationalization of slavery that had been presented in Congress since the annexation of Texas.

Slidell, while representing the State of Louisiana in the United States Senate, was the counsellor and abettor of the filibustering expeditions of Lopez in 1849 and 1850 for the wresting of Cuba from Spain, with a view to the enlargement of the area and political representation in Congress of the slaveholding States.

In December, 1857, Walker, with a band of filibusters, was captured by an American vessel of war under the command of Commodore Paulding, just after landing at Punta Arenas on the coast of Nicaragua, of which state he purposed to take possession, having once before landed in Nicaragua with another force, whence, after a warlike occupation of some months, he was expelled. Soon after Commodore Paulding made his report to the Government, the political associates of Slidell in the House of Representatives, under his inspiration, made a report disapproving of the conduct of Commodore Paulding in arresting Walker and bringing him a prisoner to the United States. Through the same filibustering influences Paulding was threatened with censure, while Walker was not only not convicted, as he should have been, and dealt with as a pirate, but was allowed to go at large to plan other predatory schemes upon the peaceful neighbors of the United States, until arrested by the hand of Providence.[1]

It was through Slidell's influence that Soulé, also of New Orleans, was sent out to bully Spain into the sale of Cuba to the United States, and with Buchanan, then our Minister to England, and John Y. Mason, then our Minister to France, instructed to unite in the declaration of the conference at Ostend in 1854, that "the acquisition of Cuba was a political necessity for the United States, to be accomplished by whatever means, fair or foul, might prove necessary."

In the following session of Congress Slidell offered a resolution in the Senate directing the President of the United States to give notice to the European powers bound together under the treaty for the suppression of the slave-trade that after one year from date the United States would cease to be a party to that treaty, and would no longer maintain its quota of vessels upon the coast of Africa.

Failing to secure the adoption of this resolution by Congress, whereby he had contemplated a reopening of the slave-trade, he and his partisans, using Mr. Buchanan, then President, as their instrument, bullied England into a practical renunciation of the right of visit and search of suspected slavers bearing the American flag, and into the admission that the flag alone was conclusive and final evidence of nationality.

[1] Reports of committees of the House of Representatives, 1st Session 35th Congress, Vol. I, 1857–58.

The effect of this was that, during the succeeding twelve months, more than a hundred vessels were ascertained to have been fitted out and employed for the slave traffic, and not one convicted by the courts until the accession of Lincoln and the appointment of a new régime of prosecuting attorneys.

Slidell was also one of the parties who took a prominent part in securing the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, by which it was intended to open all the Northwestern territory to slavery.

Not content with the impulse given to the African slave-trade by England's practical abandonment of the right of visit and search, in the session of 1858–59 Slidell introduced a bill to place $30,000,000 at the disposal of President Buchanan to be used in negotiating the purchase of Cuba.[1]

Mason was a party to all the measures for the extension of slavery that Slidell ever proposed or advocated. He was a member of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations and signed the report in favor of giving the President the $30,000,000 to bribe and traffic for Cuba, and in his speech, made the day the report was presented, reiterated the declaration of the Ostend conference, that "the acquisition of Cuba was a political necessity for the United States."[2]

He was one of the authors of the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, which made it a crime, punishable with fine and imprisonment, to harbor, feed, or give shelter to a fugitive slave, even in States where slavery was prohibited by law.

He was one of the inquisitors who besieged poor John Brown in his last hours to extort from him information by which other citizens of the North could be convicted of participating with him in the scheme for freeing the slaves in Virginia which cost him his life.

The letters I may hereafter have occasion to cite of the Cabinet officers and commissioners of the Confederate Government were among the spoils of the war acquired by the Federal Government after the peace and deposited in the Treasury Department. I was indebted to the Hon. Daniel Manning, while Secretary of the Treasury, for the privilege

[1] Senate Documents, 2d Session 35th Congress, 1858-59.
[2] *Congressional Globe,* January 24, 1859, p. 538.

of inspecting these spoils and copying such of them as still possessed any public interest. Though they came into my possession more than twenty years after they were written, they have the best of chronological rights to be inserted here. In perusing these letters the reader will bear in mind, however, that none of their contents were known, if even surmised, by the Federal officers or the general public at the time of which I am writing.

This correspondence reveals the fact that the first interview of Mr. Slidell with the Emperor did not take place until the evening of the 16th of July, 1862. This opportunity was secured by General Fleury, the First Equerry of the Emperor, at the instance of Comte de Persigny.

Slidell had three interviews with the Emperor, and three only. The second one was at St. Cloud, on the 22d of October, and the third at the Tuileries, June, 1863. He never met the Emperor again officially. Slidell appears to have had one or two interviews with M. Thouvenel, Minister of Foreign Affairs, but, from his own account of them, the interviews consisted of what he said to the Minister. What the Minister said to him was of no practical importanee.

SLIDELL TO BENJAMIN

25 Avenue d'Antin, Paris, 24th August, 1862.

My dear Benjamin:

You will find by my official correspondence that we are still hard and fast aground here and nothing will float us off but a strong and continued current of important successes in the field. I have no hopes from England because I am satisfied that she desires an indefinite prolongation of the war until the North shall be entirely exhausted and broken down. Nothing can exceed the selfishness of English statesmen except their wretched hypocrisy, they are continually canting about their disinterestedness, magnanimity and abnegation of all other considerations than those dictated by a high toned

morality while their active policy is marked by egotism and duplicity. I am getting to be heartily tired of Paris. My position is exceptional and of course a false one. If I were here as a private individual I would have many resources of society from which I am now cut off. Official and diplomatic circles are closed to me and I do not choose to compromise the dignity of my government by having recourse to the usual means of obtaining the *entrée* of private houses. My eldest daughter has been very unwell from the effects of long and painful excitement developed by the shock of the false news of the death of her aunt Beauregard. If she be not restored to health before November I shall take her to some more genial climate than that of Paris, probably to Nice, Rome, or Naples. In my conversation with M. Loubat I thought it good policy to give free vent to all my feelings towards our Northern brethren, being well assured that Mr. Dayton would soon be in possession of everything that I said and that his first despatch would convey it to Seward and Co. I have written three or four times to the President and as often to Hunter and you. Mrs. S. has also written to Mrs. Davis—all my despatches have been forwarded in duplicate. I mention this that you may not suppose that I have been remiss in my correspondence. Eustis is not very well, and has gone to pass a fortnight at Baden. I suppose that you have heard that he has a son and heir. Mrs. S. and the girls beg to be remembered to you.

Yours faithfully

BIGELOW TO EDOUARD LABOULAYE

Paris, August 28, 1862.

M. Laboulaye,
Dear Sir:

I called at your apartment this morning hoping for an opportunity of thanking you on my own behalf and on behalf of many of my country people for your most timely and exhaustive articles on the American struggle which appeared in the *Débats* of the 26 and 27 insts. If I do not miscalculate their importance they will place Europe as well as the United States under permanent obligations to their author.

That they may produce their due effect it is necessary that they should enjoy a wider circulation than they are likely to

receive in the columns of the *Débats*. Another of my objects in calling this morning was to know if it would be agreeable to you to have the two pieces republished in a pamphlet. If so I would be glad to charge myself with the expense of printing and distributing them. I think it desirable that a copy should reach every member of the legislature of France, all the diplomatists and the principal journals of Europe and the prominent manufacturing centres of France.

If you should think well of this proposal I would be glad to receive such an assurance at your earliest convenience. It is possible that you might choose to modify the introduction in some respects for a pamphlet, and if so I would recommend you to change the title of Mr. Brooks in the fourth column of the first article, whom you style "Senateur," to "Congressman" or "deputy Brooks." He was a member of the House of Representatives but never a Senator.

In the following column a reference to the names of Everett and Bancroft leads me to doubt whether you are aware that neither of these gentlemen has ever been identified with the Anti-Slavery party. They are now loyal defenders of the Union and both I believe would justify the emancipation and arming of the slaves if necessary, as a military measure, but I do not think either has authorized any one to suppose they would not prefer to settle this war if possible without the aid of the slaves and by their restoration to their *status quo ante bellum*. I do not know however that your text requires any change in this respect.

Should you feel disposed to entertain my proposition I will be glad to receive any suggestions as to the printing and distribution of the pamphlet. Meantime I remain,

Very truly and gratefully yours

Very shortly after I reached Paris, I read, in the *Journal des Débats*, two elaborate papers, written in a spirit of cordial sympathy with the North, and, what surprised me more, with a singularly correct appre-

ciation of the matters at issue between the two antagonized sections of our Union. They were signed "*E. Laboulaye, de l'Institut.*" Knowing already something of M. Laboulaye as a writer on jurisprudence, as a professor in the College of France, and lecturer on the constitutional history of the United States, I recognized at once the value of his alliance and lost no time in addressing him a note acknowledging my country's obligations to him for what he had written, and begging him to allow me an opportunity of waiting upon him to pay my respects in person. By return of post I received from him a very cordial note, in the course of which he said he would "be happy to serve in any way a cause which is the cause of liberty and justice," and added:

"It will be very agreeable to me to make your acquaintance, and to enter into such relations with you as I formerly enjoyed with the regretted Mr. R. Walsh.[1] I am residing at present in the country, but shall return to Paris the 20th October. If it should please you to come to see me on Thursday, between one and five o'clock, you will always be sure to find me.

"In any event, on my arrival in town I shall have the honor to inform you by making the first visit, for I owe you thanks," etc.

Soon after his return we exchanged visits. When I called I found in M. Laboulaye a gentleman of apparently middle age—he was then, in fact, in his fiftieth year—with a fine, compact figure, about five feet seven inches high, of pleasing address, and altogether an attractive-looking man. He wore no beard, nor had he much occasion for the razor; he had the rich olive complexion which prevails among a certain strain of the Latin race; his voice was gentle and low, though clear and admirably modulated; his hair, thin and brown, was brushed smoothly to the head, which, with his black frock-coat buttoned close to the chin—I never saw him dressed otherwise except at dinner—gave him a slightly clerical appearance.

Before we separated I managed to come to a perfect understanding with him in regard to our American affairs, and from that time forth his pen and his influence were always at our service, and that too without any fee or promise of reward other than that which he might hope to realize from the triumph of institutions which for near twenty years he had been annually commending to his pupils at the College of France.

The article which thus brought me into personal relations with M. Laboulaye was an elaborate review of Gasparin's "L'Amérique devant l'Europe." I felt the more grateful to him for the brave and imposing tone of this paper, because it marked a most important change in the course of the most influential journal then published in France.

[1] Former Consul of the United States at Paris under President Buchanan.

The *Débats* had been vacillating on the American question, with a tendency to accept Michel Chevalier, an ardent Imperialist, as its guide, and to give prominence to aspects of our controversy calculated to stimulate the prejudices of European states against the Government at Washington.

Partly to secure the circulation of M. Laboulaye's paper in some quarters, both within and outside of France, where the *Débats* was not frequently seen, but more to encourage him to persist in supporting the cause he had shown an inclination to espouse, I asked his permission to reprint it in a pamphlet. "I am completely at your disposal," he promptly replied. "I shall be charmed to serve a cause which is the cause of all the friends of liberty." The articles in question were designed to give a popular expression and currency to the three propositions which M. Gasparin had sought to establish in his book:

First—That the desire of perpetuating and propagating slavery, and of making it the corner-stone of a new public policy, was the true cause of the revolt of the South.

Second—That, constitutionally, the South had no right to separate from the Union. It could not offer in defence of this extreme measure any right violated or menaced.

Third—That the commercial interests of France counselled neutrality on her part as the promptest and surest means at her disposal for ending a desolating and fratricidal war. The political interests of France required her to remain faithful to the grand traditions of Louis XVI. and of Napoleon. The unity and independence of the United States—that is to say, of the only maritime power which can balance that of Great Britain—is for Europe the only guaranty of the freedom of the seas and of the world.

In a few days M. Laboulaye forwarded to me the revised copy of his articles, enriched by important additions to the text and an instructive introduction, and for its epigraph the following prophetic language of the First Napoleon on signing the treaty of 1803, which doubled the territorial area of the United States:

"To emancipate the world from the commercial tyranny of England, it is necessary to give her for a counterpoise a maritime power that shall become her rival. Such are the United States. The English aspire to dispose of the wealth of the world. I can be useful to the universe if I can prevent their ruling America as they rule Asia. . . . In ceding Louisiana, I strengthen forever the power of the United States, and give to England a rival upon the sea, which sooner or later shall abase her pride."

This pamphlet, when printed, was sent to the two hundred members of the Institute, to most of the Paris bar, to the diplomatic representatives residing at Paris, and most of the prominent statesmen and journals of Europe. The effect of it was far greater than I had ventured to anticipate. It was the most thorough, comprehensive and dispassionate statement of the real issue between the North and the South, and of the bearings of our struggle upon continental Europe, from a perfectly disinterested source that had reached the parties it was most important to undeceive. It led them to study the other side of the American question, and to frequent the resorts of loyal Americans. Friends of the Union multiplied, and those who had been discouraged and silent before, were now emboldened to come forward and confess their sympathy and their hopes. Even the *Débats* was so strengthened by the response its course received that it never faltered again in its defence of the Union cause, nor did M. Chevalier ever appear again in the columns of that journal as a writer on the domestic troubles of our people.[1]

The motive assigned by Napoleon for ceding the Louisiana Territory to the United States as cited by M. Laboulaye did not reach me at a time when it seemed fortified with the authority of prophecy. Confederate ships, built and equipped in English waters and by English subjects for the most part, had swept the American merchant marine entirely from the Atlantic and the Pacific Ocean or compelled it to sail under foreign flags, while every vessel of our navy was required at home to blockade Confederate ports.

This certainly did not look much as though the First Consul had "given to England a rival upon the sea which sooner or later shall abase her pride." It is true there had been a time when ships were built only of wood and when England might have entertained apprehensions of such a rivalry. Schoolboys were wont to declaim Burke's memorable testimony to the prowess of our merchant marine even in its colonial stage, when, as a people, we were, to use his own phrase, "yet in the gristle."

In the decade ending in 1860 the shipping entered and cleared in the direct trade between the United Kingdom and the United States was, British, 946,000 tons, to American,

[1] Some Recollections of the late Edouard Laboulaye, by John Bigelow (privately printed).

2,245,000,000 tons, nor had England at that time any vessels afloat that could compete successfully with the New York clippers.

A few years previous to 1860 a New Yorker crossed the Atlantic in his yacht to English waters and brought back with him, from English competitors for speed under sail, the cup which they have ever since tried in vain to recover.

It was, however, in that same decade or thereabouts that England discovered that she could build and run iron steamers cheaper than wooden. She had then in her bowels what was supposed to be the most abundant supply of iron and coal, the two most expensive constituents of a steam marine. From that epoch, owing partly to the hopeless competition on the ocean of wooden with iron vessels, and yet more to the encouragement of privateering by England during the Civil War, our commerce rapidly declined, and when, in the fall of 1862, I read this prophecy of Napoleon, reported by Marbois in his "Histoire de la Louisiane," I felt that the citation by Laboulaye at that time was almost a mockery; but the prophecies to which the Christian world bows with most respect are those which are not limited in their operation either by time or space.

The time has arrived, however, when no one can any longer refer to these words of Bonaparte as proof that he was not also among the prophets. Among the many blessings with which the Civil War sought to indemnify us for the sacrifices it imposed, was the direction it gave to the study and development of the mineral wealth of the country.

When England began to build iron ships she was believed to be more abundantly endowed with iron and coal than any other nation in the world. We have since discovered that in four States of this Union alone, perhaps in two of them, we have more coal and iron commercially available than are yet known to exist in all the rest of the globe, and we are also the largest producers of copper among the nations—the three minerals without which in great abundance it would be impossible to construct or navigate a modern navy.

Since the Civil War we have been furnishing ample evidence that the art of ship-building, for which we were distinguished during the first half of the last century, has not been lost.

It is not many years since the American navy stood sixth on

the list of naval powers, being superior only to Japan among those nations which make pretensions to a big fleet. It now (1909) stands third in point of tonnage, and, counting the number of vessels under construction, it will soon stand third in point of number.

But ships of war alone never have given and never will give to any nation the command of the seas. It is the commercial marine which carries the flag of empire on the ocean. A navy is a vanity, without a foreign commerce. To rule the seas a nation needs foreign markets for its surplus.

There is a part, however, of Napoleon's prophecy which was not cited by M. Laboulaye, but one which it becomes the American people, in these days of their prosperity, soberly to meditate. "Perhaps," said Napoleon, "some one will object that the Americans may be found too powerful in two or three centuries. My forecast does not embrace such remote perils; besides, one may expect domestic dissensions in the future (*rivalité dans le sein de l'union*). What are called perpetual confederations only last so long as neither of the contracting parties finds an interest in breaking them. It is the present dangers to which the colossal power of England exposes us for which I wish to provide a remedy." The negotiator designated for the Louisiana negotiation, presumably Marbois, did not reply to this.

BIGELOW TO SEWARD

Paris, Aug. 29, 1862.

Dear Sir:

If you would send to the Consuls full particulars of the bounty paid by the government to volunteers and when, where and how soon after enlisting it could be touched, I think they might induce a considerable emigration to the U. S., especially

from those ports whence the bounty money would defray the expenses of the voyage.

The Minister of Marine[1] was married on the 18th to Beauregard's niece at an obscure church in the Rue Pépinière. This is much commented upon here, as it is usual for the sovereign to attend the wedding of any of his ministers and to sign as a witness, and for that purpose it is usually solemnized at the Royal or Imperial chapel, wherever the Court may chance to be. The absence of the Court on this occasion and the absence of all notice of the event by the *Moniteur,* which is also a little remarkable, has been generally construed into an evidence of the dissatisfaction of the Court for some reason or other.

I commend to your special attention the two admirable articles in the *Journal des Débats* of the 26th and 27th inst. from the pen of M. Laboulaye, to whom we have been indebted before, for one or two most timely and effective articles in the same journal. I have applied to him for permission to print it in a pamphlet with a view of circulating it among all the members of the Diplomatic Corps throughout Europe and through the principal manufacturing centres of France. As he is in the country, I must wait a day or two for his reply.

It is to be regretted that more truthful records of current events are not transmitted to Europe by the telegraph. Not a steamer arrives, but furnishes a pretext for covering the Continent with lies of the most pernicious character about American affairs. Nor are these lies corrected, one time in ten, and the correction if made, always comes too late to be of any service.

All Europe believes that the Confederates have captured Baton Rouge. The telegraph has never corrected the elaborate announcement of its reduction and the capture of its garrison and *immense* stock of arms and provisions.

All Europe learned by telegraph and believed that a frightful panic pervades our country at the prospect of conscription and that all voluntary enlistment has ceased. Nor has it yet transpired here that any one state has yet made up its quota. Half of the European world never read anything about our

[1] Le Marquis Chasseloup-Laubat.

war except the telegraphic despatches. Unfortunately those who occupy official positions read little else but the journals whose business it seems to be to destroy all faith in our cause and prospects. A sensation paragraph in the *Herald* bulletin is given as a rumor with five or six other items and just as much importance here is attached to a rumor given in such a way as to a distinct affirmation of a fact or event, especially since it was announced that the government had assumed to supervise the despatches. The work could not be done in a way to prejudice us more, if the telegraph were, as I believe it is, in the hands of enemies.

I have with great difficulty procured the insertion of what I think may prove a useful article or communication on the state of our affairs, in the *Opinion Nationale* this afternoon. It was written by M. Loubat. I had to order a thousand copies to overcome the objection to its length and to the few complimentary words to the Emperor at the close, which were the vital part of it. I have reason to believe it will give great satisfaction in that quarter, where compliments are scarce.

Yours, &c.

JAMES BOWEN TO BIGELOW

August 31, 1862.

Dear Bigelow:

This rebellion presents as many changes as the kaleidoscope. I wasted half an hour last week in writing a letter which I tore up because it presented such gloomy views of the then present and the future. Today we are more hopeful—the first 300,000 will volunteer and so many of the second that the draft will be postponed. In some states it will be unnecessary and in others there will be a draft for only a portion of the required numbers. The truth is of the two classes, the administration and the people, the latter are resolute, determined and in earnest,

the former have been vacillating and feeble. The people have from the first had a policy—that of putting down the rebellion by every means they could use, the government has had none other than has been evinced by some futile efforts to quell the rebellion by moral suasion. The battles that have been fought at the west have been fought independent of the government. Those on the Potomac indicate very accurately the ability of the administration, for they were fought by orders transmitted by telegraph from the War Department. Banks' fight two days since is the first battle under orders from a General in the field.

The Administration would in peaceful times have been a respectable government, but in this battle of gigantic forces they are pigmies. Welles, abused as he has been, is the most respectable and the most respected. He has accomplished more than the War Department and by the middle of September he will astonish Europe by the tremendous power of the Navy. Stanton is of great physical energy and that is all can be said of him. Seward has conducted our foreign affairs ably and successfully, but he and all of them are incompetent to conduct the affairs of the country at this crisis.

But it is ungracious to censure. We are in the midst of a revolution destined to be very bloody and to bring sorrow and suffering to every family north and south, yet full of promise of abundant blessings. The very indecision and imbecility will have been a means of lasting good through its temporizing policy. The rebels have made such progress that we must abolish slavery to put down the rebellion. Look at what Congress has done and only could have done because of the rebellion—Freedom of the District of Columbia, prohibition of slavery in the territories, Homestead Laws, the Pacific Railroad—these are the first fruits of the rebellion, to be followed by the proclamation of freedom to every man from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico.

Yours truly

WEED TO BIGELOW

ALBANY, September 7, 1862.

My dear Bigelow:

Your welcome letter finds me discouraged, almost to the last degree. Not that we find ourselves at the end of two campaigns beaten and disgraced, but that we are assuming a third under auspices which promise nothing better!

If our government had, in the beginning, comprehended the nature of the struggle, and adopted a policy in regard to "Contrabands," it would not now be embarrassed with that question.

Now, a proclamation which we are unable to carry into effect, would only show our impotency. For the first six or eight months Generals were allowed to repel or even give up slaves. That discouraged them. And in many places we have been unable to *protect* those who came to us. Thousands have been left to the "tender mercies" of the Masters they had fled from. An enlightened energetic policy, at first, would have alienated at least half a million of slaves. Now it is doubtful whether the slaves, generally, care to favor or trust us.

Again. If we had, after "Bull Run," let Richmond alone, and struck at Charleston, Mobile, Galveston &c. &c., closing the Ports through which the enemy have been supplied with what they so needed, their condition would have been desperate and their cause hopeless.

I discovered, as soon as I returned, that all was lost. How much can be retrieved, remains to be seen.

I am assured that the French Minister, in his Dispatch of the 3rd inst., advises mediation.

We are raising a splendid Army. The People are fully up to the emergency. But is it again to be led to the slaughter? Who is to command it? McClellan is too timid and cautious. McDowell is a ——— failure. Pope is a humbug. The Western Generals do not grow great.

Stanton is not all we hoped he would prove himself, and will

probably do as his colleagues are likely to be compelled to do —resign.

We are beginning to stir in the election, for which I have "no stomach." Seymour or Dix will be the Democratic Candidates. We shall nominate either Morgan or Wadsworth.

Ever Truly Yours

XIV

ENGLAND'S OPPORTUNITY?

PALMERSTON TO RUSSELL[1]

94 Piccadilly, Sept. 14, 1862.

My dear Russell:

The detailed accounts given in the *Observer* today of the battles of Aug. 29 and 30 between the Confederates and the Federals show that the latter got a very complete smashing. And it seems not altogether unlikely that still greater disasters await them, and that even Washington or Baltimore may fall into the hands of the Confederates. If this should happen would it not be time for us to consider whether in such state of things England and France might not address the contending parties, and recommend an arrangement upon the basis of separation?

RUSSELL TO PALMERSTON

Gotha, September 17, 1862.

My dear Palmerston:

Whether the Federal Army is destroyed or not, it is clear that it is driven back to Washington, and has made no progress in subduing the insurgent States. Such being the case, I agree with you that the time is come for offering mediation to the United States Government with a view to the recognition of the independence of the Confederates. *I agree further that in case of failure, we ought ourselves to recognize the Southern States as an independent State.* For the purpose of taking such an important step, I think we must have a meeting of the Cabinet. The 23rd or 30th would suit me for the meeting.

[1] The Life of Lord John Russell, by Spencer Walpole (2 vols., Longmans, Green & Co., 1891), Vol. II, p. 360.

We ought then, if we agree on such a step, to propose it first to France and then, on the part of England and France, to Russia and other powers, as a measure decided upon by us. We ought to make ourselves safe in Canada, not by sending more troops there, but by concentrating those we have in a few defensible posts before winter ice.[1]

Yours truly

SEWARD TO BIGELOW

Private

WASHINGTON, Sept. 18, 1862.

My dear Sir:

I thank you for your acceptable letter of the 1st inst., which has just been received. But the papers mentioned in it have not yet come to sight.

The paper of M. Laboulaye will be looked for with much interest.

We have been having a series of fearful battles in Maryland just across the upper Potomac, thus far favorable—but at the moment I write we are waiting anxiously for the report of yesterday's engagement.[2] We can't define the military position until we have this result.

Faithfully yours

JAMES BOWEN TO BIGELOW

NEW YORK, Sept. 19, 1862.

Dear Bigelow:

. . . . . .

Who dare foretell for 24 hours the varying fortunes of the war? Last week the North was moved to its profoundest

[1] Life of Lord John Russell, Vol. II, p. 361.

[2] The battle of Antietam is the one referred to in this letter. It was for news of this battle that the President was waiting to issue the Proclamation of Emancipation, proof of which is supplied by President Lincoln's own narrative, recorded and published by the artist F. B. Carpenter, whose application for permission to paint his historical picture of the signing of the Emancipation Proclamation called it forth.

depth by the invasion of Pennsylvania. Yesterday we were exulting over the fancied capture of the whole rebel army in Maryland. Tonight there come reports of McClellan's defeat. The war baffles all calculations—it is folly to speculate upon it. A shallow philosophy will trace its victories and defeats to vacillating counsel in the Cabinet and feeble generals in the field, but if ever a higher power condescended to direct the affairs of war and fix the destinies of nations surely it is now and with us. To that power I look with unfaltering confidence to bring us out of all our troubles, for the right is with us. It cannot be that this great people has been raised to exist as a nation for 80 years to be broken into pieces and the hopes of good men throughout the world destroyed forever.

Are any further proofs wanting in Europe that a democratic government is a strong government? What will they think of 100,000 men in our state armed, equipped and in the field in three days, or as another evidence, the Central government on the mere order of a Secretary consigning 20 respectable citizens to a military prison without warning, on the mere inference that their business was tending to discourage enlistments—though that was an instance of energy that will hardly bear repetition, yet it was done without a revolt.

I think they are beginning to frame a policy at Washington—Generals Sherman and Saxton are to proceed forthwith to South Carolina and inaugurate a new system which it is believed will bring 200,000 negroes within our lines in sixty days—this however is to be kept secret. It was determined on day before yesterday.

I wrote the preceding last night. Today we have reports of decisive victories. The steamer will carry most of the actual results. Have no apprehensions of extensive colonization of the blacks—the scheme is simply absurd and is either a piece of charlatanism or the statesmanship of a backwoods lawyer, but disgraceful to the administration, which may be the solution of Lincoln's speech. I think it was to allay the fears of the Irish laborers among us that labor would be reduced at so early a day by an irruption of the blacks. We mean to subjugate the South if we can, but I know of no sane man who proposes to make it a wilderness.[1]

[1] For an account of President Lincoln's scheme of colonization, see his Life by Nicolay and Hay, Vol. VI, chap. xvii.

We shall accept the draft; the 600,000 men will be raised by volunteer enlistments. The state of New York by the 1st of October will have placed 200,000 men in the field since the commencement of the war.

Yours sincerely

SEWARD TO BIGELOW

WASHINGTON, Sept. 19, 1862.

My dear Sir:

I am very glad and very thankful that you have taken up the subject of emigration in such a practical way.

To some extent this civil war must be a trial between the two parties to exhaust each other. The immigration of a large mass from Europe would of itself decide it. But you know nobody is authorized to do anything or pay anything, for once entering into this kind of business there would be no end of trouble. I have asked Mr. Stanton to give me a schedule of compensations to soldiers, etc., which as soon as received will be sent to you.

The insurgent general made a very unsuccessful appearance in Maryland. The result of this disappointment there is of immense value.—Saving the border states is saving the Union —Who can say that losing them would not be to lose the Union? It is easy to theorize about cures of disease, only the careful and practical physician who studies the symptoms carefully and regulates his treatment by them day by day can succeed in curing them.

Faithfully yours

LAUGEL TO BIGELOW

RICHMOND [ENGLAND], 20 September, 1862.

My dear Bigelow:

I have received the valuable report you have kindly sent me, and will take an early opportunity of using the valuable

information contained in it. At present, I feel hardly able to give my attention to any scientific subject; the American affairs are so absorbing, that I cannot think of anything else. Your people must be fully convinced that a community founded on slavery can be very dangerous in a military point of view. We need not go as far as Sparta and Rome to have a proof of it: while the enslaved create capital, their masters can form powerful armies. The struggle will never be a fair one between the North and the South, so long as you give to the South the full use of all its advantages. Therefore, if it is not on moral grounds, it must be under the pressure of military necessity that something will be done against the slave power.—If there should be a *will* on this point in the highest stations of government, it would soon be felt in the ranks of the administration and of the army. I, for one, am not afraid of McClellan or any other General putting his sword across the government's policy—but only let the government have *a* policy. There is some truth in what somebody said that before the war, 300 slaveholders ruled the Union, now 30 do it; the border state men have been too much cajoled—M. Seward must know what an irrepressible conflict is, and why should he care so much about *nicety* of proceedings, when he has such a good cause to fight and when the destiny of his nation is at stake? The Border States must necessarily join the winning party; have victory on your side, and you will have them too. But in order to have victory, you must strike the rebellion at its heart, which is slavery. If the Confiscation Act had been really enforced, it would perhaps be enough: but it never has been, and to pass such acts without enforcing them is very poor policy. It shows that the Legislature and the executive do not bring the same spirit in the management of affairs and in the prosecution of the war.

I know you will excuse my criticisms, for you cannot doubt my sentiments in this great crisis. I have done and am now doing my best to keep on the good side the sympathies of my political friends, but I am sometimes at a loss when I see how my wishes and facts are ill in accordance.

I shall always be very happy to hear of you. Believe me,

Yours, &c.

H. S. SANFORD, MINISTER RESIDENT AT BRUSSELS, TO BIGELOW

Brussels, 21 Sept. [1862].

My dear Bigelow:

I have yours. Tell anybody who applies about guns that we don't want any. Encouraging these people only helps speculation & consequent high prices. I requested as a favor of the Dept. that I should not have hereafter this sort of work imposed upon me. Speculators have been buying in the prospect of our wants. I am not aware of any direct purchases by our Govt. save one contract for 100,000 which I was told of when in Washington.

Pope seems to have done all that the Confederates could have desired to insure a victory. I get one consolation in all this; that it will serve to give a "realising sense" to our people that we are at war and bring up that grim earnestness necessary to carry it on successfully. Recognition gains immensely by these late victories of C. S. A. I would not be surprised if Mr. Dayton found it necessary to ask for his passports before spring.

I don't comprehend the *Herald* articles, whose support of our cause I have ever looked upon with suspicion—but Bennett has echoed what I often heard repeated and was sorry to hear, when at home, as calculated to injure a good natured and good intentioned man. Do you see Forney's *Presse?* I imagine from his talk that he has come out in a similar strain.

If D.[1] would feel that he is in a false position and go home he would win more honor than he is likely to now with our cause drifting onto the rocks and he powerless to do anything towards saving it.

I shall probably be in Paris in a week or two.

Cordial greetings, Truly yours

[1] Dayton. Sanford was thus early waiting for the sky to fall for him to catch larks.

SANFORD TO BIGELOW

Brussels, 24 Sept. [1862].

My dear Bigelow:

Nothing will be done in Paris before the return of the Emperor. Thouvenel told one of my friends last week that the Italian and American questions were both to be brought up then. Weed wrote me that Mercier's dispatch recommended mediation—but it had not occurred to me that it could have been inspired from any source on our side. Seward writes under date of 9th that Weed and Everett are expected to go out "unofficially" by next steamer.

I am very much depressed and mortified by the news from home—I fear more than entire change of Cabinet. There are evident squintings towards a deposition—a pronunciamento and a military dictatorship. Why don't Lincoln shoot somebody? His lack of vigor is demoralizing our people as much as our defeats.

Yours ever

PALMERSTON TO RUSSELL

Broadlands, Sept. 25, 1862.

My dear Russell:

Your plan of proceedings about the mediation between the Federals and Confederates seems to be excellent. Of course the offer would be made to both the contending parties at the same time. For though the offer would be as sure to be accepted by the Southerners as was the proposal of the Prince of Wales by the Danish Princess, yet in the one case as in the other, there are certain forms which it is decent and proper to go through.

A question would occur whether if the two parties were to accept the mediation, the fact of our mediating would not of itself be tantamount to an acknowledgment of the Confederates as an independent State.

Might it not be well to ask Russia to join England & France in the offer of mediation?

We should be better without her in the mediation because she would

be too favorable to the North; but on the other hand her participation in the offer might render the North the more willing to accept it.

The after communication to the other powers would be quite right, but they would be too many for mediation.

As to the time of making the offer, if France and Russia agree—and France we know is quite ready and only waiting for our concurrence—events may be taking place which make it desirable that the offer should be made before the middle of October.

It is evident that a great conflict is taking place to the northwest of Washington, and its issue must have a great effect on the state of affairs. If the Federals sustain a great defeat they may be at once ready for mediation, and the iron should be struck while it is hot. If, on the other hand, they should have the best of it, we may wait a while and see what may follow.

Yours sincerely

While this plot was maturing Earl Russell returned from the Continent, and Lord Granville crossed the Channel to visit the Queen at Gotha. While there he wrote Russell as follows:

It is premature to depart from the policy which has hitherto been adopted by you and Lord Palmerston, and which *notwithstanding the strong antipathy to the North,* the *strong sympathy with the South,* and the passionate wish to have cotton, has met with such general approval from Parliament, the Press and the Public.

Apparently the Queen had "sat upon" the high conspiring parties.

Palmerston, to whom Russell sent Granville's letter, "admitted that it contained much for serious consideration."

S. P. CHASE TO BIGELOW

Washington, Oct. 7, 1862.

My dear Sir:

I have read attentively M. André Cochut's[1] article upon American finances, in the *Revue des Deux-Mondes,* a copy of

[1] A French publicist, editor of the *National* in 1848, a director of the Mont-de-Piété in 1870, and its actual honorary director in 1890. He was a frequent contributor to the *Revue des Deux-Mondes* and other prints as a writer on political and social economics.

which you kindly sent me. The *Revue* is in the Department, and I usually look through it; but I might not have read the article of M. Cochut had not you directed my attention to it. I find it clear, able and comprehensive. There are, of course, some errors of fact, and consequently some of deduction; but they are so trivial as not to impair the general merit of the piece.

I beg you to express to M. Cochut my thanks for the interest he has manifested in our Finances, and to ask his acceptance of the pamphlets which I enclose, from which he can gather at least a general notion of our financial movements, since I have administered the department.

If my hopes are realized in the action of Congress, our present financial state may be called a transition period. Our first period was that of payments in coin. I succeeded in borrowing at reasonable rates of interest for us about $175,000,000 in coin, in the course of my first eight months. By this time, the impracticability of continuing payments in specie and providing for the enormous expenses of the war, was manifest. The banks and capitalists could not furnish the required amount of coin, except at rates for Government Bonds which would enable them to re-sell in Europe. In fact, their inability to re-sell with profit the amount they actually did take, was the first thing which led them to contemplate the suspension of specie payments themselves.

The only possible mode of avoiding this was for me to sell the Government Bonds at prices which would insure their re-sale in the markets of Europe, or so tempt cupidity at home that investors in other securities would sell them, in order to obtain means for the purchase of the Bonds of the United States. I saw clearly that, if I attempted to go on with the sale of Bonds, they would rapidly depreciate, and the Public debt in a few months become so great as to destroy all hope of obtaining the large amount of means necessary to carry on the war.

There was but one alternative—to allow the Banks to suspend, and issue a national currency. This was borrowing, to the extent of the emission, without interest; an advantage which more than compensated, perhaps, the rise in prices inevitably following the increase of the volume of circulation caused by the National emission. The result, however, has

been far less unfavorable to the country, than would have been the forced sale of Bonds; the credit of the National securities has been maintained at a much higher rate, even compared with gold, than could have possibly been attained had the policy of forced sales been adopted; and the general business of the country has been conducted with much more satisfaction and benefit.

Still it is plain enough that a paper money system cannot be permanently relied upon. To avoid the indefinite increase of a Federal circulation, Congress provided for the payment of interest in specie, and for the conversion of the notes into Bonds payable in twenty years, and redeemable after five. Conversion, however, did not answer expectation, and when I called on Congress for an increase of the emission beyond that already authorized, I proposed to substitute simple receivability for all loans made by the Government, in lieu of a legal convertibility into a particular Loan—leaving to the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury the adjustment of the currency to Bonds, by loans at such periods as would insure the largest investment of the Notes.

Congress did not see fit to adopt my views; and the practical result has been that conversions up to this moment have been very slow and inconsiderable. I think the result would have been very different, had my suggestion been adopted. Congress, no doubt, anticipated a much more vigorous and successful prosecution of the war, and had this anticipation been realized, the convertibility feature would have worked better, though still not so well as receivability.

I enclose a statement, from which you will see the exact condition of the National Debt on last Cabinet day (Tuesday).

Payments by United States Notes, and their consequent circulation, may be called the second period of our finances. I have already said that I regard it as a period of transition. Transition to what? you may ask. I will proceed to explain.

The United States Notes now issued amounted on Tuesday to $199,436,000. Of them, say $25,000,000, being receivable for duties the same as gold, are held of course at a high premium and are out of circulation. $22,080,376 more are in the Treasury proper, and with the Treasurer and the several assistant Treasurers and Depositaries, to the credit of Disbursing Officers; leaving $152,355,624 in circulation, i.e., in the vaults of

banks and bankers and in the hands of the people. This circulation has not displaced that of the banks as yet, but, on the contrary, has actually caused its increase. It has, however, weakened it with the people who are now anxious for a National Currency, uniform throughout the country, which no State bank can furnish.

Anticipating this result, I proposed to Congress at the last session a general banking system for the United States, identical in its main features with the system organized in New York and adopted in Ohio. A bill, of which I send you a copy, was prepared with great care and reported from the Committee of Ways and Means. Its main features are, the preparation and supply of a uniform currency by the United States; the issue of it by organization under the law, throughout the country; and the security afforded to the holders by the deposit of United States Bonds in the Treasury Department.

This arrangement will bring to the support of the public credit the whole banking interest of the country. It can be carried into effect by the temporary use of United States Notes, without any considerable jar or disturbance; it will furnish a perfectly secure currency to the country, restricted in its amount by actual capital, and by the wants of business; it will open, with the gradual development of the country, a gradually enlarged market for the securities of the government, and thus sustain their credit at the highest point; and it will finally give to the government a fair seigniorage of about two per cent of the circulation, while it will allow liberal compensation to the associations who will distribute the circulation to the people, and primarily at least protect it by redemption on demand, in coin.

In my judgment, if the debt is kept within any reasonable limit by active prosecution of the war and tolerable economy in expenditure, the adoption of this system will furnish all the money that is needed, at reasonable rates, and insure an early return to specie payments without any serious business convulsion. Even should war be unhappily protracted beyond the current financial year, the adoption of this system, by uniting the capital of the country with the credit of the government, will probably avert great disasters otherwise to be apprehended.

I do not know that I make myself quite intelligible; but if I

do you will see that I hope, not without some reason, to be able to convert our financial troubles into permanent benefits to the country; and that the periods of coin payments, of United States Notes payments, and of payments, at last, in a mixed currency of coin and secured bank notes, are not only compatible with, but required by the best interests of the country, involved as it is in costly civil war.

As to the war itself, its prosecution has neither equalled my expectations or my hopes. It is not without reason, perhaps, that many think its delays and losses have been permitted by divine Providence, not merely as a means of punishment for our complicity with slavery, but as a stimulus to practical measures for the liberation of the enslaved. War, under our constitution, is, as you know, the only opportunity of freedom through National intervention. With the opportunity comes the duty. The course of events is in the hands of God, and it cannot be questioned that they have been so shaped as to furnish the opportunity and almost coerce the performance of the duty. It is remarked by many that from the time of the revocation of Genl. Hunter's order[1] to the time of the proclamation we had no substantial successes, and that since the proclamation we have had as yet no reverses, but on the contrary there seems to be now everywhere a more rigorous resolution to push the war in every direction to a successful issue in the absolute suppression of the rebellion, than has been manifested for months past. I am not connected at all directly, and hardly at all indirectly with the management of military matters, but what I see of determination and preparation greatly encourages me. Until recently during the past eight weeks, I have almost despaired of our finances. I am now satisfied that if present appearances do not deceive me the war will be closed, and no debt left which cannot easily be managed, and in a few years fully discharged. So mote it be.

With great regard,

Very truly your friend

[1] General Hunter was in command of the Department of the South, when, March 31, 1862, feeling that slavery and martial law were incompatible, he declared all slaves in his department free. The President annulled the order and wrote to Chase, who wished the order to stand: "No commanding General shall do such a thing upon my responsibility, without consulting me."

The allusions in the preceding letter of Secretary Chase to General Hunter's proclamation, and the letter which follows later from Senator King, relate to the Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln himself, which was signed on the 22d of September, 1862. It had been read and discussed in the Cabinet the same day, and, though it was adopted finally with entire unanimity, it was received by most of the Cabinet with surprise. Blair and Bates raised some questions at first, which, however, they finally withdrew.

Of the President's impressive discourse to his Cabinet on this occasion Mr. Secretary Chase has left this admirable report:

Gentlemen: I have, as you are aware, thought a great deal about the relations of this war to slavery; and you all remember that, several weeks ago, I read to you an order I had prepared on this subject, which, on account of objections made by some of you, was not issued. Ever since then my mind has been much occupied with this subject, and I have thought, all along, that the time for acting on it might probably come. I think the time has come now. I wish it was a better time. I wish that we were in a better condition. The action of the army against the rebels has not been quite what I should have best liked. But they have been driven out of Maryland, and Pennsylvania is no longer in danger of invasion. When the rebel army was at Frederick, I determined, as soon as it should be driven out of Maryland, to issue a proclamation of emancipation, such as I thought most likely to be useful. I said nothing to any one, but I made the promise to myself and (hesitating a little) to my Maker. The rebel army is now driven out, and I am going to fulfil that promise. I have got you together to hear what I have written down. I do not wish your service about the main matter, for that I have determined for myself. This I say without intending anything but respect for any one of you. But I already know the views of each on this question. They have been heretofore expressed, and I have considered them as thoroughly and carefully as I can. What I have written is that which my reflections have determined me to say. If there is anything in the expressions I use, or in any minor matter, which any one of you thinks had best be changed, I shall be glad to receive the suggestions. One other observation I will make. I know very well that many others might, in this matter as in others, do better than I can; and if I was satisfied that the public confidence was more fully possessed by any one of them than by me, and knew of any constitutional way in which he could be put in my place, he should have it. I would gladly yield it to him. But, though I believe that I have not so much of the confidence of the people as I had some time since, I do not know that, all things considered, any other

person has more; and, however this may be, there is no way in which I can have any other man put where I am. I am here; I must do the best I can, and bear the responsibility of taking the course which I feel I ought to take.[1]

This Proclamation, perhaps the most important document that has thus far ever issued from Washington, reads as follows:

I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America, and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy thereof, do hereby proclaim and declare that hereafter, as heretofore, the war will be prosecuted for the object of practically restoring the constitutional relations between the United States and each of the States and the people thereof, in which States that relation is or may be suspended or disturbed. That it is my purpose, upon the next meeting of Congress, to again recommend the adoption of a practical measure, tendering pecuniary aid to the free acceptance or rejection of all the slave States, so-called, the people whereof may not then be in rebellion against the United States, and which States may then have voluntarily adopted, or thereafter may voluntarily adopt, the immediate or gradual abolishment of slavery within their respective limits; and that the effort to colonize persons of African descent, with their consent, upon this continent or elsewhere, with the previously obtained consent of the governments existing there, will be continued. That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom. That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States, or parts of States if any, in which the people thereof, respectively, shall then be in rebellion against the United States; and the fact that any State, or the people thereof, shall, on that day, be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto at elections, wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State, and the people thereof, are not then in rebellion against the United States.

[1] Abraham Lincoln: A History, by Nicolay and Hay, Vol. VI, pp. 158, 159.

Then, after reciting the language of "An Act to make an additional article of war," approved March 13, 1862, and also sections 9 and 10 of the Confiscation Act, approved July 17, 1862, and enjoining their enforcement upon all persons in the military and naval service, the Proclamation concludes:

> And I do hereby enjoin upon and order all persons engaged in the military and naval service of the United States to observe, obey, and enforce, within their respective spheres of service, the acts and sections above recited. And the Executive will, in due time, recommend that all citizens of the United States, who shall have remained loyal thereto throughout the rebellion, shall, upon the restoration of the constitutional relations between the United States and the people, if that relation shall have been suspended or disturbed, be compensated for all losses by acts of the United States, including the loss of slaves.

To comprehend the full import of this Proclamation it should be mentioned here that, ten days previous to its issue, President Lincoln convened the Border States Delegation in Congress at the Executive Mansion, and read to them a careful statement of reasons for proposing and recommending them to allow the Federal Government to compensate them for their slaves and put an end forever to slavery within their borders. The policy recommended in both communications developed a formidable opposition in Congress when it met in December following.

PRESTON KING TO BIGELOW

Ogdensburgh, Oct. 13, 1862.

My dear Friend:

We have been passing tediously through a dark and bloody way. The end of the road could not be seen during the long, long night—but daylight has appeared. The President's Proclamation of Emancipation and confiscation has been issued. This determines the policy of the government and sets the goal of strife and battle—all who are for our country and our government will come to it. There is much still to be done, but we have now grappled with our difficulties and the prolific

mother of them and shall end the war and its cause together. The chains of the slave and the weapons of the traitor will be buried in the same grave.

The *Trent* affair was a cloud that is past. I admired General Scott's letter and saw you in it before I had read it through. I have at no time believed we should have foreign war nor have I at any time believed there would be foreign intervention—certainly not while we have half a million of resolute men with arms in their hands and half a million more with arms provided and their names upon the muster rolls—and all our loyal people ready to back them with their lives and their possessions. This is our security against intervention and the raising of the Blockade. I would have closed the ports by an act of Congress and Proclamation, declaring the penalty for any vessel entering or leaving any port in a state of insurrection, forfeiture of vessel and cargo, to be seized like a smuggler wherever and whenever found in our jurisdiction —but the Blockade has answered the purpose. You ask about Cameron. It was necessary he should go out of the War Department. The President became satisfied of this and sent him to Russia.

Yours truly

It was on the 7th of October of this year (1862) that Mr. Gladstone made a speech at the town hall at Newcastle which obtained for him more notoriety in America and among Americans all over the world than any speech he had ever made. It also probably subtracted from his reputation both as a statesman and as a prophet as much as any speech he ever made.

Unhappily [says Mr. Gladstone's chosen biographer], the slave must still go in the triumphal car to remind us of the fallibilities of men, and here the conqueror made a grave mistake. At the banquet in the town hall of Newcastle (October 7), with which all these joyous proceedings had begun, Mr. Gladstone let fall a sentence about the American war of which he was destined never to hear the last: "We know quite well that the people of the Northern States have not yet drunk of the cup—they are still trying to hold it far from their lips—which all the rest of the world see they nevertheless must drink of. We may

have our own opinions about slavery; we may be for or against the South; but there is no doubt that Jefferson Davis and other leaders of the South have made an army; they are making, it appears, a navy; and they have made what is more than either, they have made a nation."

Here the speaker was forgetful of a wholesome saying of his own, that "a man who speaks in public ought to know, besides his own meaning, the meaning which others will attach to his words." The sensation was immediate and profound. All the world took so pointed an utterance to mean that the Government was about to recognize the independence of the South. The cotton men were thrown into a position of doubt and uncertainty that still further disturbed their trade. Orders for cotton were countermanded, and the supply of the precious material for a moment threatened to become worse than ever. Cobden and Bright were twitted with the lapse of their favorite from a central article of their own creed and commandments. Louis Blanc, then in exile in London, describing the feeling of the country, compares the sympathy for the North to a dam and the sympathy for the South to a torrent, and says he fears that Gladstone at Newcastle had yielded to the temptation of courting popularity. The American Minister dropped a hint about passports.

To the numerous correspondents who complained of his language Mr. Gladstone framed a form of reply, disclaiming responsibility for all the various inferences that people chose to draw from his language.[1] "And generally," his secretary concluded, in phrases that justly provoked plain men to wrath, "Mr. Gladstone desires me to remark that to form opinions upon questions of policy, to announce them to the world, and to take or to be a party to taking any of the steps necessary for giving them effect, are matters which, though connected together, are in themselves distinct, and which may be separated by intervals of time longer or shorter according to the particular circumstances of the case." Mr. Gladstone sent a copy of this enigmatical response to the Foreign Secretary, "who was far too acute not to perceive all the mischief and the peril, but had his full share of that generosity of our public life that prevents a Minister from bearing too hardly on a colleague who has got the boat and its crew into a scrape." Lord Russell replied from Walmer (October 20): "I have forwarded to your private secretary your very proper answer to your very impertinent correspondent. Still, you must allow me to say that I think you went beyond the latitude which all speakers must be

[1] For evidence of the inadequacy and disingenuousness of Mr. Gladstone's post-mortem defence of this speech, the reader is respectfully referred to a brochure which I printed in 1905 and shortly after Mr. Morley's biography of Gladstone appeared. To that paper, which was privately printed, I shall have occasion to refer again when my theme takes on a new phase in 1865.

allowed, when you said that Jeff. Davis had made a nation. Recognition would seem to follow, and for that step I think the Cabinet is not prepared. However, we shall soon meet to discuss this very topic." A week after the deliverance at Newcastle, Cornwall Lewis, at Lord Palmerston's request, put things right in a speech at Hereford. The Southern States, he said, had not *de facto* established their independence and were not entitled to recognition on any accepted principles of public law.

This fatal speech of Mr. Gladstone, coming from a Cabinet Minister just after the President's Proclamation of Emancipation and the triumph of the Federal arms at Antietam, was almost equivalent, in the estimation of the whole civilized world, to a declaration of the Government's intention to acknowledge the independence of the Confederate States. In making that speech Mr. Gladstone was merely breathing the political atmosphere in which he lived, covetous of a prophet's fame and little dreaming for the moment of the perils of prophesying without possessing the gift.

He left a pitiful confession of his ignorance and his indiscretion, but, with his constitutional wariness, it did not see the light of day until it appeared in the pages of Mr. Morley's biography of him in the fall of 1903.

SLIDELL TO BENJAMIN

PARIS, 20th October, 1862.

Sir:

My last was of October 9th. I had hoped before this to have had it in my power to communicate something definite as to the Emperor's intentions respecting our affairs but new complications in the Italian question have entirely absorbed the attention of the Government. M. Thouvenel has resigned and has been succeeded by M. Drouyn de Lhuys. For two or three days, a general disruption of the Cabinet was imminent. Messrs. de Persigny and Fould tendered their resignations, which if accepted would have been followed by two or three others. They were however induced to withdraw them by the earnest appeal of the Emperor and at present it seems probable that no further change will take place in the ministry.

Since my last I have had reason to be less hopeful of early joint recognition by France and England. Some days past I learned from an English friend that Lord Cowley (the British Ambassador) declared most emphatically that his Government had no official knowledge of the Emperor's views on the subject of recognition—that he had spoken, it was true, very freely to various persons of his warm sympathies for the South but that such conversations had no public significance and until he gave them an official form her Majesty's Ministers would be presumed to be ignorant of them. I have entire reliance on the truthfulness of the gentleman who gave me this information coming directly to him from Lord Cowley. On enquiring at the *Affaires Étrangers* I was informed by the friend to whom I have alluded in previous despatches, that M. Thouvenel expressed great surprise at Lord Cowley's assertion, saying that it had to him the appearance of a *"mauvaise plaisanterie"*; that there had been between the two governments *"des pourparlers très réels"* on the subject of American Affairs; that England was not as well disposed to act as the Government of the Emperor; that it was from London that a communication was expected and that the object of France was to bring about an armistice as a necessary preliminary to peace. That Lord Lyons was decidedly opposed to any action until the result of the Northern elections should have been ascertained, and that his views would probably prevail in the Cabinet Council, shortly to be held, when the tenor of the instructions to be given him would be decided. The discrepancy between the statements of Lord Cowley and M. Thouvenel is such, that giving, as I do, full credence to the latter, I can only suppose that Lord Cowley is not kept informed by his Government or that he deliberately misrepresents the position of affairs, on this alternative I do not venture to express an opinion.

. . . . . .

M. Drouyn de Lhuys has always been understood to be very favorably disposed towards our cause.

I have the honor, &c.

SEWARD TO BIGELOW

WASHINGTON, Oct. 27, 1862.

My dear Bigelow,

Your note of the 10th is received. So far you are safe, for you have *usurped* with discretion and with wisdom. You were

right in publishing both the Circulars. But you must remember that you act at your peril in such cases. When you see that our too fast friend Canisius [1] at last has lost his head, you will comprehend.

Ever (however) faithfully yours

The exigencies of the war and the certainty of prompt and remunerative employment were speedily availed of by the transatlantic steamship companies to stimulate emigration to our shores from all parts of Europe. Their agencies were organized in every city of importance, and the chief inducement—and it was sufficient to hold out to the poorly fed class of the population of Europe—was found in a circular which Mr. Seward sent to me, which I caused to be printed in some of the leading journals on the Continent. This circular deserves a place in this record if for no other reason than the light it throws upon the mysterious repletion of our army during the four years of war, while it was notoriously being so fearfully depleted by firearms, disease and desertion. I had some difficulty at first in procuring permission from the French Government to issue this circular, and I am quite sure the opposition was not withdrawn through any sympathy of the Imperial Government with the Union cause.

It is to the issue of this circular in France without any authority from Washington that Mr. Seward refers as a usurpation.

Mr. Seward's circular on emigration was addressed to all our diplomatic representatives. It directed their attention to "what deserves to be regarded as one of the most important steps ever taken by any government toward a practical recognition of the universal brotherhood of nations. The United States Government are the proprietors of a public domain covering a surface of more than 2,000,000 miles square (5,176,000 kilometres), distributed through portions of 16 States and

[1] The Russian Ambassador to Washington, whom for some indiscreet public utterances the Czar was requested to recall.

sufficient in extent for the creation of 30 new States each as large as the State of Ohio. By the law adopted in 1861 to which this circular refers, called the 'Homestead Act,' a farm consisting of 160 acres is given to every person, irrespective of his nationality or his political and religious opinions, who will accept and occupy it for five years, on the simple payment of the expenses of the conveyance, which are limited to 50 francs."

In years that are past the Federal Government at Washington has also consecrated more than fifty millions of acres of the public domain to the foundation and permanent support of free schools. Most of these concessions have been made to States in which lie the larger part of the public lands so liberally devoted to the relief of the homeless poor of all nations. In due time the revenues from these lands must place the educational system of America upon a most munificent foundation.

If the United States have involved the industrious poor of the Old World in some of the unhappy consequences of their excusable efforts to maintain their national existence, it must be said for them that, in the appropriation to which this circular invites attention, they have made the most liberal reparation.

BENJAMIN TO MASON

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, RICHMOND,
28th October, 1862.

Sir:

It is gratifying to perceive that you had, as was confidently anticipated, reviewed your impressions, and determined not to withdraw from London without the previous instructions of the President. Your correspondence with Earl Russell shows with what scant courtesy you have been treated, and exhibits a marked contrast between the conduct of the English and French statesmen now in office in the intercourse with foreign agents eminently discreditable to the former. It is lamentable that at this late period in the nineteenth century a nation so enlightened as Great Britain should have failed yet to discover that a principal cause of dislike and hatred towards England, of which

complaints are rife in her Parliament and in her press, is the offensive arrogance of some of her public men. The contrast is striking between the polished courtesy of M. Thouvenel[1] and the rude incivility of Earl Russell. Your determination to submit to the annoyances in the service of your country and to overlook personal slights while hope remains that your continued presence in England may benefit our cause, cannot fail to meet the warm approval of your government. I refrain however from further comments on the contents of your despatches till the attention of the President (now concentrated on efforts to repair the ill effects of the failure of the Kentucky campaign) can be directed to your correspondence with Earl Russell.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant

THE CRISIS OF THE INSURRECTION

As already intimated, the two men who were sent abroad to negotiate European alliances for the Confederate States, more than any other two men in our Republic, incarnated everything that was most intolerant, aggressive and offensive in the institution of slavery. With them slavery was not a disorderly social condition, to be tolerated only for its incidental conveniences, or for the grave inconveniences of exterminating it, but an institution to be admired, cultivated and propagated for its intrinsic merits and fitness. The fame of their opinions had gone before them all over the world. As a matter of course, they had not been long in Europe before they were brought to book. Mr. Mason got his first lesson at a dinner at Lord Donoughmore's, a thorough-paced old Tory and ready for anything that would contribute to bring the American Repub-

[1] It is a curious coincidence that on the very day while Benjamin was commending to Mason the polished courtesy of M. Thouvenel, Slidell in Paris was writing to Benjamin an account of the first interview with Drouyn de Lhuys and saying: "After the first interchange of courtesies, I said that I had been pleased to hear from various quarters that I should not have to combat with him the adverse sentiments that had been attributed to his predecessor in the Department of Foreign Affairs (M. Thouvenel), with what degree of truth I did not permit myself to appreciate."

lic to grief. Mason's own account of this lesson is given in the following confidential note to his chief. The sentiments of the hard-hearted old peer were so shockingly philanthropical that Mason made his communication "unofficial," doubting the propriety of allowing such heresies to go upon the files of the Confederate Department of State. It is, however, none the less appropriate here.

MASON TO BENJAMIN

Unofficial

24, Upper Seymour Street, Portman Square,
London, November 4, 1862.

Dear Sir:

The contents of this note, I have thought, had better be unofficial, and thus not go on the files of the Department, unless you should think otherwise, and yet the matter, it seems to me, should at once be brought under the consideration of the President, that we may be ready when the time arrives.

I have the strongest reason to believe, when, after recognition, we shall come to the negotiation of the ordinary treaty of "Amity and Commerce," this government will require as a *sine qua non*, the introduction of a clause stipulating against the *African Slave Trade*. Although I well knew the pertinacity of England on that subject, yet I had supposed that the voluntary act of the Confederate States Government, inhibiting this trade by the enactment of the constitution when the Government was first established, would have satisfied England to be passive at least, in her future intercourse with us. I have now great reason to apprehend the contrary.

Some few days since, I dined with Lord Donoughmore, who was President of the Board of Trade during the late Derby Administration, and will hold the same, or a higher office, should that party again come into power: a very intelligent gentleman, and a warm and earnest friend of the South. In the course of conversation, after dinner, the subject came up incidentally, while we were alone, and he said I might be satisfied that Lord Palmerston would not enter into a treaty with us, unless we agreed in such treaty not to permit the

African Slave Trade. I expressed my surprise at it, referring to the fact, that we had voluntarily admitted that prohibition into the Constitution of the Confederate States, thereby taking stronger ground against the slave trade than had ever been taken by the United States, that in the latter it was only prohibited by law; whilst in the former, not only was the power withheld from Congress, but the Legislative branch of the Government was required to pass such laws as would effectually prevent it.

He said that was all well understood, but that such was the sentiment of England on this subject, that no Minister could hold his place for a day, who should negotiate a Treaty with any power not containing such a clause; nor could any House of Commons be found, which would sustain a Minister thus delinquent, *and he referred to the fact,* (as he alleged it to be,) *that in every existing Treaty with England that prohibition was contained.* He said further, that he did not mean to express his individual opinion, but that he was equally satisfied, should the Palmerston Ministry go out, and the Tories come in, such would likewise be their necessary policy; and he added that he was well assured that England and France would be in accord on that subject.

I told him, in reply, that I feared this would form a formidable obstacle, if persisted in, to any Treaty, that he must be aware on all questions affecting African servitude, our government was naturally and necessarily sensitive, when presented by any foreign Power. We had learned from abundant experience that the Anti-slavery sentiment was always aggressive; that this condition of society was one with which, in our opinion, the destinies of the South were indissolubly connected; that as regarded foreign Powers, it was with us a question purely domestic, with which our safety required that none such should, in any manner, interfere; that, of course, I had no special instructions on the subject, but I thought I knew both the views of our Government and people; and that (to express it in no stronger term) it would be a most unfortunate thing if England should make such a stipulation a *sine qua non* to a treaty. I said, further, that I presumed it might be averted, by recognizing mutually the fact, that such a stipulation was not properly germane to a treaty purely commercial; and thus to be laid over as a subject for future negotiations, if pressed. He still maintained as his belief, that no matter who might be in power, it would be insisted on, in the first treaty to be formed.

A few days afterwards, Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald, passing through town, came to see me. I had known him very well, and during the late session of Parliament had seen a good deal of him. He is a man of ability and influence, was Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in the Derby Administration, and will take the place of Lord Russell, it

is supposed, should the Conservatives again come into power, and he, too, is an earnest and sincere friend to our cause.

I told him of my conversation with Lord Donoughmore, and of my surprise at the opinion he entertained; I regret to say that Mr. Fitzgerald coincided fully with Lord D. in these opinions, not as his own, but as those which must govern any Ministry in England.

We shall, therefore, have this question to meet, I take for granted, at the time, and in the manner suggested.

I do not ask for any definite instructions in regard to it, but only bring it thus, unofficially, to the notice of the President and yourself.

Very respectfully, &c.

At the very time that Lord Donoughmore was saying "Check" to the slavery apostolate in London, Jefferson Davis was receiving what should have been regarded as a more impressive warning from a source that could not be suspected of sentimentalism. Among the agents sent out to Europe at the beginning of the war was William L. Yancey of Alabama, who had sought and fairly won the reputation of being the champion fire-eater of the country, and who contributed the only piece of pro-slavery rhetoric that seems likely to survive the Rebellion, in proclaiming at its beginning the necessity of "firing the Southern heart." The object of his mission to Europe, in conjunction with Dudley Mann, was to take advantage of the reverse sustained by the Union army at Bull Run to secure the prompt recognition of the Confederacy by England and France. He returned in a few months, running the blockade at Sabine Pass. "When he arrived in New Orleans," said my informant, who saw him and from whom I had the facts I am about to recite, "he was the most broken-up, demoralized and wretched-looking man I ever saw." He went to the St. Charles Hotel, then kept by Mr. Hildreth, afterwards manager of the New York Hotel, and immediately sent for William E. Stark and Pierre Soulé. The latter from being a noisy Unionist had been persuaded, by his appointment to the office of Provost Marshal, to fly the colors of the Confederacy. To escape observation and interruption, Yancey, Hildreth, Stark and Soulé then went out to a restaurant to dine. While absent

it leaked out in some way that Yancey had returned and was at the St. Charles, so that when the party returned they found the large domed reception-hall of the hotel thronged with people, who no sooner recognized Yancey than they called upon him to address them. He reluctantly mounted the structure which occupied the centre of the hall under the dome, "appearing to be the very embodiment of disappointment and despair." He said in substance that he did not bring them glad tidings from over the sea; that Queen Victoria was against them and that Prince Albert was against them. "Gladstone we can manage," he said, "but the feeling against slavery in England is so strong that no public man there dares extend a hand to help us. We have got to fight the Washington Government alone. There is no government in Europe that dares help us in a struggle which can be suspected of having for its result, directly or indirectly, the fortification or perpetuation of slavery. Of that I am certain."

In a day or two Yancey left for Richmond, where he is presumed to have made substantially the same report to the Confederate authorities. He died in about ten days after his arrival. His information, which deserved to be heeded, and if heeded would have led to negotiations which would promptly have caused a termination of the war, had about as much effect upon the lunatics at Richmond as reading the Riot Act or the Ten Commandments would have upon a pack of wolves. They knew not the time of their visitation.

PRESTON KING TO BIGELOW

Ogdensburgh, Nov. 7, 1862.

Dear Friend:

I have been very much disappointed in the results of the Elections—but my faith in the suppression of the Rebellion, the preservation of our country and the extinction of slavery is firm and strong as ever—I do not know as I correctly comprehend all the causes of the results of the Elections and I am

not quite certain that I comprehend the results themselves. But the results must develop themselves and exhibit their real character and to some extent their causes also. Opinions for and against slavery, and opinions for and against thorough war to conquer the insurgents by force of arms, have influenced most votes and while the bad motive has been altogether in one direction the good motive has been distracted and many have looked to the democrats for more vigor and energy in pushing the war. Other causes, some open and some not very well understood, have decided a great many votes. You will see all the causes and more too in the newspapers. I drew my opinions as to results from my own feelings and the sentiment around me at home—but it is useless to assign reasons—our opponents of all shades of opinion combined and have carried the elections.[1] How long and through what trials we are to pass God only knows, but we must go through them with courage. You are at a distance, the atmosphere that surrounds us does not touch you. I want you to write me a good straightforward letter telling me what you think—I shall be glad if you see sunshine and I shall not be discouraged if you do not. The clouds may look heavier to you than they really are. We have but one thing to do—we must conquer the rebels—we must conquer them or perish. The only alternatives for our government are victory or death; anything short of victory is so full of disaster that it is defeat or a mere postponement of the trial for the life of our system of government—a trial which it seems to me can only be decided by the sword now. Morgan declined. He saw the convention, composed as it was, desired the contest we have had in this state—or I presume he saw it—the convention expected success in the election—the condition required that New York should stand by the government, but we should never despair. Sad as the result is, vigor, energy, action on the part of the government will be sustained and will carry us through.

Yours truly

[1] Horatio Seymour was elected Governor of New York. New Jersey was also carried by the Democrats.

JOHN BRIGHT TO BIGELOW

Private

ROCHDALE, Nov. 17, 1862.

My dear Mr. Bigelow:

I am much obliged to you for your letter and for the enclosure—both are very interesting. I sent your letter to my friend Mr. Gibson and he says: "Lord John (Lord Russell) professes to be most anxious that the foreign enlistment act should be strictly enforced. In the case of the *Alabama*,[1] it seems the solicitors of the Customs thought she could not be legally detained, and told the Collector of Customs at Liverpool, who is the executive in such matters, that he was not authorized to detain her. When the Foreign Office heard the particulars, and had taken legal advice, I believe they telegraphed at once, but the ship had been gone an hour." I hope with regard to any other case the Foreign Office may be more successful—but I suspect your people here, the Consul and Minister, lost time in dealing with Custom House officers instead of going at once to the Foreign Office; this, however, may not be so. Mr. Gibson says, speaking of the French proposition, "I can't understand even the sense of such a proposal, unless it is intended to go further."

I am much pleased with the extract from Mr. Chase's letter, and hope his expectations may be realized. The long letter from your friend is very interesting. I should think his views very sound for the most part.

The elections have gone sadly against your party. I attribute much of this to the want of success which has attended the operations of the government. Judging from this distance —there is a want of unity and capacity in your administration, which, if not fatal to success, is very perilous to your cause, and this incapacity is not compensated for by the qualities of your military leaders. The other party might have done no

[1] The *Oreto*, afterwards the *Florida*, and the *Alabama* were built at Liverpool. The *Oreto* sailed under the British flag to Mobile Bay, where she got her Confederate commission and changed her name. The *Alabama* was manned by British sailors and furnished with British guns.

more and no better—but those in power must naturally and justly suffer from whatever of ill success attends their policy and operations.

I will hope that the Administration will still be sustained by a firm majority in Congress, and that a greater success may give it more popularity. The 1st January is near at hand—in six weeks the "3 months' fuse" will have burnt out, and the negro will be free wherever northern forces can command and secure it for him. That date once come and gone, I think there is no power that can recall the *proclamation*,—unless the conspirators should again get hold of the Supreme Court, and declare it illegal and beyond the constitution. I wish the 1st of January to be here, and the freedom of the Slaves declared from Washington. This will make it impossible for England to interfere for the South, for we are not, I hope, degraded enough to undertake to restore three and one half millions of negroes to slavery.

There is a clever and thoughtful article in the *London Spectator* of Saturday last (15th) on the proposed mediation and armistice. If you look in at Galignani's—it is worth your reading. Generally I think the English public approve of the refusal of our government to join the silly proposition of the French,[1] and I do not find any disposition to get into mischief with you. If you get hold of the ports and drive the conspirators from Richmond, all our people will begin to see their interest in your success, and will wish it to be speedy.

I am grieved to see the death of General Mitchell at Beaufort—he made a beautiful speech to the negroes the other day. I think much may be done down there by an earnest and prudent man, just and liberal to the blacks.

I am always glad to hear from you, and I keep the faith in spite of some facts which shake the weak from their moorings.

Ever yours sincerely

[P. S.] I see a partial confirmation of the taking of Mobile in the news of Saturday.

[1] The Emperor's proposition for common mediation made to the courts of Russia and England on the 30th of October.

BIGELOW TO SEWARD

Private & Confidential

PARIS, Nov. 21, 1862.

Dear Sir:

Dr. Evans will probably communicate to you an account of an interview he has recently had with the Emperor at Compiègne, in which American affairs were the leading topic of conversation. You will observe that the Doctor did most of the talking, but it is pretty clear that the Emperor wished him to receive and communicate the impression that the imperial Government does not wish to be *suspected* of entertaining unfriendly feelings against the United States at present. I ought to advise you, if you are not aware of it, that it sometimes happens when the crowned heads of Europe wish to communicate with one another without any responsibility they send for Evans to fix their teeth. As you are not likely to send so far for a dentist I need only add that the messages of this sort, which he bears, are always communicated to him by word of mouth and in the presence of no witnesses. When that is not practicable he is not employed. In spite of what the Emperor is reported to have said to the Doctor, I do not feel assured that he is strong enough to resist the pressure upon him. He has lost ground in France of late quite rapidly and the evidences of popular discontent were never more numerous. It is generally believed that two distinct plots for his assassination have been discovered within a fortnight, one to have matured on the 15th, the day originally proposed for the opening of the new boulevard Eugénie, and the other more recently at Compiègne. It is certain that the opening of the boulevard was postponed until the 7th of December, 5 days after the 10th anniversary of the Coup d'état. It has been predicted and accepted as a prophecy by multitudes, that the Emperor would not survive that anniversary. He is said to be himself a very superstitious man and the change from the 15th of November to the 7th December is now believed to be an effort on his part to defy fate.

There was another serious manifestation against the Emperor the other day at the École de Médecine. M. Rarcy, the Emperor's physician, has been recently appointed Doyen or presiding officer of the faculty of medicine of Paris and as such it became his duty to deliver a discourse at the opening of the course last week. Dr. Rarcy never having been a professor, his appointment to this place was looked upon by the other professors as an ungracious piece of favoritism on the part of the Emperor and the consequence was that on opening the doors of the Lecture room, there were about 10,000 students in attendance, who made such a noise, when the Dr. entered, hissed and interrupted him so much, that he was obliged to abandon the pulpit. Before the evening papers appeared, they all received notice from the Minister of the Interior that they must give no report whatever of the proceedings at the École de Médecine but that they might copy what would appear in the *Moniteur* of the following morning without adding a single word. The next morning the discourse appeared at length in the *Moniteur* without an allusion to the row or to the fact that the orator was not permitted to deliver it, and it has been copied thus by most of the papers. The demonstration was the more vexatious, as it comes from a class of persons whom in all ages and countries it is most difficult to hold to any political responsibility.

I hear but one feeling in Paris outside of the official press in regard to the recent dispatch about America. The French all feel and so I think does the Government now that they have made a mistake in regard to its effects in France, though I am far from believing as Dr. Evans seems to have been told, that the Emperor repents of it. He never repents of anything. He does not form plans lightly, and right or wrong he never abandons them. He will compel us to make peace or fight him, in my opinion, before he takes any step backward. He has come to the conclusion that we have not the ability either to stop or to go ahead alone, and it is in no unkind spirit, I believe, that he proposes to assist us in bringing this wasting controversy to a close. If he should find that the democratic party, from which he thinks the cause of peace has so much to expect, repel the idea of foreign mediation and peace without union, it will make him more cautious and circumspect in his movements, but it will not make him retreat.

I have a note from Mr. Bright, to whom I had written to say that if his Government by letting another *Alabama* escape established the principle that vessels under its national flag could be fitted out and armed in English ports to prey upon American commerce, he might expect some day to find New York or Boston shipbuilders no less enterprising than his parliamentary colleague Mr. Laird, men who would fit out vessels just as fast and arm them just as formidably and send them under the same flag to operate upon British ships off New York or in the British channel. I quote a part of his reply: "I sent your letter to my friend Mr. Gibson and he says . . . " [The extract is given on page 571.]

You may see in some of the papers perhaps that a body calling itself the Committee of the Evangelical Alliance here have prepared an address on the subject of our American troubles friendly to the North.

I have not been able yet to find the address nor the Committee though I have ascertained that the body does not belong to the recognized national Protestant Church. M. Coquerel, who is likely to know of any movement of that sort in Protestant circles, if it carries with it any authority, told me this morning that he had never heard of the address of the Committee. He then gave me a reason for their church preserving silence on our troubles which he seemed anxious you should know. Theirs is a national church, as much so as the Catholic; as such they are forbidden to hold any sort of commerce with foreign powers. The Protestants are well content to observe this restriction as by it they purchase a corresponding restriction upon the Catholics. He promised to find out for me the origin and character of this Evangelical Alliance, and if it amounts to anything he will advise me.

I learn that Girardin and not Galliardet is to be reinstalled as editor in chief of *La Presse*. This looks better for us. He is a particular friend of Prince Napoleon and the cleverest journalist on the continent of Europe that I know of. He will be sure of getting the ear of France and I hope he will use it kindly for us.

4 P.M. Since writing the foregoing, M. Coquerel has called and brought me the address of the Evangelical Alliance to which I have alluded. You will perceive it has a certain importance. I regret that I have not another copy to send to the

press in New York. Perhaps you will see fit to let a translation of this one be furnished to the public.

Yours, &c.

P.S. Everybody is asking me what interpretation to put upon the elections. I am sorry not to hear from some one at home what is understood to be their true significance.

BIGELOW TO WILLIAM HARGREAVES

Nov. 26, 1862.

My dear Mr. Hargreaves:

It will appear when the returns are all in that the Administration will have a majority in the next congress though, fortunately, not so large as in this. I think there has been no serious defection from the Republican party. Mr. Lincoln lacked by over a million, the number of votes cast for his adversaries in 1860. The latter have now united and have attracted to them a few who are not content with the management of the war; while at least ten per cent of the Republican voters are absent with the Army. It is not taken into account sufficiently that even in the North, Lincoln had less than a majority of the popular vote, and that a large proportion of the Northern voters had to be converted by war to a realizing sense of the demoralizing and destructive influence of slavery. A short war could not, as we see, do that, and so a merciful providence has made it a long one. The change in the Commander-in-chief to which the President has at last been brought, is evidence to me, like the silver lining to the clouds, that we may expect fairer weather shortly. If Burnside has no bad luck, McClellan will be forgotten in forty days or remembered only as an incompetent, and the Administration will have all the strength in and out of Congress that it can make good use of. Meantime the fetters will be falling from the negro and the slaveholders will find themselves hamstrung, the connection between their will and their physical functions broken.

I esteem the recent check recd. by the Administration the most fortunate event that has happened during the war—(if

any one event in the order of Providence is more fortunate than another)—except the proclamation, for it will make the President and his advisers feel more than they have felt hitherto, the necessity of doing something (witness already McClellan's decapitation and Halleck's letter) and it will give the Govt. a strong and watchful opposition for the want of which during the last two years the country has greatly suffered.

I have not seen the articles in Weed's Journal to which you refer, but I know that Weed thinks Sumner presses the Slavery question without measure or discretion and for personal ends, without reference to the interests of the country, and Sumner no doubt credits Weed with no better motives for his apparent timidity. Weed is constitutionally a timid politician and Sumner not a very practical one. It is not surprising therefore that they find themselves at loggerheads.

I was sorry to see that Buxton[1] has deserted us. If he had not given his reasons for it I should have preserved more respect for his understanding.

I infer from what I hear here, that Prince Alfred's[2] enthronisation is pressed with the consent of France. Is that a makeweight for Mexico? In a map prepared some years ago by the Emperor and surreptitiously published, a plan for the redistribution of Europe was proposed by which all the great powers were to have more territory than they had. England was to have some islands in the Aegean Sea. Perhaps this is a substitute.

Yours very truly

BIGELOW TO WILLIAM HARGREAVES

[Paris] 1862.

My dear Mr. Hargreaves:

Some weeks ago and immediately after receiving your letter containing an allusion to the proposal to send relief from

[1] Son of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, the earliest of the English antislavery philanthropists. The son was a connection by marriage of the Gurneys and a member of Parliament.

[2] The second son of Queen Victoria, Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. He was offered the crown of Greece in 1862, which he declined.

America to Lancashire, I wrote to friends in New York and Philadelphia to try and send a few ship loads of grain to you and I sent my subscription of $200 towards it. I wanted it done quietly and recommended them to have the grain consigned to Mr. Bright or to some person whom he should recommend. Whether that suggestion will prove acceptable or not I do not know, but that the grain is coming there is no longer any doubt.

A letter I have recd. from New York today contains a passage upon the subject which you will find on the next page.

I am sorry to see that the *London Times* is trying, to poison the public mind of England against us by pretending that the money is all subscribed by Englishmen. This paragraph will show you in part how false as well as base that statement is. I would not publish any thing on the subject however nor have any public discussion. When the grain comes there is no danger but it will find its way into grateful stomachs.

[*Extract referred to:*] "I attended the meeting of the Merchants and others at the room of the Chamber of Commerce yesterday in behalf of the Lancashire operatives. Liberal donations for the purpose were made.

"N. L. & G. Griswold made the offer of a vessel of 1800 tons, said to be equivalent to 15 or 20,000 dollars. John C. Green subscribed $7000, Dodge & Co. $5000, etc. etc. The grass does not grow in our streets yet. A million of dollars' worth will be sent."

Yours very truly

SEWARD TO BIGELOW

Private

Department of State,
Washington, December 2, 1862.

Sir:

Your very interesting letter of the 13th of November has been received.

I reply to your inquiries, that not only has no encourage-

ment been given by this Government to the proposition for intervention or mediation which the Emperor has submitted to Russia and Great Britain, but on the contrary the language of this Government has in every case been so emphatic in discouraging such a movement as was compatible with a proper respect for foreign states. The state papers submitted to Congress with the Message, will relieve all anxieties on that subject.

Secondly. This Government has nothing to say about the Emperor's proposition to foreign Powers. It is an event that is already passed. This Government neither asks, nor proposes to consider, any explanations upon it.

All this you will more fully learn from my dispatch to Mr. Dayton, which he will show you.

We are no longer to be disturbed by Secession intrigues in Europe. They have had their day. We propose to forget them.

I am, Sir

BIGELOW TO SEWARD

Unofficial

PARIS, Dec. 6, 1862.

My dear Mr. Seward:

I have marked a very significant paragraph in yesterday's *Moniteur* that it may be sure to attract your attention. It is a reference to the visit of the French fleet at New Orleans and a practical congratulation of the French people upon a welcome extended to them by our enemies. It is also the first official pretension to a joint occupation of our territory under the pretext of sharing with Great Britain the responsibility and difficulties of protecting the people of Mexico. As every line of the *Moniteur* except the advertisements passes under the eyes of the Minister of State every day or night rather, I think I am not overestimating the importance of this article when I think it asserts dangerous and intolerable pretensions.

It is an entering wedge upon which the Emperor will strike again or not as he finds the Union yields.

M. Hachette, the principal publisher now in Paris, is anxious to have the account of the United States which I spoke of, to bring out the last of January. I am now working on it daily. Assuming that it will receive your approval I am waiting anxiously for the documents to be communicated to Congress which I ventured to ask you for in a letter to you last week and which I hope will be expedited by the most rapid conveyance.[1] I trust also many copies of all the public documents may be sent to me as early as possible that they may be given to and appreciated by the French and Continental press before the distempered views of the English journals have occupied the field. I am particularly anxious for copies of the forthcoming report from the Superintendent of the Census and the Land Office.

Yours very truly

WEED TO BIGELOW

New York, December 19, 1862.

My dear Bigelow:

I did not reply to your long kind letter because differing as we did so widely in opinions it was impossible to make ourselves understood on paper.

I labored earnestly with Mr. Lincoln against this Proclamation. I struggled hard to keep our State Convention from going to the people on that issue. But all was in vain.

The moment Abolition influences prevailed at Washington and in this state, all was lost. Our people have given the government all it asked to fight the Rebellion. They will give all

[1] The work here referred to appeared early in the following year in the French language and with the title, "Les États-Unis d'Amérique en 1863." Its special purpose was to spread before the European world irresistible evidence of the vast difference between the financial, commercial and industrial power of the Free States and the slaveholding States, and the relative importance of the commercial intercourse with the two sections; subjects about which not only the best-educated classes but the most experienced and influential statesmen of Europe were strangely ignorant. It appeared in an octavo volume of 501 pages.

—prospect and life—to preserve the Union. But a mere Abolition War will collapse. The South will obtain its independence, and the West will go from us unless we decide to go away from New England with the West.

I do not, dear friend, believe that we should have differed if we could have been constantly face to face. With common sentiments and sympathies, and an honest purpose, we could not have differed, looking from a common standpoint, about the proper way to work out our country's salvation.

There is exact justice in the Proclamation. I would *do* all that it recommends, but the Proclamation will *do* nothing, for it is an idle fulmination. We have no power to exert it in favor of a single negro beyond our military line, and we were doing *that* without the Proclamation, *which,* as interpreted, narrows the war down to one for emancipation. This war has cost 150,000 lives and millions of treasure. Now, as an Abolition War the government will get no more soldiers.

It is beginning to be feared that ultra abolitionists have been and are willing to see the Union divided. The *Tribune,* you will remember, intimated as much early, and squints that way yesterday. There are others who would be willing to serve as President of a Northern republic. The latest slaughter is arousing popular inquiry. The people will insist on knowing who is responsible.

The *Radicals* are organizing for U. S. Senator. Many want Field or Opdike (or rather F. & O. want the place), though they may unite on Wadsworth. We shall see about King if we can; if not, Morgan.

I could not consent to go abroad with a sad conviction that all was going to destruction at Home.

Truly yours.

In a speech at Birmingham on the 18th of December, 1862, Mr. Bright closes with one of the happiest oratorical efforts of his life:

I blame men who are eager to admit into the family of nations a state which offers itself to us, based on a principle, I will undertake to say, more odious and blasphemous than was ever heretofore dreamed

of in Christian or pagan, in civilized or in savage times. The leader of this revolt proposes this monstrous thing—that over a territory forty times as large as England the blight and curse of slavery shall be forever perpetuated. I cannot believe, for my part, that such a fate will befall that fair land, stricken though it now is with the ravages of war. I cannot believe that civilization, in its journey with the sun, will sink into endless night in order to gratify the ambition of the leaders of this revolt, who seek to

> " . . . Wade through slaughter to a throne
> And shut the gates of mercy on mankind."

I have another and a far brighter vision before my gaze; it may be but a vision, but I will cherish it. I see one vast confederation stretching from the frozen north in unbroken line to the glowing south, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calmer waters of the Pacific main,—and I see one people, and one language, and one law, and one faith, and over all that wide continent, the home of freedom, and a refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime.

BIGELOW TO HARGREAVES

Paris, Dec. 21, 1862.

My dear Mr. Hargreaves:

I was just sitting down to write you, when your welcome note arrived. I want to know what, if any, foundation there is for the report that Mr. Bright is going to America. I discredit it because I do not imagine that he stands, at present, in any such relations to your Govt., especially on the *Trent* question, as to render such a mission of any practical service. If there is no objection pray let me know if there is any thing in the rumor. I feel more encouraged about the future since the receipt of the Message. I don't think "Pam" can have a fight with us just now let him try never so hard. You may tell him however when you see him that if we do have a war, the terms of peace on your side will be settled by a prime Minister of Mr. Cobden's school of politics, and the Aristocracy of England will be put upon the road that the Aristocracy of America are now travelling. The Aristocracy will begin this war if there is to be one, but they will not finish it.

I rejoice in the success of the *Star* with all my heart. It is edited with great ability and wisdom, and is a daily comfort to me.

Remember me always to your family.

Yours very truly.

I have reason to believe that the source of the information given in the following letter was the Hon. Henry J. Raymond, editor of the *New York Times,* who was in Washington during the crisis described and was in the closest political relations with Mr. Seward and the President.

JAMES W. SIMONTON TO BIGELOW

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 21, 1862.

My dear Sir:

. . . I need not tell you that there has long been a decided feeling of hostility to Mr. Seward and his policy, entertained among the Republican Senators, under the lead of Sumner, Wilson, Chandler & Co. Neither is it necessary to discuss its motives, its justice or wisdom. This antagonism has constantly embarrassed the administration and pulled and hauled the President hither and yon as the opposing forces swayed with preponderating influence in either direction. To this cause it is safe to attribute much of the unsteadiness and vacillation which at all times has marked the administration, encouraged the public enemy and disheartened intelligently loyal men. After the late disaster at Fredericksburg, this antagonism resulted in a senatorial Republican caucus, wherein was discussed a resolution expressing a want of confidence in Mr. Seward as a member of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet. The caucus, had a vote been taken on this position, would have stood 16 for to 13 against it. As nothing nearer unanimity could then be obtained, the caucus adjourned until the next day (Wednesday last), when the resolution was modified so as to indicate as the opinion of the Republican Senators that the

President ought to "partially remodel" his Cabinet. The conservatives, or those who were opposed to the original resolution (considering that the modification would be accepted and understood as an invitation to *all* the Cabinet to resign and leave the President free to choose anew his Constitutional advisers), voted for the amended resolve, and it passed unanimously. Mr. Seward was informed of this action immediately after the caucus adjourned, and within half an hour his own and his son's resignations were in the President's hands.—You may be sure there was trouble then at the White House. The President declined to accept the resignation but Mr. Seward insisted and abandoned the Department, carrying away his private papers and beginning to pack up for Cayuga Co. This was on Wednesday night and Thursday. On the latter day the President, Secretary Chase, and others labored earnestly, but without avail, to change Seward's resolution. He would not discuss the question at all. The Republican Senate had voted their distrust of him, and he would not hold a place that required only sacrifices at his hands, and in which his efforts to serve the country were to be thwarted by inconsiderate prejudice. On Friday the efforts at conciliation were renewed. Mr. Seward, it is said, declined to *consider* the proposition to withdraw his resignation unless the indignity put upon him should be first withdrawn, and he could be assured of harmony in the administration upon some fixed and definite policy for carrying on the war and saving the Union.—I cannot vouch entirely for the accuracy of these conditions precedent, but am inclined to think they are stated with substantial accuracy.

Thus matters stood until yesterday, Mr. Lincoln still persisted in refusing to allow Mr. Seward to retire. Fully justifying his [Seward's] feeling of resentment he nevertheless declared that he could not and would not dispense with his services, and urged that it was his duty to rise above all personal considerations in this terrible crisis and lend his aid to the salvation of the country. No man labored more faithfully than did Mr. Chase to bring about a reconciliation,—and when all efforts had failed, the Secretary of the Treasury handed in his resignation also, putting it distinctly and manfully upon the ground that *he would not remain in the administration if Mr. Seward retired from it.* This was more than the Radicals had bargained for,—as their main dependence was Mr. Chase.

To him they looked as their leader in the new administration. Their own god had turned upon and floored them. I don't know exactly how the affair was patched up; but today it is decided (but not yet public) that Mr. Seward remains. This defeat of Wilson & Co. will probably quiet them for a while. Of course it will render Mr. Seward more powerful than ever before, both *in* the administration and outside of it. I believe its fruits will be only good. What think you?

It is impossible for me to describe to you the excitement and apprehension created by the announcement of Mr. Seward's withdrawal. Govt. allowed no telegrams on the subject to leave the city for a day or two,—so that the howl elsewhere has not had opportunity to get under full headway. But here, everybody without exception other than those who had precipitated the crisis, seemed filled with apprehension. I wrote you a gloomy letter a week ago but the terrible cloud of apprehension which settled upon us all during Friday and Saturday was darker and denser than any which I ever experienced or any which I have been able to realize in history. In the present depressed and apprehensive condition of the popular mind, I do not believe the Radical programme could have run a week without a popular revolution. . . . Up to this time I have not the distinct assertion that Mr. Chase's resignation has also been withdrawn. One rumor is that it is accepted. My impression is that Mr. Chase will also remain where he is. Mr. Stanton *may* go out, but the chances are that he will not for the present. . . .

P.M. General Blair tendered his commission also to the President on Saturday; but as he has been in no way committed in the crisis Mr. Lincoln told him to put it back in his pocket.

. . . . . .

Banks has gone to New Orleans, you probably know, to relieve Butler. Mobile to be captured by gunboats and garrisoned by 7,000 men under Butler.

Truly yours

The war raised many novel questions of political ethics. One which was presented to me this year I shall be guilty of the

indiscretion of making a record of; for I consider that every incident which makes the evil effects of debasing the currency more conspicuous is of value.

In the fall of 1861 I asked Mr. X, a prominent banker whom it had been my privilege as a journalist to place under some obligations and for whom I had much personal regard, to tell me how I could most safely invest $10,000 which I proposed to make a birthday present to my wife. X recommended me to buy some municipal bonds of a Western city. I told him that, as I was more anxious for security than for large interest, and as I knew nothing about these bonds and he knew everything, I would take them if he would guarantee them, I paying him the usual commission for such guaranty. He showed some reluctance to do this at first, as contrary to the habit of his house; but, as I was tenacious, finally yielded. I took the bonds without even reading them. X signed the guaranty, and accepted his 2½ per cent. commission, amounting to $250. Not long after this transaction President Lincoln sent me to Paris, and I had not been there quite a year when I received a note from the gentleman in charge of my financial affairs in New York, informing me that the bonds had fallen due; that he had presented them in the proper quarter for payment, but was offered currency, then known from its color as "greenbacks," which currency was already so much depreciated that gold was at a premium of 150 to 160 and upward, making a difference of several thousand dollars to my wife. My agent demanded gold, according to the specific terms of the bonds. The city refused, and told him he must take greenbacks or nothing. He had the bonds protested for non-payment. He then applied to the guarantor. There he was told that the guarantor was to pay only in case the makers of the bonds refused payment; and as the city offered to pay in the legal currency of the country, he considered himself discharged from any liability to pay in any other.

My agent wrote to me for instructions. I was surprised and pained at the position taken by my friend. Had the bond said nothing about the currency in which it was to be paid, I should have considered that the bond-makers, being a public corporation, would have been entitled to act as they did, and the guarantor for the same reason exonerated from any liability; but the engagement to pay in gold took the bonds out of

the operation of the Legal Tender Act and was just as binding upon the makers and guarantor as any other specific condition of the bond over which neither Congress nor any other legislative body could exercise any control. Besides, the guarantor had received from me a premium of $250 to guarantee these bonds in gold; and whatever the city of St. Louis might do or refuse to do, it seemed very clear to my mind that my guarantor should have paid me the difference in gold or its equivalent in currency. He did not, however, feel bound to pay me in gold nor ashamed to keep the commission. I was astonished and disappointed by my friend's decision.

At the time of this repudiation a gold dollar was worth between sixty and seventy cents more than a legal-tender or currency dollar. The bonds if paid in gold, therefore, would have been worth $16,000 in currency. My loss and X's saving by this operation was $6000, which with the $250 I paid for his guaranty amounted to $6250. Large as the loss was to me, his was the greater.

There was another feature of this transaction which illustrated my simplicity, but in an equal degree failed to bring any of X's into relief. I did not examine the bonds when I bought them, nor inquire their date. I took them in full confidence that they were what I wanted, not for speculation, but for an investment, of which X was especially advised. My surprise on finding them falling due within less than a twelvemonth was greater, if possible, than that which I experienced when I learned that he repudiated his guaranty for their payment in gold. I was in Paris at the time and for the several years following, and I never asked for any explanation of his part in this business, nor did he ever proffer any.

XV

OPERATIONS OF THE CONFEDERATES IN EUROPE

MOTLEY TO BIGELOW

VIENNA, Jan. 8, 1863.

My dear Bigelow:

I AM afraid that you will consider me a very bad correspondent, for your letter of November 14th has not yet been answered. But when it reached me, I was far from well, indeed quite unable to write—a condition in which I remained for several weeks. I thank you for sending me the *Indépendance Belge*—but I take that paper regularly and so had already read the letter, nominally from New York, containing our griefs against perfidious Albion. I quite agree with that summing up. Am I right in supposing that it emanated from the United States Consul in Paris? It is very well put indeed—and not one of the charges can be gainsaid. I am however most decidedly of opinion, and have been so ever since our civil war began, that it is not desirable for us to have a war with any European power, if we can possibly avoid it with honor.

Our soldiers have displayed a bravery unsurpassed in the annals of any nation. A military critic, generally most unfriendly, in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* writes from Washington that the army, under a great general, would prove itself "superior to anything ever known in history." But I don't think we have shown a very surpassing genius for campaigning and organizing, so that the Confederates just now give us quite as much to do, and to spend, as seems desirable. As long as we can help it, they must not have the alliance of England or France.

As for England—she will content herself with blackguarding us from the stump and through the press, as she has been doing from the beginning—and with allowing her subjects, as private individuals, to make war upon us with *Alabamas* and the like. Thus far she has not found it likely to pay to come to an open breach, except with a good cry, like the *Trent* "outrage." Of course if we wish to come to blows with her, the *Alabama,* I suppose, is a *casus belli.* Were the cases reversed, I doubt if England would rest an hour under such an injury and insult combined. Certainly France would n't. But it is the part of wisdom on our side, to pocket these things for the present.

The U. S. A. will remain many a century to come, I firmly believe, and there never could be a worse time than the present to send in our little bill. Let it run. One of these days, we can crush her with our forgiveness—or if we are less magnanimous, we can treat her to a little of the same "neutrality" with which she has indulged us. A good many *Alabamas* could sail out of New York and Boston and burn English vessels, when we find ourselves at peace, and England at war, or in revolution, if this is the accepted doctrine of neutrality. After all, we have many stray friends in England, whom the ruling classes fear as much as they hate. The present government could not stand without the help of the radicals, and so they are obliged to conciliate them, while detesting them.

The speeches of Bright and Cobden, and the recent demonstration in favor of the United States by the working men at Manchester, tell government plainly enough what would be the consequence of confronting the antislavery feeling of the masses by intervention in our affairs now that our antislavery position is so patent to the world that it can no longer be lied out of existence by forty Gladstones, and by all the *Times's* and *Saturday Reviews* in the world. The real danger is your friend L. N. His flatterers have so long been persuading him that he is a God, and Europe has so long been grovelling before him and he is by nature and position so specially a conspirator against freedom and civilization—*hostis humani generis*—that he must necessarily sympathize with the slaveholders. Of course if England would only accept his propositions, we should have trouble enough. Therefore my special vials of wrath are always kept bottled up for him. England

(as represented by her dominant classes) hates us savagely enough, but she is not such an ass as to suppose that all the old rotten machinery and stage tricks of the "balance of power" buffoonery, which make up the European system, can be successfully transplanted to America.

Pray give my kindest regards to Mrs. Bigelow.

Very sincerely yours

BENJAMIN TO DE LEON

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, RICHMOND,
Jan. 10, 1863.

Sir:

Your dispatches Nos. 3 and 4, of 1st and 13th November, were received on 25th ult. and have been read with great interest. You will perceive by the President's message, which will reach you probably in anticipation of this dispatch, that this government has not for one moment relaxed its energies, nor is there any disposition to do so, notwithstanding the general impression which seemed to prevail that some decisive action by the French Government alone was likely to follow the rejection of the proposals made by the French Emperor to the other two powers. We have felt that it is to our unaided efforts that our independence is to be due; but we have a right, a clear undoubted right to recognition and its continued refusal by Europe is disgraceful to neutral powers. The President has uttered in dignified and measured tones what is the universal sentiment of this people that our treatment by Europe has been unfair and unjust, though he has not been permitted by his position to add the further fact that universal conviction on this side attributes the injustice and unfairness of neutral powers to one cause alone, that is fear of the North. I have nothing to add to former instructions. The Department expects the continuance of every effort on your part to act on public opinion by disseminating as widely as possible the truth in relation to this contest. The perversions of the Northern press render this an onerous labour, but thus far it has been performed with a diligence and ability which I am happy to recognize. You will receive herewith 1000 pounds, for further expenditure in the same direction. The Department expects an account of the disbursements of the secret service money with vouchers in all cases where receipts can be had, and with certificates on honour of such payments as do not permit the taking of

receipts. These accounts and vouchers are kept confidential, do not leave the Department and do not pass through the Treasury books. They are for the satisfaction of the President, who not being called on to account for the expenditure, is for that very reason the more scrupulous in relation to it.

I have the honour to be,

Your obedient servant

President Davis did not reply as promptly as he might have done to his English commissioner's dispatch of November 4, 1862, in relation to the antislavery clauses with which, according to the intimations of Lord Donoughmore, it would be necessary to decorate any treaty of alliance of the Confederate States with Great Britain. Perhaps he thought no people so intelligent as the English really cared whether their cotton was grown with free or slave labor, or whether their ships trading with Africa brought away negroes or elephants' tusks; perhaps there was not entire harmony of opinion upon the subject among his advisers; perhaps deference to Mr. Mason's notification that he needed no instruction influenced them. Whatever may have been the reason, several weeks elapsed before the Richmond Government was agreed upon the instructions it should give to its commissioners. It finally sent to the commissioners its reply in the following dispatches, the first unofficial and second official:

BENJAMIN TO MASON

Unofficial

Richmond, January 15, 1863.

Dear Sir:

Your unofficial communication, inclosed in despatch No. 20, was duly received. We are greatly surprised at its contents, but the suspicions excited abroad through the numerous agencies established by the Northern Government, of our intention to change the constitution and open the slave-trade, are doubtless the cause of the views so strongly expressed to you by Lord Donoughmore and others.

After conference with the President, we have come to the conclusion that the best mode of meeting the question is to assume the constitutional ground developed in the accompanying despatch, No. 13. If you find yourself unable by the adoption of the line of conduct suggested in that despatch to satisfy the British Government, I see no other course than to propose to them to transfer any negotiations that may have been commenced to this side, on the ground of the absence of any instructions or authority to bind your government by any stipulations on the forbidden subject, and the totally unexpected nature of the proposition made to you.

If the British Government should persist in the views you attribute to it, the matter can plainly be disposed of to much more advantage on this side, and it may very well happen that that haughty government will find to its surprise that it needs a treaty of commerce with us much more than we need it with Great Britain. Of this, however, I am sure you will allow no hint to escape you.

Very respectfully, etc.

BENJAMIN TO SLIDELL

Department of State, Richmond,
Jan. 15, 1863.

Sir:

It is not to be denied that there is great and increasing irritation in the public mind on this side in consequence of our unjust treatment by foreign powers and it will require all the influence of the President to prevent some explosion and to maintain that calm and self-contained attitude which is alone becoming in such circumstances. We should probably not be very averse to the recall of Mr. Mason, who has been discourteously treated by Earl Russell, were it not that such a step would have so marked a significance while you remain at Paris, as would probably cause serious interference with the success of the preparations now nearly completed for the purchase of the articles so much needed in the further prosecution of the war. If the repulse of the enemy at Vicksburg in addition to the terrible slaughter of his troops at Fredericksburg prove insufficient to secure our recognition, the continued presence of our agent abroad can only be defended or excused on the ground that the necessities of our position render indispensable the supplies which we draw from Europe, and which would perhaps be withheld if we gave manifestation of our indignation at the unfair treatment which we have received.

I am, etc.

How Mason was affected by Benjamin's instruction to have no unnecessary discussions on the slavery clause introduced into his negotiations, and the alternative proposal to transfer the negotiations to Richmond, is not disclosed in his official correspondence, though it may be imagined, and indeed it may be inferred from the following paragraph in a dispatch from Benjamin to Mason, written August 4, 1865, only seven months after the dispatch last cited.

The perusal of the recent debates in the British Parliament satisfies the President that H. B. M.'s Government has determined to decline the overtures made through you for establishing, by treaty, friendly relations between the two governments, and entertain no intention of receiving you as the accredited minister of this government near the British court. Under these circumstances the President requests that you consider your mission at an end, and that you withdraw with your secretary from London.

BENJAMIN TO SLIDELL AND MASON

Circular

RICHMOND, Jan'y 15, 1863.

HON. JOHN SLIDELL, etc., Paris.

Sir:

It has been suggested to this government, from a source of unquestioned authority, that after the recognition of our independence by the European powers, an expectation is generally entertained by them that in our treaties of amity and commerce a clause will be introduced making stipulations against the African slave-trade. It is even thought that neutral powers may be inclined to insist upon the insertion of such a clause as a *sine qua non.*

You are well aware how firmly fixed in our constitution is the policy of this Confederacy against the opening of that trade, but we are informed that false and insidious suggestions have been made by the agents of the United States at European courts of our intention to change our constitution as soon as peace is restored, and of authorizing the importation of slaves from Africa. If therefore you should find in your intercourse with the cabinet to which you are accredited that any such impressions are entertained, you will use every proper effort to remove them; and if an attempt is made to introduce into

any treaty which you may be charged with negotiating stipulations on the subject just mentioned, you will assume in behalf of your government the position which, under the direction of the President, I now proceed to develop.

The constitution of the Confederate States is an agreement made between independent States. By its terms all the powers of government are separated into classes as follows, viz.:

1st. Such powers as the States delegate to the General Government.

2d. Such powers as the States agree to refrain from exercising, although they do not delegate them to the General Government.

3d. Such powers as the States, without delegating them to the General Government, thought proper to exercise by direct agreement between themselves contained in the constitution.

4th. All remaining powers of sovereignty which, not being delegated to the Confederate States by the constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively or to the people thereof.

On the formation of the constitution, the States thought proper to prevent all possible future discussions on the subject of slavery by the direct exercise of their own power, and delegated no authority to the Confederate Government save immaterial exceptions presently to be noticed. Especially in relation to the importation of African negroes was it deemed important by the States that no power to permit it should exist in the Confederate Government. The States by the constitution (which is a treaty between themselves of the most solemn character that States can make) unanimously stipulated that "the importation of negroes of the African race from any foreign country other than the slave-holding States or Territories of the United States of America is hereby forbidden; and Congress is required to pass such laws as shall effectually prevent the same." (Art. I., Sect. 9, Par. 1.)

It will thus be seen that no power is delegated to the Confederate Government over this subject, but that it is included in the third class above referred to, of powers exercised directly by the States.

It is true that the duty is imposed on Congress to pass laws to render effectual the prohibition above quoted. But this very imposition of a duty on Congress is the strongest proof of the absence of power in the President and Senate alone, who are vested with authority to make treaties. In a word, as the only provision on the subject directs the two branches of the legislative department, in connection with the President, to pass laws on this subject, it is out of the power of the President aided by one branch of the legislative department to control the same subject by treaties; for there is not only an absence of express delegation of authority to the treaty-making power, which alone would suffice to prevent the exercise of such authority, but there is

the implied prohibition resulting from the fact that all duty on the subject is imposed on a different branch of the government.

I need scarcely enlarge upon the familiar principle that authority expressly delegated to Congress cannot be assumed in our government by the treaty-making power. The authority to lay and collect taxes, to coin money, to declare war, etc., are ready examples, and you can be at no loss for argument or illustration in support of so well recognized a principle.

The view above expressed is further enforced by the clause in the constitution which follows immediately that which has already been quoted. The second paragraph of the same section provides that "Congress shall also have power to prohibit the introduction of slaves from any State not a member of, or Territory not belonging to, the Confederacy." Here there is no direct exercise of power by the States which formed our constitution, but an express delegation to Congress. It is thus seen that while the States were willing to trust Congress with the power to prohibit the introduction of African slaves from the United States, they were not willing to trust it with the power of prohibiting their introduction from any other quarter, but determined to insure the execution of their will by a direct interposition of their own power.

Moreover, any attempt on the part of the treaty-making power of this government to prohibit the African slave-trade, in addition to the insuperable objections above suggested, would leave open the implication that the same power has authority to permit such introduction. No such implication can be sanctioned by us. This government unequivocally and absolutely denies its possession of any power whatever over the subject, and cannot entertain any proposition in relation to it.

While it is totally beneath the dignity of our government to give assurances for the purpose of vindicating itself from any unworthy suspicion of its good faith on this subject that may be disseminated by the agents of the United States, it may not be improper that you should point out the superior efficacy of our constitutional provision to any treaty stipulations we could make. The constitution is itself a treaty between the States of such binding force that it cannot be changed or abrogated without the deliberate and concurrent action of nine out of the thirteen States that compose the Confederacy. A treaty might be abrogated by a party temporarily in power in our country at the sole risk of disturbing amicable relations with a foreign power. The constitution, unless by an approach to unanimity, could not be changed without the destruction of this government itself; and even should it be possible hereafter to procure the consent of the number of States necessary to change it, the forms and delays designedly interposed by the framers to check rash innovations would give ample

time for the most mature deliberation and for strenuous resistance on the part of those opposed to such change.

After all it is scarcely the part of wisdom to attempt to impose restraint on the actions and conduct of men for all future time. The policy of the Confederacy is as fixed and immutable on this subject as the imperfection of human nature permits human resolve to be. No additional agreements, treaties, or stipulations can commit these States to the prohibition of the African slave-trade with more binding efficacy than those they have themselves devised. A just and generous confidence in their good faith on this subject exhibited by friendly powers will be far more efficacious than persistent efforts to induce this government to assume the exercise of powers which it does not possess, and to bind the Confederacy by ties which would have no constitutional validity. We trust, therefore, that no unnecessary discussions on this matter will be introduced into your negotiations. If, unfortunately, this reliance should prove unfounded, you will decline continuing negotiations on your side and transfer them to us at home, where in such event they could be conducted with greater facility and advantage, under the direct supervision of the President.

Very respectfully, etc.

WEED TO BIGELOW

ALBANY, Jan. 16, 1863.

My dear Bigelow:

. . . . . .

We are in a bad way. I wish that Ben Butler had been elected president,—or that even now he was in Halleck's place.

There is little or no hope of an improved cabinet, for when Caleb Smith[1] resigned his deputy was promoted!

Ever yours

GEORGE BANCROFT TO BIGELOW

NEW YORK, 20 January, 1863.

My dear Bigelow,

The extract of a letter which you will find on the next leaf is from a distinguished tory ex-minister, sure to be a member of

[1] Secretary of the Interior, and from the State of Indiana.

any future tory ministry, if such an one should be soon formed. I know the extract to be genuine: for it is made under my own eye by my secretary from the original. If France wishes to play into the hands of a nation whose statesmen regard France as their "ancient enemy," it will be very unlike what was to have been expected.

I have now a favor to ask. In our revolutionary war, Spain did not join in the war till 1779. Before engaging in it, a convention was made between the two powers, establishing the principles, conditions and object of the war. This treaty was exchanged in the month of May 1779. I want a copy of that treaty. I have the correspondence which preceded the formation of the convention. Monday, May 17, 1779, Vergennes writes to Montmorin, "J'ai l'honneur de vous envoyer ci-jointe la convention, ratifiée par sa Majesté Catholique. Nous l'avons échangée la semaine dernière."

It is of this convention that I want a copy. My old leave to consult and copy the archives was full; there can, I think, be no objection to my having it. Pray see to it, and if you cannot manage it, speak about it to Mr. Dayton and solicit with me and for me his good offices. On politics I have not the heart to write at present. What is to come I can guess, but like not to form into a distinct statement my forebodings.

Best regards to Mrs. Bigelow.

Faithfully your friend

Extract of a letter from a British ex-Minister to a friend in America, November, 1862:

The newspapers will have given you the text of M. Drouyn de Lhuys' despatch and of the replies of Lord Russell and Prince Gortschakoff. It is reported from Paris that the Emperor has promised Mr. Slidell to propose to you the same terms pointed out in the despatch, whether England and Russia concur or not, as soon as he sees his way in the Mexican affair. I give you this only as a rumor, but if it is correct what course will your government take? Will it accept the alternative of war, sooner than the advice which the Emperor will certainly be ready to support by arms? This is a most momentous question. On the one hand feelings of national pride may prompt you to resent this interference at any cost; on the other your circumstances

are such that a war with France superadded to your present contest with the South must end in disaster. We in England shall watch for your decision with the greatest interest and the greatest anxiety. We think you are now engaged in a hopeless enterprise and our wishes are against you; if you declared war on us, we should fight with you with spirit and determination, and after a little time without regret. But if we should see you over-matched in a desperate contest with our ancient enemy, and still gallantly struggling against him, whatever our judgment might be, our hearts would surely be with you. Every time the stars and stripes came down before the tri-color, we should feel a pang; every advantage gained by your arms would fill us with joy.

WILLIAM S. THAYER TO BIGELOW

Alexandria, January 27, 1863.

My dear Mr. Bigelow:

I thank you for Simonton's letter which came yesterday. I return it today.

Your Emperor has been playing strange pranks in carrying off Egyptian negroes to Mexico. I think our Viceroy's death was hastened by chagrin at the row occasioned by it.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs and the French Consul General assured me it was a small affair of 500 negroes or so. I told His Excellency the story of the maid who excused her frailty by saying her baby was a very little one. This converted him. He had never heard the anecdote before. A man could make his fortune here by telling Joe Millers to the Turks.

I have not time to write more though I have much to say.

Very truly yours,

BIGELOW TO SEWARD

Private

Paris, Feb. 6, 1863.

Dear Sir:

Prince Napoleon reports to Guéroult, editor of the *Opinion Nationale,* that at a meeting of the Emperor's councillors of

State at the palace the other day, America among other topics was discussed. At the close of many pros and cons from parties present the Emperor with one of his incomprehensible smiles remarked: "Si le Nord est victorieux je serai heureux, si le Sud est victorieux je serai enchanté."[1] The anti-slavery meetings in England are having their effect upon the government already. I enclose an evidence. The conductor of *Galignani,* Mr. Bowes, who was brought to my office one day last summer by Thackeray and to whom I have occasionally sent articles for publication, called recently, and not finding me, sent a letter which you will find enclosed. That paper always follows the government and hitherto, in spite of the social relations between Bowes and myself, has been exceedingly cruel on the North. The present advance on his part, therefore, is not without a significance. The Paris correspondent of the *London Post* also came to my house on Wednesday evening evidently disposed to be instructed. He says these intrigues in England merely express the public sentiment of the mass of English people—that there are about a dozen persons who by their position and influence over the organs of public opinion have produced all the bad feeling and treacherous conduct of England towards America. They are people who as members of the government in times past have been bullied by the U. S. and compelled to submit to humiliation. They knew our strength and thought our statesmen used it brutally; they are not entirely ignorant that the class who are now trying to overthrow the government were mainly responsible for that brutality, but they think we are as a nation disposed to bully and they are disposed to assist in any policy that may dismember and weaken us. These scars of wounded pride however have been carefully concealed from the public, who therefore cannot now be readily made to see why, when the President had distinctly made the issue between slave labor and free labor, that England should not go with the North. He says these dozen people who rule England hate us cordially, that he knows.

I confess, bad as things look at home, I derive great encouragement from the recent popular demonstrations in England. When Louis Napoleon found the Derby Ministry intriguing with Austria and dynastic Europe against him, he

[1] "If the North is victorious I shall be happy; if the South is victorious I shall be enchanted."

struck an alliance with the people through Cobden and Derby. His Commercial-Treaty Negotiations made Cobden a power in England, and for the first time, I believe, in her history England sent a commoner as a plenipotentiary to France and called two radicals into the Ministry. Cobden did not lose his power until Napoleon had entirely disarmed his enemies in England and had placed the actual Ministry in a position where he could unhorse it at a moment's notice. We ought to take a leaf from the Emperor's book. We should strive to strike an alliance with the masses of Great Britain, and I have imagined the path was being smoothed for it by this popular movement against slavery; one of those issues which serve admirably as a means of organizing the people and preparing them for more specific action when properly led. A good leader of the Anti-slavery party there may soon hold the balance of power between two great parties. Is there nothing you can do: nothing the President or Congress can do to foster this organization and direct it to good ends?

After all, this struggle of ours both at home and abroad is but a struggle between the principle of popular government and government by a privileged class. The people therefore all the world over are in a species of solidarity which it is our duty and interest to cultivate to the utmost.

I get sometimes very much depressed about things at home. I begin to fear that the spirit of the North is beginning to yield to the conviction that the Union is not worth to the North what it is costing. The political divisions, the harsh criticisms, and other multiplying evidences of discord leave little hope of a restoration of the Union unless the present campaign is illustrated by some signal success of our arms in the field of which it is no longer easy to be hopeful. When one sees such men as McDowell and Fitz-John Porter and McClellan driven from the army, the Senate wasting its energies in efforts to drive you from the State Department, and members of Congress more solicitous about the dividends of their one horse county banks than for the credit of the country, I feel as if there were elements of discord at work among us which must result in the ruin of the government unless it is strengthened among the people by some early and decisive success.

Excuse this long and unprofitable discourse and believe me

Very truly yours

BENJAMIN TO SLIDELL

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Feb. 7th, 1863.

. . . . . .

I add hereto an extract from a letter recently received by me from a gentleman who is a professor in the University of Virginia, and is represented by all of whom I have made inquiry as being of the highest character and respectability. It is a very singular statement, and you ought not to remain ignorant of a fact which may serve as a clew to unravel any secret designs that may be entertained in France.

EXTRACT

Three years ago I had the honor of an hour's conversation with the Emperor of the French at the Villa Eugénie in Biarritz. After having exhausted all the little information I could afford him, draining me *à sec*, and leaving me, after all, under the impression that he knew more of all the subjects on which he had examined me than I did myself, he turned with peculiar and undisguised eagerness to the Mexican question. I had then just returned from Cuba, and fancied I had thoroughly informed myself as to the condition of things there and in the Gulf. I was soon undeceived. He knew the very number of guns *in the Morro*, the sums the United States had spent on the fortifications in Florida, the exports and imports of Galveston and Matamoras, in short everything which well-informed local agents could have reported to an experienced statesman, eager for information. He examined me again on Texas and its population, the disposition of the French residents, the tendencies of the German Colonists, the feeling on the Mexican frontier. Twice, I remember well, he repeated: "La Louisiane, n'est-ce pas qu'elle est Française au fond?" At last he turned to the colonies and then stated in round terms, finding that I quoted from his "Idées Napoliennes," the well-known words, "Eh bien, il faut reconstruire l'Empire là-bas."

After having received this cue to his questions and the unexpected interest he deigned to show in so insignificant a person, I was enabled better to follow his idea and more fully to answer his questions. From what I could then gather, I was fully persuaded that he proposed to seek in Mexico a compensation for the lost colonies in the West Indies, which, he said, could not be recovered *sans nous brouiller avec nos alliés*. He insisted upon it that France must sooner or later have a

pied-à-terre on the Florida coast for the purpose of protecting her commerce in the Gulf, for, he added, "Nous ne voulons pas un autre Gibraltar de ce côté-là." Finally, I think, he revolved in his mind the possibility of recovering a foothold in Louisiana, although he never stated this purpose in so many words, perhaps from a courteous regard to my position there.

There were, of course, other points mentioned in a conversation carried on with his usual rapidity of thought and marvelous conciseness of expression, but I venture here only to mention those I can state in precise terms, as having a direct bearing on the question of French policy in the South.

I beg leave to add that his remarks made so deep an impression on my mind that I jotted down the salient points for my own guidance and as interesting *points d'appui* for future researches. Upon my return to Paris I had the opportunity of mentioning some of these to M. Drouyn de Lhuys, whom I have the advantage of knowing personally. He seemed to be not only fully aware of the peculiar views of the Emperor, but added much to explain them. His point of view was, of course, a different one, and, as he was then out of office, perhaps more decided than it would be at this moment. Although these views and expressions are now not three years old, I need not suggest to you how tenacious the Emperor is in his long-prepared purposes, especially when they concern his openly avowed plan of recovering all that can be recovered of the great Empire.

BIGELOW TO E. D. MORGAN

Feby. 20, 1863.

My dear Mr. Morgan:

Though you have treated me pretty shabbily for the past year I cannot help tendering you my congratulations upon your election to the Senate. I shall feel very sorry for King if he wanted to be rechosen, but if he had to have a successor now, the lot could not have fallen more fortunately. Since the issue of the Prest. proclamation I have recd. no more auspicious news, all things considered, than reached us last night—your election which signifies a great many good things if I understand it aright, and the approval of the President's

proclamation by our legislature which signifies a great many more. I take it for granted it must have passed without serious opposition, which shows a better temper in the legislature than I at first apprehended, and will have a moral effect which will be felt throughout the world. Now if you can get the Mississippi open I shall have no farther anxiety.

. . . . . .

I hope you will find a little leisure while you are in the transition state from Governor to Senator to let me hear a few words from you. They will help me to forget how I have been neglected heretofore.

Yours very truly

SEWARD TO BIGELOW

Washington, Feby. 25, 1863.

My dear Sir:

I thank you for your note of the 6th inst.

What you tell me goes to confirm the opinion built on other advices, that a reaction in our favor has begun in Europe, for which I thank God. It was time. Did it ever occur to you that the advent of this administration was a stage of a pacific revolution against an erroneous national system of politics; that the rebellion was a counter revolution; that foreign sympathies with it were threatening to make it effective or at least indicated the possession of a strength that might alarm us? Well, a reaction in favor of the original political movement in Europe is an indication of a check to the counter revolutionary one. You may look, I think now, for a similar reaction here. On the whole, things are hopeful. Republics, especially federal ones, must have agitations. There must be currents and counter currents of opinion. But there probably will be no one of them strong enough to swamp so staunch a ship.

Faithfully yours,

SEWARD TO BIGELOW

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, Feb. 28, 1863.

My dear Bigelow:

I have several of your kind letters. It would be a pity for Cluseret's[1] sake to have his letter published. But the temper of this Country is getting sound and will not suffer apprehensions for such or other foreign matters to disturb it. Do not lose your faith in our countrymen, they have just found out that there is more patience required than they supposed. They will show it. Congress is doing nobly and all things are well.

Faithfully yours

After the declension of what Mr. Bright called the "silly proposition of the French," the Emperor sought alone to approach the Government of the United States and sent a dispatch on the 9th of January to that effect. It was answered in three days by Mr. Seward in a letter to Mr. Dayton of the 6th of February, 1863.

With a few courteous introductory words as to the French Minister's meaning, Mr. Seward pointed out the fact that the dispatch was nothing less than a proposition to our Government to enter into diplomatic discussion with insurgents as to whether the country should not be delivered over to disunion.

He admitted that conferences must attend or precede pacification, but concluded by saying:

The Congress of the United States furnishes the constitutional *forum* for debates between the alienated parties. Senators and Representatives from the loyal portion of the people are there already; and seats are vacant and inviting Senators and Representatives of this discontented party, who may be constitutionally sent there from the States involved in the insurrection. Such conferences between the alienated parties may be said to have already begun. Maryland, Vir-

[1] Gustave Paul Cluseret was a graduate from Saint-Cyr in 1843. In 1855 he was made captain and took part in the Crimean campaign. He was subsequently sent to Algiers, and a little later came to the United States. During our Civil War he obtained the rank of general in the Federal Army. He subsequently became editor of a journal in Paris and belonged to the *Ouvrier Socialiste* group of politicians.

ginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri—States which are claimed by the insurgents—are already represented in Congress; and submitting with perfect freedom, and in a proper spirit, their advice upon the course best calculated to bring about a firm, lasting, and honorable peace.

Before Congress adjourned on March 3, resolutions were introduced regretting that the war had fallen so heavily on the laboring people in Europe, also expressing disappointment that Europe should encourage a rebellious government having slavery for its keystone, and stating that the war would be prosecuted until the Rebellion was suppressed. The President was requested to send a copy of the same to the ministers of foreign countries, to be transmitted by them to their governments.

W. H. RUSSELL TO BIGELOW

Havre, Sussex Hotel,
February 25, 1863.

My dear Bigelow:

I am exceedingly grateful to you for the time and matter of your remembrance which followed me in its substantial shape to this place where I have arrived on sick certificate, a congestion of various valuable mechanical arrangements in my inside, caused, say the dirty doctors, by a Turkish bath, having prostrated me pro tem. Imprimis let me say I am not at all pleased with my diary in the States, because I was compelled to omit the best part of it owing to a mistake of the publishers and to cut out 186 pages; but over and above that, the form of a diary is quite destructive to any sustained interest and I will never be a slave to my daily nonsense and hasty observations again. However there is no chance in this instance as the time did not admit of my doing anything but dictating from the actual diary word for word as fast as I could and sometimes tearing out the sheets themselves and with all that, though I overshot the mark, the publishers swear they were late, in spite of the success of the book, for I have to say it has been successful. I must own I felt more hurt than I can or cared well to say at being refused leave to go with McClellan,

as I was most anxious to show it was not my fault that Bull Run No. 1 ended with a panic, and I can't help saying there was no candor nor generosity in my treatment by the American press. I believe in my heart, however, that I do not entertain the smallest unkindly feeling towards a single citizen of the United States therefore & therefor, except perhaps that evil-eyed old Scotchman of the *Herald* and Mr. Raymond, *N. Y. T.*, who when my back was turned, with wilful falsehood, wrote that I had been turned out of the States for stock jobbing.

The Missis is pretty well only. I am ditto. Alice growing very pretty—not quite so wild. Boys thriving. Alberta spoiled. And now let me say a kind word to my good friend Mrs. Bigelow and to the children by way of introduction to the speeches I hope to make soon to you all in person. Assure her of my wife's constant attachment and of the regard with which I am hers and

Yours always truly

SEWARD TO BIGELOW

Washington, March 3, 1863.

My dear Bigelow:

I have your note of the 13th. It may be possible to found a new France on this continent, as the speculators proposed. It is just a hundred and one years, however, since it was settled that no foreign dominion can be founded here.

The wheel of American civilization is grinding on its gudgeon—that is all. It is not broken, and once repaired it will move faster and stronger than ever.

Faithfully yours

GEORGE BANCROFT TO BIGELOW

New York, March 6, 1863.

My dear Bigelow:

Your letter of the 16th February and its enclosures came to hand yesterday, and I will not let a steamer pass without

thanking you for your prompt and most successful interposition in my behalf. Say everything that is civil and that you think proper to M. Drouyn de Lhuys from me, who has really obliged me very much by his granting our request so pleasantly. The document was not only important to me as something that needed at any rate to be known, but it is in itself of the greatest historical interest, and is just the light I needed, to clear up the complicated situations of France, the United States, and Spain during our revolution.[1]

I was sorry to write to you what seemed to you gloomy. I have no gloom in my own mind, but I see things as they are. We are placed where we can succeed only by putting on our side the labor and the efforts of the colored men: and we have not virtue enough to be willing to give the black man a chance. The power of the pro-slavery party in this city is overwhelmingly great; and I am amazed at the impudence with which under the lion-skin of democracy and an ever renewed and passionate appeal to the antipathy of races, men go before the people (our country people) as candidates for office with the most unblushing avowals of warring against the war. Then, too, there has been a very lax holding of the reins by the president; a want of discernment of merit; and a sad exhibition of political influences of the smallest kind in the distribution of high employment in the army. Something may be said by way of excuse. When Mr. Lincoln came into power he knew not what to lean on; everything was rotten from the bench of the

[1] Preface to Bancroft's History of the United States, Vol. IX, published in 1866 (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.):

"One volume more will complete the American revolution, including the negotiations for peace in 1782. For that volume the materials are collected and arranged, and it will be completed and published without any unnecessary delay. A single document only, but that a very important one, had been wanting; on my request for it through my friend John Bigelow, our minister at Paris, copies of it were ordered for me with the utmost courtesy and promptness by M. Drouyn de Lhuys. That volume will bring into the field in direct action Spain, France and Great Britain, as well as the United States. I shall endeavor to treat them all with equal impartiality, and I do not doubt of finding a corresponding disposition in my countrymen. I hope to present in a just aspect those who rendered great services to the country, unmindful of any personal differences which may have grown up among them. Especially the documents respecting the preliminaries of peace of which I have acquired copies are so complete that I trust I may be able to disentangle the confusion which has grown out of judgments founded upon rumor and imperfect materials, and to set down with exactness the respective parts of all who were employed in the pacification, without impairing the merits of any one. . . ."

Supreme Court, to the clerks in every department of the government, and even to the officers of the army and navy. The majority of the West Point officers were either with the Secessionists openly in their service, or secretly sympathized with them. There were very, very few who from the beginning saw the character of the strife; and poor Lyon, who was one of the first to do it, perished almost in the beginning. Patterson, Fitz-John Porter, and others I could name, helped the enemy more than they helped us. You may remember a proclamation where the general promised to suspend hostilities and assist in putting down the negroes if they should rise. In this way, all our efforts have been applied too tardily, and time has been given the South to prepare. Their officers are terribly in earnest: and that earnestness, often excited against faltering opponents, has been very effective. Considering the waste of men and money we ought to have crushed the rebellion long ago, but now the end of the war, in my judgment, is not near: and cannot come, till the resoluteness of the South teaches the North to have some decent respect for the black man. I see no remedy but from a social revolution: and the North shrinks from adopting that measure, or accepts it only with misgivings and latent protestations. Congress refused (at least omitted) to aid Missouri in throwing off slavery: and by that neglect lost a precious opportunity to redeem that state and hold it irrevocably as a free one. But I am sure we shall triumph in the end, though we have got to do much in the way of improvement before we shall deserve to do so.

I renew to you my thanks for your attention to my request about the Treaty; you have done a very important service. Best regards to Mrs. Bigelow. I wish you would find time now and then to write. We Americans very generally regret the imbroglio of France with Mexico.

I am ever, dear Bigelow,

Very faithfully yours

[P.S.] There are but three possible terminations to this war.

1st. Let the Southern states rule and come back with Jeff. Davis.

2nd. Let them go.

3rd. Reduce them by a complete overthrow of their system of slavery.

At present there is chaos of opinion and of parties.

The North refuses to carry on the war to subjugation by the use of white men alone: and it also refuses to use the blacks. By degrees if the war lasts, slavery will be worn out: but it is very strong yet.

WEED TO BIGELOW

ALBANY, March 15, 1863.

My dear Bigelow:

Your letter comforts me. It teaches me how little individuals can do to help or hinder events. I will "try" to hold fast the hope that all will work for good. But this requires large *Faith*. So far we have only been trying "how not to do it." Imbecility is supreme at Washington.

I am laboring to smooth the way for carrying the Conscription Law into effect, else we shall be without an army. I am also endeavoring to counteract a conspiracy which seeks to take the Western States into the Southern Confederacy. It is formidable. The argument is, that New England gets rich by manufactures, New York with contracts, and that the burthens of the war fall on the West. That the Mississippi Valley railroads consume their substance by enormous freight rates. So you see we are beset on all sides.

Have you discovered that while negroes in the slave states show no general disposition to be free, those whom *we* free show as little disposition to fight! So that after all the row about authorizing "Black regiments" when you call spirits they won't come! I suggested this idea months ago, privately, but it was scouted.

Our Generals are quarrelling because they have no respect for, or fear of superiors.

Charleston would have been taken a month ago if old Welles had been in Hartford, and a true man in his place.

I have just read with interest the Debate in Parliament on

Polish affairs. These things promise to keep Europe occupied. Palmerston made a manly speech. The old fellow is a trump.

Though you continue to enjoy your liberty longer than I thought you would, if you were home I should press you hard to put on editorial harness again.

Opdyke and Field are endeavoring to get Barney removed.

It is shameful to send Clay[1] back to Russia but it was done to get rid of him.

Greeley, Field, Noyes and Opdyke expected, to the last hour, to be senator. We offered to re-elect King if they would consent. King will go abroad, if he consents.

Truly yours

JOHN BRIGHT TO BIGELOW

Private

Rochdale, March 16, 1863.

My dear Mr. Bigelow:

It is nearly a month since I received your interesting letter. It has remained without a reply for too long a time—the death of my father-in-law called me away for more than a week—a journey on business into Wales stole another week—then I was shut up ill for a week, unable to attend to any correspondence, suffering from a desperate cold and cough—and only yesterday, on reading your letter over again, I found you had asked me some questions to which I ought long ago to have sent you such answers as I was able to send.

It is a general estimate that there are 7 millions of men of

[1] Cassius Marcellus Clay, here referred to by Mr. Weed, was born in Kentucky in 1810 and became notorious rather than famous by espousing the cause of Free Soil, Free Labor and Free Men in a slave State. Such a rare demonstration naturally secured for anything he might say on these topics a wide circulation throughout the Northern press and was worth to him some votes in different conventions for President and Vice-President and an appointment by President Lincoln as Minister Plenipotentiary to Russia in 1861–62 and a reappointment in 1863. He lived to a very advanced age, the later years of which were marked by such eccentricities as no doubt fully warranted Mr. Weed's remark that he was sent back to Russia to be rid of him. He was a brave man, and, with due allowance for all his infirmities, a man of noble ideals.

21 years of age and upward in the United Kingdom. Of these about one million alone can vote—there are more than a million names on the registers of electors—but as many are on more than once—that is having a vote for the borough in which they live and the county also, a considerable deduction must be made, and I believe that not more than one million *persons* in the United Kingdom could vote at any one general election.

As to the privileged order. The House of Lords alone may be said to be strictly privileged—its members chiefly sit by hereditary title, and that is their chief privilege.

The Bishops are not there by hereditary claim—and certain Scotch and Irish peers are there as representatives of the Scotch and Irish Peerage, which is distinct from the peerage of the United Kingdom. I suppose the families of the House of Lords are about 400 in number—as a rule they do not meddle in trade, and they have a great influence in securing patronage for their sons and relations—and generally among the Baronets and other territorial proprietors, not being peers, there is a great tendency to look to government appointments for a career. Our system consists of these great families, with great landed properties, of the State Church, which is almost entirely in their hands, and devoted to their interests, and of the large class chiefly derived from the territorial ranks who fill the best offices under the government, and in all the services of the state. In the House of Commons a large proportion of the members, more than one third of them I think, are directly connected with members of the House of Lords, and thus the whole thing is so interwoven, that it makes a fabric so strong that probably only some great convulsion will ever break through it.

There is a little book, price 6d, published in London, with lists of the House of Parliament; it is called "Whittaker's Parliamentary Guide." I think you will find it at Galignani's —I am sorry I have but one here or I would send it to you.

I am very glad to rejoice with you at the change of sentiment manifested in this country on American affairs. It is probably not so much a change of sentiment as expression of sentiment hitherto concealed. The people have never been wrong. The "Upper" class has its newspapers in London always ready to speak out, and they make such a noise that for a time nobody else can be heard. Besides a minority is gener-

ally more active, and is often for a time mistaken for a majority.

I have been asked to take the chair at a great meeting to be held on the 26th inst. in St. James' Hall, London. It is called by members of Trades Unions and will be a remarkable and influential meeting of the artisan class. I have agreed to be there, and only hope that I may not be hoarse and unable to say anything. I shall not make a long speech—for indeed I have little that is new to say—and the speakers will chiefly be of the artisans themselves. Everywhere great meetings go in favor of the North, and the "Secesh" party has sunk into forgetfulness. This is important in its bearing on our newspapers, and on Government and Parliament—as well as on opinion and parties North and South in the states. In the House of Commons there is no disposition to debate the American question. I suspect the "Secesh" members think it better to be quiet, as they fear any action here will tend to unite the North, and lately I think they have hoped more from northern discord than from English or European sympathy. I do not think people here are satisfied about the building of *Floridas* and *Alabamas* in our ports, and I do not wonder at the irritation caused in New York by the depredations of the pirates.

I am surprised that your navy have not managed to meet with either of those vessels, and hope they may soon be more successful.

On the whole, the American news is more favorable to your cause. The spirit of discord and of hatred to the government seems laid in part for the present, and I hope a more united policy will be seen henceforth. But your commanders do stupid things,—they send rams and ironclad vessels in your great river, to run the forts at Vicksburg and then to allow the South to capture them—at this rate they will soon have a formidable squadron on the Mississippi built in northern ports and paid for by northern money! The most recent tidings from the states, last week and this, tends to support our cotton markets, as it leads to the impression that the war will go on to the subjugation of the South or the exhaustion of the North. *I* have never doubted this; but opinion here has differed from me. The influence of the lies of the *Times*, the lies of "Secesh" everywhere, and the wishes of the most interested, have caused men to believe that the war could not last long—and therefore

at these high prices, few have dared to enter into any considerable transactions.

Now, however, a different feeling is becoming prevalent, and all men are more disposed to believe that your country will not be broken up without a death struggle.

I am amused with your stories of Parisian Ministerial doings. I can believe almost anything of some of the men who surround the throne. It is difficult to imagine that such a system can last very long, and I am often sorry that more wisdom is not manifested, so that more solidity might be given to the existing dynasty.

The Mexican affair is a singular exhibition of folly. I suspect it must lead to mischief before very long. It is a tremendous thing to carry on a war 4,000 miles away from home, and Mexico may prove as powerful as France when Mexico is the field on which the struggle is to take place.

Your Senate intimates that it wants no more advice from France—in this I think it acts wisely. Your "revolution" is your own business, and you can make it yield its natural result —if let alone. It is freedom or slavery for a whole continent, and within that continent are the powers to whom the question must be put, and by whom it must be solved.

I have been here for a week to get rid of my cough and cold. I am much better, and expect to be in London about the end of the week. There is no political news here. I do not think our government will do anything on the Polish question, and I am against any intervention or interference with anybody.

Don't resolve never to write to me again because I have so much neglected your last letter.

Very sincerely yours

WILLIAM S. THAYER TO BIGELOW

Cairo, 18 March, 1863.

My dear Mr. Bigelow:

. . . . . .

I wish you would give me your advice as soon as you conveniently can, as to accepting a membership *titulaire* of the *Institut d'Afrique* of Paris. Its objects are the abolition of

slavery and the slave trade, and the civilization of Africa. The only American whose name I see on the list is Daniel Webster, but I see many distinguished Frenchmen and Englishmen on the roll. The Secretary is Hip. de Saint Anthoine. Do you know anything about the Society? It was founded in 1839. It is necessary for me to write if I accept the membership. And as I would like to answer soon I hope you will advise me. . . .

Have you seen M. Chas. de Lesseps yet? I trust that you will find him all that is agreeable. I liked him much.

. . . . . .

By the way I hope you will manage to read "The Invasion of the Crimea." It is a wonderful book, both as a description of the campaigns of the war, and of its cause. The cool way in which it murders your Emperor and his conspirators of the 2nd of December has never been surpassed. The Emperor has forbidden the book from coming into France but Kinglake sent quite a number of copies to his friends there before the publication was announced. Do get it if you can. Both the French and English governments will regret its appearance. Two more volumes are yet to come. Halleck's work on International Law I find a very convenient book for me—the best book of its size on the subject I have seen. I am still working along in Bayle, not writing but reading, so that I shall probably be a "full man" before I become a "ready man," as Bacon defines it. By the time I see you I hope to report progress. The subject is not tiresome; but I am so imperfectly qualified for it. I feel like Newton's baby with the great ocean of truth before him.

Nothing very important here. The Viceroy has promised to encourage the Suez Canal. It was feared he would not, and, for the first time, the French government gave its Consul-General instructions to look after the enterprise, after the new Viceroy's accession. The position taken is that it is an Egyptian government project (not French) and that M. De Lesseps was but the agent of the Viceroy in inducing the investment of millions of French capital. Therefore the Emperor feels it his duty, not to insist on the canal's continuing, but that French capitalists shall not be subjected to loss by interruption of the work. Of course the Viceroy sees no better way than to go ahead and pay the 3,500,000 pounds pledged by his predecessor.

His Highness has just exiled four adherents of his loving uncle and legal successor, Mustafa Pacha, on charge of plotting his assassination. He now eats and drinks nothing but from the hands of his wife. He is mortally frightened, and it is predicted by people on the street that Mustafa Pacha will not allow himself to fail. I should not like to be the nephew of Mr. Pacha.

Mrs. Ross tells me a story of Thackeray. He was at a dinner party of the widow of Sir Wm. Molesworth, a daughter of Braham, the singer, and rather snuffed at by the society whom she courted and who ate her dinners. The waiter offered Thackeray some patties which were about half the size of those offered to grander people at the other end of the table. "Take 'em away," says he; "these are two penny patties. I want some of those four penny ones." Mrs. Sir W. Molesworth is said to have been displeased.

Everything is reckoned by decades. It is a decade almost to a day since I entered the *Evening Post* office on regular service. It is a decade and six weeks more or less since I first entered your little office near Pine St., and saw Mrs. Ellett tearing about like a she-tiger, pushing Mrs. Bigelow one side, and demanding the manuscript of "The Lost Child." Alas! The manuscript was "lost" too.

Speaking of "lost" did I write you what I heard the blind Arab crying under my window not long ago? "Lost! Oh all ye good natured people, lost a black donkey. Whoever shall return the same shall receive 2,000 paras. It is a great deal better to receive 2,000 paras than to keep a donkey which don't belong to you!"

2,000 paras is equal to one dollar and twenty-five cents. As the piaster (worth 40 paras) is the unit of currency, any other man would have offered 50 piasters, but the 2,000 sounds more inviting. It is a curious fact that the public criers here are all sightless old men. No sooner does an Arab lose anything than he sends a blind man to find it.

With best regards to Mrs. Bigelow, I am,

As ever yours

P.S. I should like to send you something from Egypt as a present. Is there any sort of thing here you would specially like? Say what and you shall have it, I think.

Mr. Thomas Bailey Potter, who brought me the following note from Mr. Cobden, was at the time a member of a large commercial house in Manchester, the head of which was his brother, then a member of Parliament. Mr. Potter took a lively interest in our struggle for the preservation of the Union; was a great admirer of Mr. Cobden, at whose death he was chosen to fill his seat in Parliament; and he founded the Cobden Club, of which he was the first and only president until his death. When he visited this country some years ago, he was given a public dinner, at which William M. Evarts presided, in recognition of the friendly influence which he had exerted in our behalf among his fellow-countrymen during the Civil War.

COBDEN TO THOMAS POTTER

MIDHURST, 28 March, 1863.

My dear Potter:

When at Paris you will of course call on Mr. Dayton and Mr. Bigelow. You will require no introduction, or at least nothing beyond the knowledge of the course you have been taking on American affairs. If you should be too modest to communicate this information, let me do so for you in a line or two which may be handed to those gentlemen when you call, informing them that you as President of the Union and Emancipation Society of Manchester have done more than any other man in the North of England to produce that reaction in public opinion in favor of the North which has had so salutary an effect on the tone of our parliamentary politicians.

I shall be glad to hear from you from Paris.

Believe me,

Yours very truly

SEWARD TO BIGELOW

WASHINGTON, March 31, 1863.

My dear Bigelow:

I have your note of the 13th. M. Reclus' paper has not yet come to hand. I have had leisure to look into Dr. Le Febvre's

dream[1] and am infinitely pleased with its humor as well as its spirit. I shall be glad to get your book.

We are wearing through our contest here very well—according to present appearances. It is quite amusing to see ourselves laid aside and buried by our mourning friends in Europe, and enjoy most, the charitable obituaries that are pronounced over our remains. All the more so because we think we shall excite an agreeable surprise when we pronounce in the ears of the mourners the soothing assurance that we still live.

Faithfully yours

JOHN BRIGHT TO BIGELOW

Rochdale, April 8, '63.

My dear Mr. Bigelow,

Owing to my absence from London I have not yet seen your book on America. Many thanks to you for it, I shall read it with much interest—& I hope it may give some information to the French about your Country, as to which I can imagine them to be even more ignorant than Englishmen are.

The Trades' Unionist Meeting was a remarkable affair—I have seen no meeting on the American question more remarkable. I endeavored to point out the principle involved in your struggle, & the interest which workmen and artisans have in it. The speeches of the workmen were very good & logical, and I think the effect of the meeting on the most numerous class in this country must be considerable.

I am interested by your remarks on Kinglake's book. I think he treats Cobden & me very respectfully & with some compliments, whilst he judges very accurately of the position we occupied at the beginning of the Russian war.

You will have heard that our Govt. have seized a ship building in Liverpool for the Southern Conspirators—& that they are manifesting some activity in regard to other vessels building for the same respectable concern. I hope they are in

[1] Laboulaye's "Paris en Amérique," of which I had sent him a copy.

earnest—but I never trust them in anything—there is much more of baseness than of magnanimity in the policy of our ruling class. But I hear that Mr. Adams observes a sensible change in the tone and conduct of our foreign office towards his Govt. & I hope this is true & that the change is sincere. I am sure that if the news from the States become more and more favorable to your Govt.—then our Govt. will become more and more civil to yours. There will be plenty of dirt for our people (our Govt.) to eat if you should succeed in restoring the Union, and I shall not make a wry face if they have to eat it.

Seeing what you can do in ships and men and funds, you will be much more thought of in this country hereafter—not more loved or less hated, but perhaps more feared.

I am looking with great anxiety for further news. If the great river were cleared—then you could turn your attention more to Tennessee, & to Charleston, Savannah, & Mobile—& we might see some daylight in the future.

I am at home for the Easter recess. Parlt. meets again next Monday—but I doubt if I shall be there for another week or more.

Believe me always

Very sincerely yours

The book referred to by Mr. Bright in the following note had been prepared for the special purpose of placing before the governing classes in Europe a compendious statement of the wealth, productive power, and other resources, developed and undeveloped, of the United States in such aspects as to make conspicuous the contrast in all these particulars between the free and the slaveholding States. No one could read this statement and doubt for an instant the friendship of which section of the country was of most importance to Europe. Copies of this book were sent to all the diplomatic corps and to most if not all the members of the Corps Législatif and the important members of the French Administration.

The book was favorably received, and within eight months

the entire edition was sold.[1] I regret that my time was too much absorbed by my duties in France to act upon Mr. Bright's suggestion for an English edition of it.

JOHN BRIGHT TO BIGELOW

ROCHDALE, April 11, 1863.

My dear Mr. Bigelow:

I have received your book and have read the introduction, and have looked through the rest of the volume. I think the introduction admirable, and the whole book full of information of a valuable kind. But I do not see why it should be confined to the French—why should not Englishmen have a chance of learning something from your labors? I am sure such a work is wanted here very much, for I always find those who are full of prejudices against the states are precisely those who are most ignorant of them. There is a great disposition to read on America just now. Russell's book must have sold extensively, and Mr. Dicey, I see, is bringing out two volumes, which will be valuable, and very just to the North. But your work is different, and to certain people, and for certain ends, more useful than any other I have seen. Our writers give impressions, and describe what they have seen and heard on the surface,—you give the facts, the astounding facts of your four score years of national life—and these facts are of such a nature as to be irresistible even to the most obtuse and prejudiced mind.

I hope you have taken steps to have your work brought out in this country. It will require, here and there, a slight alteration which you will doubtless attend to.

The news from the states is confused, and not wholly satisfactory. The time is very critical. The Southern papers say their cause must be gained or lost within the next three months. I am not so sure of this. Perhaps it is not intended

[1] "Les États-Unis d'Amérique en 1863, leur histoire politique, leur résources minéralogiques, agricoles, industrielles et commerciales, et la part pour laquelle ils ont contribué à la richesse et à la civilisation du monde entier," par John Bigelow (Paris: Hachette et Cie.).

that the war should end, until the negro is more firmly secured in his freedom. I look however with much anxiety for further news.

Believe me always,

Yours sincerely.

In the winter of 1862–63 the banking house of Erlanger & Co., Paris, in concert with a couple of prominent banking houses in London, brought out what was known as the cotton loan of $15,000,000 for the Confederate States. It was a loan subscribed for pretty exclusively in England. Two years later it transpired that the name of William Ewart Gladstone, though a member of the Queen's Cabinet, was enrolled among the subscribers to this loan for $10,000. The loan failed to receive the popular support in England which its bankers anticipated. The means employed by them, with the connivance of the Confederate commissioner Mason, to sustain its market price are disclosed in the following contract and in letters of the commissioner. The reader may expect to hear again of this loan when, after the close of our Civil War, it shall begin to give up its secrets.

AGREEMENT OF MASON AND ERLANGER TO BULL THE MARKET FOR THE CONFEDERATE LOAN

Articles of Agreement entered into this seventh day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three between the Hon. J. M. Mason, special Commissioner of the Government of the Confederate States of America to England acting with the advice of the financial agent of the Confederate Government in England, of the first part, Messrs. Emile Erlanger & Co., bankers, Paris, of the second part.

Whereas, Messrs. Emile Erlanger & Co. have contracted with the said Government to issue in Europe a loan of three million pounds sterling, nominal amount, and whereas the said loan was fully subscribed for and issued to the public, and a deposit of fifteen per cent has been

paid upon it by the allotters, and whereas, it is believed that various parties have set themselves to depress the loan in the market by circulating rumors, by selling large amounts for future delivery and by other machinations in order to alarm the holders and if possible to drive them to abandon the loan and whereas these measures have been successful in depreciating the price to a discount and thus tending to injure the estimation of the loan in public opinion and if unresisted may have a disastrous effect on the interest of the Government and the bond-holders,

Therefore in order to meet these attempts and for the protection of the stock-holders and in the interest of the said government, it is hereby agreed—

That Messrs. Emile Erlanger & Co. shall and are hereby authorized to buy for account of the Confederate Government in the market up to the amount of 1,000,000 pounds sterling, nominal capital, or any smaller amount as may appear sufficient to restore the value of the said bonds to the position they ought to hold as well in reference to the credit of the government as in view of the interest of the bond-holders.

Due notice of the amount so acquired shall be from time to time notified to the Hon. J. M. Mason and to the financial agent of the Confederate Government, but it shall be in the power of Messrs. Emile Erlanger & Co. to resell to the public the amount of stock or any part of the amount so acquired, at a price not lower than the price of issue, say 90 per cent, subject however to the control of the said Hon. J. M. Mason, and any profits on these transactions shall inure to the benefit of the Confederate Government. Should circumstances however require that the bonds be resold at a price below price of issue, such resale shall be effected only under the sanction of the Hon. J. M. Mason.

The operations herein referred to will be conducted by Messrs. Emile Erlanger & Co. free of all commissions and charges (except the actual brokerage paid) to the Government.

London, 7 April, 1863.

(Signed) J. M. Mason,
Special Com. etc. etc. etc.

(Signed) Emile Erlanger & Co.,
H. Hamberer.

Witness to the signatures,
(Signed) J. W. Schroeder.

MASON TO BENJAMIN

PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON,
APRIL 9th, 1863.

Sir:

In my No. 32 of 30th March ultimo, I gave the history of the Confederate loan up to that date, when it stood with apparent firmness at from 1¾ to 2 per cent premium, and with every prospect, as I was assured by the bankers, that it was then sufficiently strong in the market not to fall below par.

Subsequently however and within a few days afterwards, it fluctuated from day to day with a depressing tendency until in a single day it fell from 2 to 2½ per cent, closing on that day at 4 to 4½ *discount.* The Easter holidays then intervened, when the exchange was closed for one or two days. At this time the Erlangers with their advisers in London came to me and represented that it was very manifest that agents of the Federal Government here and those connected with them by sympathy and interest, were making concerted movements covertly to discredit the loan, by large purchases at low rates, and succeeding to some extent had thus invited the formation of a "*bear*" party, whose operations, if unchecked by an exhibition of confidence strongly displayed, might and probably would bring down the stock before settlement day (24th April) to such low rates, as would alarm holders, and might in the end lead a large portion of them to abandon their subscriptions by a forfeiture of the instalments (15 per cent) so far paid. They said that they with their friends, with a view to sustain the market, had purchased as far as they could go; but unless a strong and determined power was interposed they could not be responsible for the panic that might arise, and they advised that I should give them authority to purchase on Government account, if necessary, to the extent of one million (sterling) at such times as might appear judicious, and until par was obtained. I represented the condition of things to Mr. Slidell and asked his counsel in the matter. He agreed with me that if necessary to prevent such serious consequences as might ensue to the Government credit, the proposed interposition should be made. I further requested Mr. Spence (who was kept fully cognizant of the condition of things) to confer with the depositaries (Trenholm & Co.) at Liverpool as to the projected measure, and to come up to London. He did so; and under these joint counsels including Erlanger & Co., it was determined if the market opened after the Easter recess under the same depression, that the Government should buy through Erlanger & Co., but of course without disclosing the real party in the market, in the manner indicated. I enclose here-

with a copy of the Articles of Agreement entered into with Erlanger & Co. to effect this end, dated on the 7th instant. The next day (the 8th) was the first business day after the holidays. The loan opened under great depression, and with declining tendencies. In the course of the day purchases were made for our account, at from 4 to 3 and 2½ discount to the amount of 100,000 pounds. This had the effect of bringing the rates at the close of the day to the point last named (2½ discount). The following day (yesterday) (to use the language of the stock exchange) the "*bears*" again made a rush, but were met by so decided a front, that at the close of the day the stock stood at ½ per cent premium, and it was said by our bankers (who report to me every morning) that there were strange manifestations of the bears creeping in at the close of the day, to cover themselves as well as they could, at rates ranging from ⅛ to ½ premium. Yesterday the amount purchased under the arrangement is reputed at about 300,000 pounds and our bankers believe that our work is substantially done, and that the stock will now gradually rise to a healthy condition, and a premium. Of course no purchase will be made above par. The operations of yesterday were chiefly at par. All this thing is of course done in confidence and silence. Should the market admit, or when it admits, sales will be made (never under par) until what the government may have bought shall be again placed. At worst, should it be found necessary to purchase to the extent proposed (of 1,000,000) the effect will only be, to reduce the loan by that amount.

It is believed that after the adjustments ensuing at settlement day, and the payment of the next instalment of 10 per cent on the 1st of May, matters will become sufficiently permanent not only to dispense with further purchases, but to enable us gradually to sell out.

I hope you will see the necessity which called on me to exercise this responsibility, and that what I have done will have the approval of the Government. I confess I was at first impression exceedingly averse to it, and so expressed myself to Mr. Slidell, but each day since I am better satisfied with what has been done.

April 10th.

The market closed yesterday firm at from 3 to 1 per cent premium, an improvement on the day before. I understand there were large dealings but only 30,000 pounds purchased for Government account, and for the most part at par.

April 11th (Saturday).

The market closed today still upward, the rates at close 1¾ to 2¼ premium.

I have the honor to be

MASON TO EMILE ERLANGER & CO.

LONDON, 24 April, 1863.

Gentlemen:

In pursuance of the conversation we have had together I hereby authorize you to buy, in the market, a further amount of the scrip of the 7 per cent cotton loan, not exceeding 500,000 pounds stock (£500,000) for account of the Government of the Confederate States of America, on precisely the same terms and conditions as stipulated in the former agreement executed between us, and bearing date of the 7th instant, for the purchase of £1,000,000 stock, of which this is, in fact, an extension.

I am, gentlemen,

Your obedient servant

MASON TO BENJAMIN

Unofficial

LONDON, Apr. 27, 1863.

Sir:

On the 7th of April instant, I wrote you, at some length, on the condition and prospects of the Loan, on which I am now to make a further report.

The record here would show, that this letter was numbered *34* as a *despatch.* Should this be so, I suggest that it be treated as unofficial, and marked accordingly—it, perhaps, should not go on the official files to give it publicity.

I have now to report that by means of the purchase upon Government account, therein referred to, the stock continued to stand, from day to day, at about therein noted, on the 11th of April—say from one and a half to two per cent premium. To maintain this strength, however, so large purchases were made, that on the 24th instant they were found to exceed one million sterling; when again under the advice of Mr. Spence, I enlarged the power of the brokers to purchase, to the additional extent of five hundred thousand of pounds if necessary. Settlement-day was the 25th, and this new authority was deemed indis-

pensable to prevent the stock again lapsing to a discount. Mr. Spence again reports that on the 25th the account between buyers and sellers was fully adjusted, and under circumstances leading to the belief that the *bears* were sufficiently punished to make them cautious of future like attacks.

Mr. Spence, under whose advice and guidance I acted in this matter, remained in London during the operation, and was each day in the city, during business hours, attending to it in person. Both he and the bankers entertain strong hope, as the great mass of the stock is now in *certain* hands, that it will sustain itself on a level at least at *Par,* or free from fluctuations caused by its adversaries, and that it will have the benefit of an upward tendency by accounts favorable to the success of the Confederate arms, as they successively reach here.

I shall not close this despatch for some days, and will have it in my power to note what effect may have been produced by the great and gratifying intelligence received yesterday of the signal repulse of the ironclads at Charleston, the abandonment of the attack on Vicksburg, and the dangerous position of the enemy's forces at Washington, N. C.

The very large purchases that were required to sustain the stock afford the best evidence that without them it would have fallen so far below *par,* as to have brought it into great discredit, very possibly producing a panic so great, as to induce holders even to abandon the instalment paid, of fifteen per cent, rather than incur risk of greater loss: and the more I have thought on the subject the better I am satisfied of the correctness of our judgment in going to the market to sustain it. The next instalment is due on the 1st of May, which when paid, will amount to twenty-five per cent. After that, both the bankers and Mr. Spence are sanguine, that under favorable accounts from the South, the stock will so rapidly improve as to enable them, gradually, to *replace* what was bought in, by sales, from time to time, as the market would bear.

It is difficult satisfactorily to determine why the stock fell so rapidly to four or five per cent discount, after having for the first few days stood at a premium equal to the same amount, and under the apparent avidity to obtain it, which prompted the overflowing subscription of nearly sixteen millions.

I am not sufficiently conversant with the stock-market or its tendencies to solve the question. My advisers ascribe it to the determined effort of Federal agencies here to throw the Loan into discredit; and Mr. Spence thinks amongst other causes, that it was placed too high (at 90) upon the market. Be this as it may, I was satisfied that any risk should be taken, to prevent the Loan from falling through, and acted accordingly. Should we be unable to resell, it will, of course, much disturb all arrangements that have been made, based upon the

estimated receipts from the Loan. I believe, however, that no loss will be sustained because of our purchases; and have even a confident hope that it will turn out a money-making operation. At worst, should we be obliged to hold the stock, there is little doubt it can be used to meet existing engagements of the Government here.

May 2nd.

I enclose an account that may interest you, showing the purchases made from day to day on Government account, with the prices affixed.[1] The sales at the close of the account show only twenty-six thousand pounds (£26,000). It is thought now, however, that the market will daily grow stronger, and admit of sales more freely. On the day before yesterday (the 30th of April) twenty thousand pounds addi-

[1] "Bought by order and for account of the Government of the Confederate States of America:

April 7.—	£75,000	at 3	Dis.
	15,000	" 2¼	"
	15,000	" 2½	"
	10,000	" 2½	"
	10,000	" 1¼	"
	5,000	" 1	"
April 8.—	4,000	" 1½	"
	8,000	" 1¼	"
	3,000	" 1⅛	"
	37,000	" 1	"
	32,000	" ¾	"
	3,000	" ⅞	"
	3,000	" ⅝	"
	23,000	" ½	"
	47,000	" ½	"
	1,000	" ⅛	"
	110,000	" par.	
April 9.—	10,000	" ¼	Pm.
	1,000	" ⅜	"
	25,500	" ½	"
	5,000	" ⅝	"
April 10.—	51,000	" 1	"
	13,000	" 1⅛	"
	17,000	" 1¼	"
	5,000	" 1⅜	"
	3,000	" 1 9/16	"
	17,000	" 1⅝	"
	10,000	" 1½	"
April 11.—	19,500	" 1½	"
	25,000	" 1⅝	"
April 13.—	15,000	" 1½	"
April 13.—	£22,000	at 1⅝	Pm.
April 14.—	25,000	" 1½	"
April 15.—	26,000	" 1⅜	"
April 16.—	45,000	" 1	"
April 17.—	1,000	" ⅞	"
April 18.—	21,500	" 1	"
April 20.—	67,500	" 1	"
April 21.—	44,000	" 1	"
April 23.—	5,000	" 1	"
	35,000	" 1¼	"
	65,000	" 1⅜	"
	128,000	" 1½	"
April 24.—	5,000	" 1⅜	"
	160,900	" 1½	"
	5,000	" 1 9/16	"
	100,000	" 1¼	"
	14,600	" 1	"
Confed. 7% cotton . . .			£1,388,500

Sold:

April 8.—	£6,000	at ½	Dis.
	5,000	" ¼	"
April 9.—	5,000	" par.	
	5,000	" ¼	Pm.
April 10.—	5,000	" 1⅜	"
			26,000
			£1,362,500

E. & O. E.
London, 28 April, 1863."

tional were sold at one and five eighths per cent premium, yesterday was *dies non* at the Stock Exchange, a holiday.

No intelligence yet of Mr. McRae.[1]

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant[2]

MOTLEY TO BIGELOW

VIENNA, April 24, 1863.

My dear Bigelow,

I hope you don't think me very negligent in having delayed until now my answer to your kind & interesting letter of April 1, as well as my thanks for your most valuable present "Les États-Unis d'Amérique en 1863," which reached me safely a day or two later. I congratulate you very much on so excellent a work, so thorough, exhaustive, & masterly in its presentment of the greatest cause for which men have ever fought. If men would not fight twenty years for the preservation of such a country & such noble institutions, as we possess & as you have so well massed & held up in the face of Europe, they are only fit to be the humble servants of Czars & Kaisers & oligarchs.

I am glad to find that you are still sufficiently interested in the public opinion of Europe in regard to our affairs to be

[1] Another of the Confederate commissioners *in partibus.*

[2] In the foregoing letter we have another of Mr. Benjamin's methods, and a pretty costly one, too, of "enlightening public opinion in Europe." Subtracting this $6,000,000 wasted in "rigging" the English market, and some $5,000,000 more, wasted upon ships which were never delivered, the balance realized from the $15,000,000 cotton loan by the Confederate Government does not speak very highly for the morals or the financiering of the Confederate agents in Europe. Neither does the fraud, so deliberately planned and executed by Mr. Mason and his colleagues, appear any more venial because it was specially designed to mislead and defraud their special friends and foreign allies, who alone were stupid enough to buy their securities.

It would be surprising if the people of this world should some day be just wicked enough to ask the first person they think likely to know, whether all the gentlemen shown here to have been concerned in sustaining the market with Confederate funds had as many of those but-too-much-coddled securities when they stopped "sustaining" as they had when they began. (See Bigelow's France and the Confederate Navy, Harper & Brothers, 1888.)

willing to occupy your time in enlightening the dense ignorance which prevails on the subject. I am glad, I say, because the result is an invaluable work—one which will certainly be of great use to me, & which I shall keep on my table always as an indispensable book of reference—as a kind of philosophical encyclopædia in compact form—& which must at least command the attention & the respect of all thinkers in Europe. You know better than I do how large or small that class may be in France. For myself I have long since passed through the stage at which European opinion on America had any value for me. The *gens d'élite,* the men of thought & theory who are always about a generation ahead of the vulgar governing or governed classes & who are therefore looked down upon as dreamers, altho' their dreams are sure to become the substantial stuff of men's daily life in the next generation—these men have thoroughly understood the causes, incidents & inevitable issues of the great revolution now going on in the U. States. But what impression have such men as Tocqueville, & Gasparin, or Stuart Mill & Cairnes & John Bright & the doctrinaires who write in the *London Daily News* articles full of knowledge & of power, been able to produce on their contemporaries, on the ignorant aristocratic rabble who control the destinies of Europe, & who determine the attitude of Europe to America? Very little, I fear. But it signifies little to us—very much to the peoples of Europe. Alas for the nations who prefer to be fed on the daily lies furnished them by the aristocratic journalists & stump orators of England, to deriving their nourishment from the storehouses of truth which are ever open. I always knew that human nature was capable of great energy. But the solid, substantial, long sustained & vigorous lying which has been kept up by the London press for two years long in regard to America, surpasses all that I had previously imagined possible.

It is in its way sublime. Yet it does n't seem to damage us very much. And I am pleased to see that in the many American journals which I receive, it is very rarely that any notice is taken of, or extracts given from, these wretched vehicles of calumny & falsehood. Thank God we have risen above all that since we had something really to do in the world. For myself I have n't seen the *Times* or *Galignani's Messenger*

or any thing of that sort for nearly a year. I would as soon have rattlesnakes in my house. But I mark the trace of them through the German journals, & I see that all the information, meagre as it is, in regard to us, is derived from the same political source. I did not think it possible so to misrepresent current history, by the scientific garbling, suppression & invention of facts, as has been done so successfully in our case by our legion of enemies. *Tant pis pour eux.*

I think you have presented the ⅗ clause very lucidly & ingeniously. I am not sure however that I am inclined to attach all the weight to it that you do. Slavery itself, the concentration of much power & property in few hands, & the degradation of labour throughout a great section of country, would have of itself created the Privilege which it is the business of this generation of Americans to destroy, even without the technical & artificial advantage acquired by that unlucky clause of the constitution. Still the evil was accelerated & aggravated thereby no doubt.

In reg'd to war with Engl'd I partake of your fears in a lesser degree—but I deprecate such a war much more. It wd. be very green in us to accept that war *now*. No doubt there is a party in Engld. desirous of getting up that war—partly from political hatred & partly from the sordid motives which are so shamelessly manifested to the world. But there are many, perhaps a majority, in Engd. who are opposed to the war—& we should be turning our backs on our friends & giving all our enemies—the slaveholders, most of all,—cause to jump for joy, if we shd blunder into a war with any body so long as we can keep out of it. I am perfectly aware that the English privateering business is a casus belli, as well as one of the most infamous ⌜*Cætera desunt.*⌝

In penning the foregoing lines about the three-fifths clause of the Constitution Mr. Motley seems to have lost sight of the fact that the slave interest, which, from the adoption of the Constitution, had been steadily intrenching itself, was never so powerful, so arrogant and so despotic as under the Administration which preceded the election of Lincoln to the Presidency. Contemporaneous, however, with the election of Mr. Lincoln were the revelations of the census of 1860, by which the slave-owners learned that the political power of

the country had crossed the Potomac and that, in spite of the political advantages of the three-fifths clause to the slave States, the free States were thenceforward irreconcilably in the ascendant and in control of the Government. For more than half a century, with the aid of the three-fifths clause, slavery had been steadily growing stronger and finally intolerant of any criticism of it as either a social or political institution. As soon as the political power of the country, however, passed to the free States we were told that the South could not and would not live without slavery. The Civil War which followed was a perfectly natural effort to slough a foreign body which was festering in our system of popular sovereignty and to rid that system of an aristocratic element based on property in slaves which was not shared by a majority of the people or States and was utterly irreconcilable with popular sovereignty. The degradation of labor and the inhumanity of slavery may have accelerated and aggravated the conflict which followed, but the time chosen by the South shows very clearly that it was the impotence of the three-fifths clause to insure it the control of the Government that made a fratricidal war the only agency through which our Constitution could be purged of its one, if not its only, undemocratic provision.

HARGREAVES TO BIGELOW

27 April, 1863.

Dear Mr. Bigelow:

Mr. Cobden writes me—"I shall be in Havre tomorrow and will bring the speech with me. Will you be so good as to write and inform Mr. Bigelow that he may take the necessary steps for reprinting it. I will soften the allusion to Mr. Seward—"

Trusting that you have arrived safe in Paris to find your children all well, I remain with kindest remembrances to Mrs. Bigelow,

Always most truly yours

The state of matters at Charleston and Vicksburg tells us that the end is not yet. In truth the end will not come until justice to the negro becomes an *absolute necessity.*

W. H. RUSSELL TO BIGELOW

18 Sumner Place, S. W.,
April 15, 1863.

My dear Bigelow:

You will be surprised to hear that I have been asked to pay another visit to the States, but you will not be astonished to hear that I have declined doing so just at present. I am much more likely to see you in Paris where I trust to be in a month or so, and I am in hopes of taking Thack. under my wing and improving his mind and his digestion by a course of light wines & dinners. I don't know what your letters say but if they are of the same tenor as mine, you must derive from them very small consolation in the present conflict. I have all along maintained that according to the general principles which ensure success in war the North ought to be able to establish its garrisons in military occupation of the strategic political points in the Southern States. To do so however the North must act with all the vigor and "homogeneity" of a military force and must produce chiefs able to direct armies, soldiers willing to fight to the last, and a population prepared to pay in blood and money to the uttermost. That the South will ever again become a member of any Union consisting of the Middle and New England States is beyond my belief or comprehension, though I am unfortunately a believer in the results of physical force. The amount of misery borne by the Southerners is a test of their resolution, and it is an efficient machine in arousing sympathy in Europe for a people so valiant and so enduring. I am told it is lucky the Polish uprising has called off the surplus energy of France or the Emperor would have found it quite impossible to resist the feeling in favor of intervention. Of course our government does not receive any thanks for chilling his Imperial zeal in that direction. I never approved of the *Alabama's*

proceedings, but I am satisfied the government was not to blame as has been stated so generally in America. Our Foreign Enlistment Act requires revision and was meant for slow coach times. Steam, cupidity and commercial genius if there be such a thing about commerce at all, are too much for it nowadays. By this time you must be quite gallicized and Mrs. Bigelow will have quite forgotten Baltimore and its lovely soft crabs & hard monuments. I hope she and all the children are as well as we wish them. . . .

Ever with kind regards

WEED TO BIGELOW

Albany, April 16, 1863.

Thanks, dear Bigelow, for your letter and preface. I shall read the latter this evening, but while in the vein will answer the former briefly.

We are indeed drifting towards the iron bound coast of England. I too for some time have seen that we shall inevitably clash with that power. We cannot stand any more *Alabamas*.

Mr. Aspinwall and Mr. Forbes have gone (privately) to England to purchase private ships. Mr. Evarts goes on Saturday to confer with Mr. Adams upon legal questions and to associate with English lawyers.

We are doing badly enough here. Neither Vicksburg nor Charleston is or can be taken. Indeed our army at each of these points is inferior to that of the enemy!

In a month or six weeks the term of service of 200,000 troops expires.

. . . . . .

If we were lost before, I greatly fear that the Proclamation has "done for us." I dislike to say this, even to you, but I cannot help it. In the very strongest and broadest sense of language, I assure you that it has *strengthened* the South and *weakened* the North.

I believe I intimated, in my last, a doubt about the warlike zeal of the free colored men. This is no longer a matter of doubt. Governor Andrews is not able to raise *one* regiment in Massachusetts. We are sending such as will go from this state.

The disloyalty of Democrats and the sense and exertion of Union men, saved Connecticut.

I have done with Greeley. He is no longer troublesome. There is mutiny in the "*Tribune* Buildings," and it is possible that his own hounds will turn upon him.

Opdyke, Wetmore, Charley Gould, Field, etc., with John Van Buren and "Jim" Brady are organizing a new party, and so long as they make the war and the country the first consideration, success to them.

I shall not probably get into editorial harness again, though if I were ten or fifteen years younger I could not keep out.

. . . How I wish you were here.

Ever yours

[P.S.] Gen. Bowen is doing well at New Orleans.

SLIDELL TO BENJAMIN

PARIS, March 4, 1863.

Sir:

. . . . . .

On the 22d ultimo I had a long interview with M. Drouyn de Lhuys expecting that he would have received something definite from M. Mercier on the subject of the proposition for a conference made by the letter of 9th January. Although a letter had been received from M. Mercier dated 5th February, no mention whatever was made of the subject, not even an acknowledgment of the receipt of the despatch of the 9th January.

This was the more extraordinary as M. Drouyn de Lhuys was informed from London that M. Mercier intended to read that despatch to Mr. Seward on the 3rd Feb.

. . . . . .

I spoke to M. Drouyn de Lhuys of the matter mentioned in cypher

in my No. 23;[1] he said that it was one on which he was not necessarily called to act, that it belonged rather to the Minister of Marine, that it was better that he should know nothing of it, that he was quite willing to close his eyes until some direct appeal was made to him.

The Minister was extremely cordial, said that he would always be happy to see me whenever I desired it, but that unless something special occurred, it would be better that I should communicate through the friend of whom I had spoken in previous despatches.

He asked me to send him through that channel any information or suggestion that I might desire to make. This is a very convenient and agreeable arrangement, dispensing with the delays and formalities attending personal interviews with the Minister.

On the following day I called by appointment on M. Rouher with M. Voruz, deputy from Nantes, of whom I spoke in my No. 25. The express object of the appointment was to receive from him a distinct assurance that if we were to build ships of war in French ports we should be permitted to arm and equip them and proceed to sea. This assurance was given him, and so soon as the success of Erlanger's loan[2] is established, I shall write to Messrs. Maury and Bullock, recommending them to come here for the purpose of ascertaining whether they can make satisfactory contracts.

The partner of a large Banking house at Vienna recently called to see me, he says that the Austrian Government has some very superior war steamers which can be bought thoroughly armed and ready for sea, with the exception of the crews. I shall advise M. Maury to look at them.

Seward's letter to Dayton rejecting the proposition for a conference was published two or three days since, its tone is considered very exceptionable and his boasting assertions are universally received with ridicule and contempt. I have not been able to learn what impression it had produced on the Emperor, but I remain unchanged in my opinion, that he will not long allow our question to rest where it is.

. . . . . .

In my conversation with M. Drouyn de Lhuys, I mentioned the loan of Erlanger & Co. and invoked his good offices in carrying it out, say-

[1] This is doubtless a reference to the conspiracy already incubating for the construction of some vessels of war in the shipyards of France for the Confederate States under the supervision of Captain Bullock, of which full details will be given presently.

[2] The loan here referred to was for $15,000,000 and was brought out in London under the auspices of Erlanger & Co. Of this loan and its subscribers in England the reader will be permitted to learn more a few years later. Meantime he may profitably consult a pamphlet privately printed by the present writer in 1905, entitled "Lest We Forget: Gladstone, Morley, and the Confederate Loan of 1863."

ing that these gentlemen considered it important that it should be advertised in the Paris papers, but that the advertisement could not be made without the assent of the Government. He expressed his wishes for the success of the loan but thought that he could not consent to the advertisement: That the object could be equally well attained by the circular, etc., while advertisements would excite unfriendly comment and probably be made the subject of a protest from the Federal Minister.

The consent of the Minister of Finance, M. Fould, had been obtained, subject however to the approbation of the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Erlanger & Co. then brought the subject before the Emperor, who very promptly directed his secretary to write a note to the Minister requesting him to grant an audience to M. Erlanger on an urgent matter in which he felt great interest.

The result of the audience was the withdrawal by M. Drouyn de Lhuys of his objections, and the loan will now be simultaneously advertised here and in London. I mention this fact as offering renewed evidence of the friendly feeling of the Emperor.

I have the honor to be with great respect,

Your most obedient servant

SLIDELL TO BENJAMIN

Paris, 20th April, 1863.

Sir:

My last was of the 11th instant. We are still without intelligence of Mr. McRae, and if he does not soon make his appearance, there will be good reason to believe that something serious has happened to him. I venture to suggest the propriety of making another appointment based upon the hypothesis of a vacancy in his office, of some person now in Europe to supply his place. Of course should Mr. McRae reach here, the appointment could have no effect. There are several very fit persons whom I could name, but there are two who are in every way qualified to discharge the duties of the office, Mr. James T. Souter, a native of Virginia, for several years the president of the Bank of the Republic at New York, and who was obliged with his family to leave the United States to escape arrest and imprisonment, and Mr. James M. Buchanan of Maryland, Ex-minister at Copenhagen, who has four sons in our army; both are well known to many persons at Richmond.

As I said in a previous despatch, the absence of Mr. McRae, if much prolonged, may be productive of very great embarrassment in the

financial arrangement of the Agents of the War and Navy Department in Europe.

On the 14th instant, I received from M. Mocquard, *Chef du Cabinet* of the Emperor, a note in which he said that he hastened to send me a paper which he thought could not fail to be of interest to me. It was a copy of a telegraphic despatch from Mr. Adams of London to Mr. Dayton, advising him that the *Japan*, alias *Virginia*, would probably enter a French port near St. Malo. On the following day I saw M. Mocquard, who told me he had been directed by the Emperor to send me the despatch as soon as received. All despatches go first through the Minister of the Interior; if they have any political interest they are transmitted to the Tuileries by the wires; thus I have no doubt that I was in possession of the paper as soon as Mr. Dayton. I thanked M. Mocquard for his note and said that I had called to ask his counsel as to the course I should pursue in relation to it. He asked me what I desired should be done in the matter. I said that of course I wished that every needful facility should be afforded by the Government for the repair of the Steamer. He advised me to prepare a note to that effect which he would present to the Emperor and to feel assured all would be right. You cannot fail to perceive the very great significance of what I have narrated; the necessity of putting the greater portion of it in cypher obliges me to be laconic.

I send you copy of the memorandum I prepared for submission to the Emperor. Captain Bullock has signed provisional contract for building four steamers of the *Alabama* class on a large scale. Contract to take effect when assurances satisfactory to me are given that the ships will be allowed to leave French Ports armed and equipped. Contractors are confident that these assurances will be given. I shall probably know the result in time to inform you by the same conveyance as I employ for this despatch.[1]

I have the honor to be, etc.

SEWARD TO BIGELOW

Department of State,
Washington, May 4, 1863.

My dear Sir:

I thank you sincerely for your letter of the 17th of April written at London.

[1] I did not become aware of the existence of this contract until five months later, September 9. For its history and some of its results, see Bigelow's "France and the Confederate Navy."

The activity of the British agent in fitting out expeditions tends very directly to a war with the United States. And yet I can't bring myself to believe that the present or any other ministry could desire, much less meditate such a design. Certainly we shall practice all the prudence possible to avert such an embarrassment.

At the moment when I write an important battle is understood to be going on behind the Rappahannock. The result will probably be known before the departure of the steamer.

General Banks' proceedings in Louisiana are very favorable and all that we hear from the Mississippi expedition is cheering. In the midst of the uncertainties of our movements it would be rash to speculate. But there is a trend of public confidence in the success of the Union cause.

I am very truly, your friend

WILLIAM M. EVARTS TO BIGELOW

EDWARDS' HOTEL, LONDON,
May 4, 1863.

My dear Bigelow:

Mr. Forbes goes over to Paris tomorrow and I send a line to give you information of my exact domicile and to acknowledge a kind message from you which, through some traveller, Mr. Forbes brought me this morning.

I shall, of course, come to Paris and depend much upon you to introduce me to its wonders and protect me from its perils. If there is to be at any particular time any special show item or miracle that it will be important for me to see and you will drop me a timely line, I may be able to adapt myself to the emergency.

I suppose you know, or guess, what I came here for. The prospect of a continued emission of armed vessels from Paris ports to cut up our commerce carried so much danger to our peaceful relations that the government thought it might be useful to place a lawyer of their own at Mr. Adams' service. The Minister and the gentlemen of the Legation received me

very cordially and seem to think my visit may be useful. I find the government more awake to the dangers of their stickling for the "freedom of British Commerce" than I feared they would be.

With my respects to Mrs. Bigelow,

I am yours very truly

JOHN M. FORBES TO BIGELOW

London, 6 May, 1863.

My dear Mr. Bigelow:

I hope to be in Paris Wednesday morning *or* night.

Mr. Cobden's pamphlet is on hand. I am not sure if he has modified what he said of Seward but I *think* he has as it sounds softer. "Mr. Seward writes so much that he is in *danger* of being on every side of a subject." I really think it no harm to English circulation to have Mr. Cobden appear *not* in the light of a defender of American but rather of British interests. Wm. M. Evarts is here.

Very truly yours

THAYER TO BIGELOW

Alexandria, 9th May, 1863.

My dear Mr. Bigelow:

. . . . . .

Capt. Speke, Englishman, has just discovered the sources of the Nile. It comes from a large lake which he calls Victoria, about five degrees North latitude. The question that puzzled Herodotus, Strabo and Diodorus Siculus is resolved. I am rather glad of it, for my part.

The English government has just waked up to the idea that the Suez Canal will be finished, and Sir Henry Bulwer has declared to the Viceroy that it ought to be finished. The

only objection made is to the surrender of such large regions on its banks to French colonization; as foreigners here are exempt by treaties from local jurisdiction. This is establishing an *imperium in imperio,* and the objection does not appear unreasonable. Nevertheless the wishes of Lesseps are clearly and sincerely for the success of the canal as an *international* enterprise, not as a selfish scheme of national advantage.

The new Viceroy is more *comme il faut* in manners than his predecessors, though he is a sharp financier, and won't borrow money if he can't get it at five or six per cent. Yesterday I received from him a standing invitation to breakfast or dine with him whenever I was disposed.

Have you seen John M. Forbes in London? I hope our people are not going to get up a war with England, stupid and unfriendly as the latter is. What folly it would be!

In haste,

As ever yours

BIGELOW TO SEWARD

London, April 17, 1863.

My dear Sir:

To get a little change of air and to relieve my mind if possible from a good deal of anxiety about the state of feeling here in regard to a war with the United States, I came over to London about a week ago. I spent yesterday afternoon and evening with Mr. Cobden and went with him to the Commons to hear Gladstone open the budget. There were one or two features of Cobden's conversation which I think will interest you. I told him the impression was becoming quite general among Americans on both sides of the Atlantic that Palmerston and the *Times* were plotting for a war with the United States, or at least were determined to divide our nation, even at the cost of a war if necessary. His reply was prompt. He said in substance that there was never a greater mistake. Palmerston does not want war, he wants to maintain power and he knows that a war would shatter his min-

istry to atoms in an instant. He cares for nothing else but office and his talk means nothing else. The impression that prevails in America that Palmerston is always a war minister is erroneous; on the contrary, said he, no English statesman has ever taken more humiliating buffetings from foreign powers than he, from France, from Russia, and even from the United States. He then made some remarks not very complimentary to Palmerston's character as a politician and added, "I bear no rancour whatever against Lord P. I have a horror of him as a politician but I could not possibly have any rancour against him. He has invited me to a place in his cabinet, he has offered me a baronetcy, and he has asked me to be a privy councillor. Of course therefore what I say of his politics has not its origin in any personal animosity. But badly as I think of him as a politician I feel no hesitation in assuring you and in authorizing you to assure your friends in America that nothing is further from Lord P's intention or wish than to bring on a war with America." In regard to the sincerity of the government in its efforts to stop the equipment of Confederate privateers, he (Mr. C.) did not speak at first quite as decidedly; but he said finally, he believed they were doing everything they could to stop them. He regretted our government had confounded the mere buying and selling of arms and munitions of war in open market, with the equipment of Confederate privateers: and said that the confusion had been used with great effect against us in the last debate when in reply to the attack about the *Alabama's* ravages the house was told that in defiance of our own usage and Presidential doctrine as laid down by Pierce and others, we insisted that their manufacturers and merchants should ascertain the loyalty of a purchaser before selling them anything. He intends to speak next Friday on a motion of which Horsfall gave notice last night and will then point out the true ground of complaint and vindicate it, from the correspondence and speeches of leading English statesmen. He proposes also to go to the Board of Trade and get a statement of the exports from Great Britain to the Island of Nassau by which he will show that it is with ample grounds for suspicion that vessels bound to that island are examined by the Federal cruisers.

Mr. Cobden was anxious to know if what Laird stated in

the previous debate was true, that we had applied to him to build some vessels of war. I told him that a man was over here about a year ago and . . . that is, he came to see at what rates they could be furnished but no instructions to buy being sent to him he went home and I doubted if he had ever been sent back. I told him I had not heard of any other. No doubt many persons came over pretending to have some sort of authority who might have offered to buy vessels knowing that any time in the last eighteen months our government was ready to pay a good price for any vessel delivered in the United States that was capable of being put into a fighting condition. In regard to the intentions of Lord P. two other members of Parliament, Moffatt and Smith, who were present during this part of our conversation and to whom Mr. Cobden appealed, both confirmed what he said, that nothing was farther from England's or Lord P's wishes than a war with us.

So far as this conversation went or any conversation with these gentlemen could go it was quite satisfactory, and yet I could not help feeling after all that they had really given no assurance of peace. Many persons who are indisposed to fight get into brawls because they will not govern their tempers nor make suitable concessions to preserve the peace. Lord P. does not want war if he can have his own way entirely in everything without it. John Bull has come to think that any antagonism to his interests is an act of war. He does not think any other nation has a right to have a policy without first ascertaining that it would harmonize entirely with the policy of England. Some years or centuries ago they inscribed over the front porch of the Royal Exchange "The Earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." For many years every Englishman reads that inscription "The Earth is John Bull's and the fullness thereof." He will stand anything but what deprives him of the lion's share of the fullness. He regards America now as his great competitor for the commercial and industrial supremacy of the world. Much as he may be indisposed to the expense of a war, he has undertaken wars for much less considerable pecuniary inducements than are now at stake and where, as in the Crimean war, the risks seemed far greater, Russia being at the commencement regarded as the most formidable military power in Europe on

the defensive and the United States being now crippled by a domestic war which binds both her feet if not both her hands. I do not therefore feel at all sure that the present government, well disposed as it may be to prefer peace, will do what is necessary to preserve it. I am glad to hear from Mr. Adams that the foreign office shows a degree of activity with which he is quite content.

I am surprised that no one thought to collect the evidence of J. Davis' counsel in favor of repudiating the Miss. debt. Slidell has contradicted the statement and there is no means on this side of the Atlantic of proving it. I think it will be worth whatever trouble it may involve to accumulate all the evidence and lay it before the public with as little delay as possible. It would have the double effect of hitting Davis and Slidell who has tried to whitewash him.

I shall return to Paris in a day or two.

Yours very truly

SEWARD TO BIGELOW

Washington, May 9, 1863.

My dear Bigelow:

I have shown to the President your interesting letter about Printing House Square. It is not a bad omen that reflections have awakened there.

Faithfully yours

SEWARD TO BIGELOW

Washington, May 9, 1863.

My dear Bigelow,

I have your very interesting letter of April 25th at London. We hope to get along with the instigators of hostilities who have gone to Europe to break up the peace of the world so as

to secure success to their unholy insurrection at home. But this must be done here without interfering with the Press. A contentious spirit possesses it. To be even supposed to confer with the editor of one journal is to draw down upon you all the others. And as for consulting all, you know how impossible it is? We have lost one new operation upon the insurgents in Virginia. But it is not a disaster. The army is capable and the progress will be resumed.

Faithfully yours

COBDEN TO BIGELOW

MIDHURST, 22 May, 1863.

My dear Sir:

I am here for a week's Whitsun-holidays, and seize the first moment to thank you for your letter and the *Opinion Nationale* which duly reached me.—I have also to thank you for the excellent volume in French which came to hand.—

I need hardly say how much I agree with you in all you say respecting a cheap international postage.—But the time is not yet, though *it will come*. We are apt in our generation to be imbued with the spirit of monopoly, and to forget that we must leave some good work for our children to accomplish.—

Public opinion in England is regaining its equilibrium again on the subject of our relations with your country. It was very hard indeed for John Bull to *reconcile* himself as a neutral to the treatment which he had been used to show to others when he was the belligerent. But gradually he is becoming reconciled to his fate. As respects the furnishing of cruisers to prey on your commerce, no more ships of war will be allowed to leave our ports for the Confederate government. *Of that you may be assured.* I wish we could as easily remedy the mischief already done.—

Mr. Evarts, who is here representing your government on questions of international law is "the right man in the right place." He is a sedate, quiet, able man, thoroughly master of his business, and not disposed to go much beyond it. He is

quite a match for our lawyers on his special questions. He is mixing, very freely, in a social way, in our best society, and seems pleased with his reception. Everybody speaks of him with great respect. I wish he had had the writing of every dispatch on the subject of maritime law from the beginning.— Matters would have stood far better between the two countries.—[1]

I shall be always glad to hear from you.—

My wife joins me in kind regards to Mrs. Bigelow, and believe me,

Yours truly

BIGELOW TO E. D. MORGAN

May 22d, 1863.

My dear Governor:

I know you are anxious to render me a service. Having nothing worth speaking of to do for yourself, you are no doubt yearning to hear of something to do for a friend. Well, here it is. I have been elected a member of the Geographical Society of France. It puts me in relation with an influential class of men (Persigny the Minister of the Interior is President) whom I wish in behalf of our govt. to propitiate. Nothing would go so far as some new thing in the geographical way. Now I am sure there must be a large number of military and naval charts prepared during this war for the War & Navy departments which could be spared now as well as not and which would be valued very highly. Any sketches of the Surface, especially in Virginia & Louisiana, not laid down on other maps, made by military men for military purposes, no matter how roughly, would be acceptable, especially if accompanied with such explanations as usually add to the value of all maps. Any topographical reports and surveys of recent date, that is, since the commencement of the war, would also hit my case exactly. I do not like to trouble Mr. Seward nor

[1] The matters might have stood better between the two countries, but would they have stood as well for the United States?

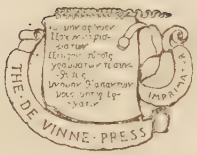
the Secretary of War or the Navy with a request of this kind, for it is not strictly an official request and therefore if it were not attended to I should feel the neglect more acutely than if I experienced it at the hands of another, and especially of one whose good disposition towards me I know too well to doubt, whatever he might do or leave undone with such an application. When you are in Washington you will naturally have occasion to go to the departments and a word or two from you will be sufficient to ascertain whether there is anything of the kind to be found there for me or not. I would be glad to have duplicates of such as are convenient to give to the Bibliothèque of the Department of Marine, which is disposed to reciprocate such civilities with our Navy Department. I think if Mr. Welles would send me some things of that sort to present to the library I could make it serve the Department a good turn.

We just have the news that Heintzelman has been ordered to reinforce Hooker and we begin to hope for a grand victory —alas that *mirage* that has too often awakened hopes only to disappoint them. We are all well. Remember us all affectionately to Mrs. Morgan.

Yours very truly & in haste

Any thing you may wish to send may if too bulky for the dispatch bag be forwarded by express at my expense.

Yrs. truly


THE·DE VINNE·PRESS